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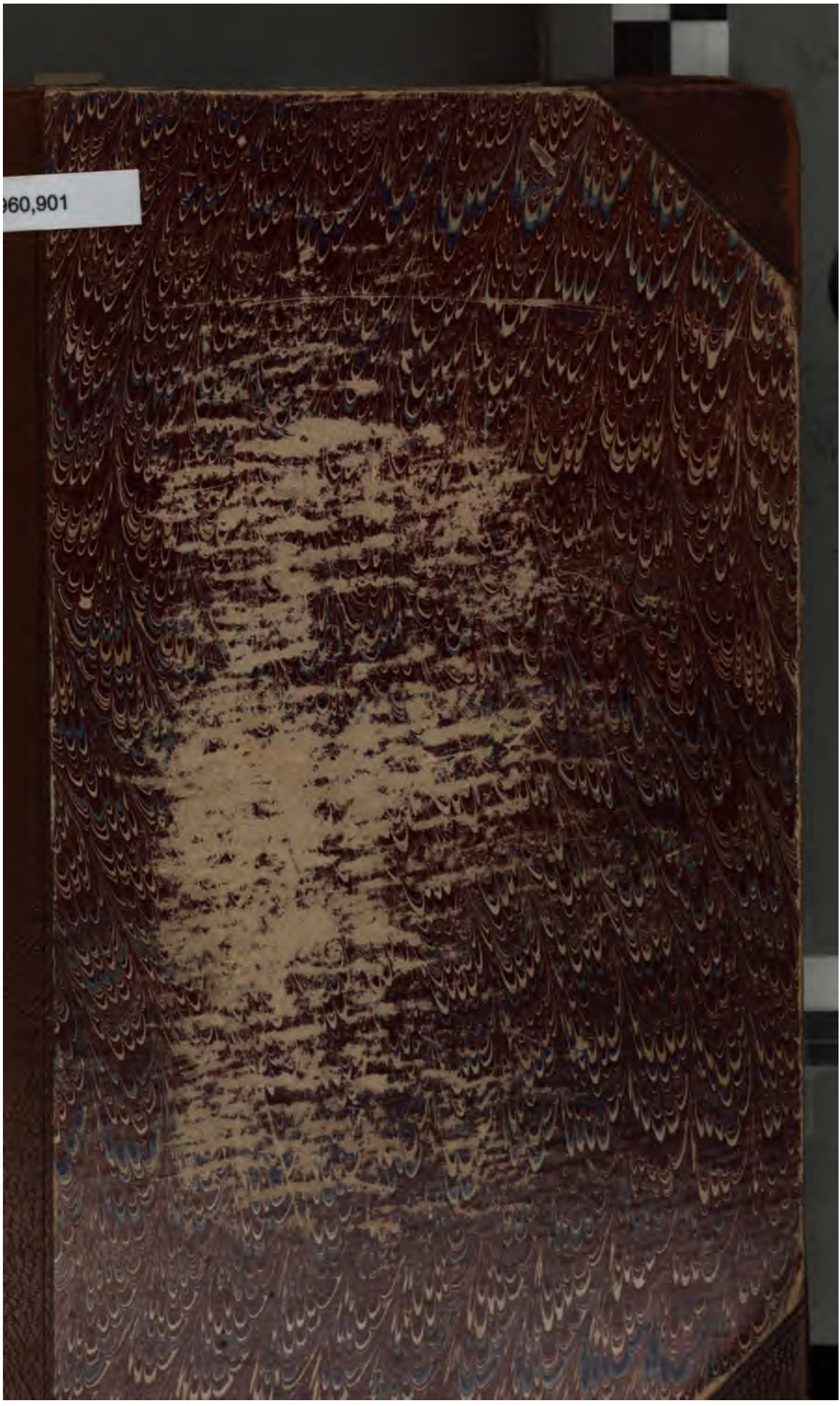
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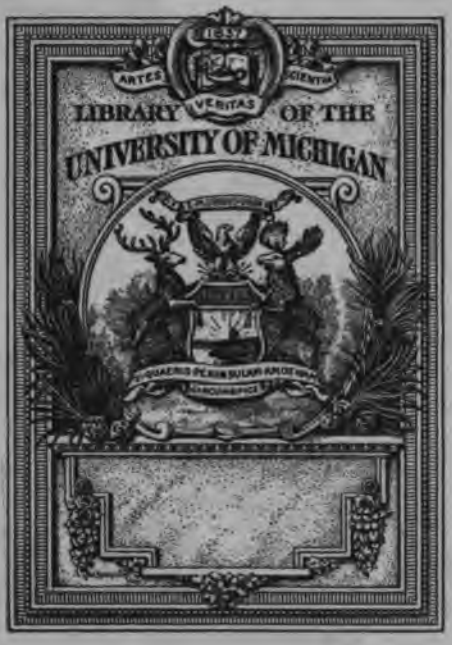
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THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

JULY TO DECEMBER

(INCLUSIVE)

1902.

"Truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKSPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.

GÖTHE.

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THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

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DARWINISM AND EMPIRE.

DURING great moral, political, or social crises, certain great phrases are apt to become as household words in the mouths of men—phrases which embody, or seem to embody, great principles, and which, when examined, show both the sources and the tendencies of popular thought. Two such phrases, which have been much in vogue of late years, are "the survival of the fittest," and "natural selection." They are supposed to explain themselves, but really, without definition, they explain nothing. The average man is apt to think that "fittest" means the strongest or the most cunning, *i.e.*, the most powerful in particular circumstances. While as for the word "natural," he seldom thinks of asking himself whether it implies moral laws or moral ends and aims which necessarily condition selection, and which are the outcome of, and therefore a part of, nature. So superficial is his interpretation of these great phrases that while on the Sunday evening, after Church, he will amiably approve the doctrine that we must do unto others as we would have others do unto us, on the Monday morning, especially in time of war, he will boldly affirm that Might is Right, and that in business every one must take care of himself, and let the devil take the hindmost, the fittest only surviving. And so Darwin and the revolutionists are fathered with a doctrine which they would have been the first to repudiate.

Let us first, then, try to get a clear idea of the meaning of these phrases. Their surface meaning is obvious enough. Everywhere, in every species of life—plant, animal, or human—there is a struggle to live, a struggle not only with other species and other members of the same species, but also with the conditions which nature herself imposes—climate, fertility or infertility of soil, ease and rapidity or otherwise of communication, and so on. Those forms of life, or

those individuals which can best adapt themselves to the conditions, survive and maintain their species—there is a natural selection of the fit, and a rejection of the unfit, any casual advantageous variation being seized upon and added to the innate capacity which determines the development of the fittest type. Now it is obvious that the interpretation of the word "fittest" will depend on the conditions to which life has to adapt itself. In a community of foxes the most cunning fox would survive; in a pack of wolves the wiliest and strongest wolf; while in a community of ants, those who had the least power of intelligent co-operation would be the first to become extinct. And it is equally obvious that the interpretation of the word "selection" must vary in every grade of life, with every rise in intelligence—intelligence being, in normal circumstances, the prime factor which determines selection. Our garden roses would soon degenerate were not the selective intelligence of the gardener brought into play. Hence, intelligence, whether self-determining or brought into play from without, is obviously one of the conditions which determine fitness. But there are even higher determining conditions than intelligence, for intelligence alone may manifest itself in mere cunning. The qualities of prudence, temperance, fidelity, sympathy, co-operation, self-sacrifice for a common good—all these are amongst the determining conditions of fitness, for a people that has these qualities will always be able to hold its own against an imprudent, intemperate, unfaithful, unsympathetic, and selfish people. As Darwin himself says: "A tribe rich in moral qualities would spread and be victorious over other tribes, and thus the social and moral qualities would tend slowly to advance and be diffused throughout the world" because they were the fittest to survive.

All this is mere commonplace to the revolutionist, but it is necessary to reaffirm it just now when there is so much talk implying that "fitness" and "natural selection" is a fitness and a selection determined by strength, military power, cunning, or even intelligence. The point I wish to insist upon is this: that this "fitness" and "selection" applied to man is a moral fitness and a moral selection. You may call it "natural" if you like, or you may call it moral, or, if you are of a Calvinistic turn of mind, you may call it Divine selection—for there is a good deal of Calvinism in nature—but the chief thing about it is that it is determined largely by moral qualities. The environment, the moral or spiritual shell in which our lives are cast, demands morality, an ever-ascending type of morality, from us, or—we perish. Hence, morality is not a private matter, it is not even a mere matter of personal happiness or utility; it is a definite relation to our fellows, and to the universe in which we live, which relation tries our souls, as it were, in the light of eternal principles, conformity or otherwise to which determines, in the long run, whether we are fit to survive.

There is a seeming exception to this. In times of conflict, you will say, morality goes by the board. Then strength, cunning, intelligence are the determining conditions. Just as the saint or the moral philosopher would not have the ghost of a chance in an encounter with a pugilist, so a small nation, or a virtually unarmed nation like China, however highly endowed otherwise, would not have the ghost of a chance against a great and powerful nation. Now that would undoubtedly be true of the saint and the pugilist —unless the saint happened to have a pistol with him; but it would not be true of the small and the great nation, for this reason: that while a saint or a moral philosopher may be exterminated, a nation —in this stage of the world's history—can never be exterminated. Hence, the moment of the period of conflict is over, all the other determining conditions again come into play. True, military qualities —courage, endurance, foresight, pertinacity—may be an index to other qualities behind them. But, as Mr. Bagehot well says: "The mistake of military ethics is to exaggerate the conception of discipline, and so to present the moral force of the will in a barer form than it ever ought to take," *i.e.*, in other words, military ethics turns a man into a machine. "Military morals can direct the axe to cut down the tree, but it knows nothing of the quiet force by which the forest grows." And even in military matters it must always be borne in mind that fitness must be determined not merely by what a nation accomplishes for the time being, but rather by what it has to contend against, because what it has to contend against illustrates the strength and depth of its innate capacities.

We arrive then, at this point, according to evolutionary ethics: that with nations as with individuals, not strength, nor cunning, nor intelligence alone, but character determines fitness. Now we have to ask ourselves this question: What *kind* of character is it that determines fitness? Is it the pushful, cunning, trading character, determined to be prosperous at all costs, and, if need be, at the expense of one's neighbour? Or is it the self-righteous, proselytising character which in the sublimely unconscious arrogance of its assumed infallibility would lay down the laws and ordinances of God for every age and race, which would change the racial characteristics—the product of a thousand ages—in the twinkling of an eye by the sprinkling of a few drops of water, and which would then rectify the errors of its unconscious blindness by calling in the aid of bayonets and maxims? Or is it not rather the restrained, self-contained character which is content with a modest competence rather than great riches; which seeks after righteousness rather than gain; which promotes what Wordsworth calls "plain living and high thinking"; which, when it has once given its word, keeps it even to its own temporary hurt, and which is the friend and defender of weak and struggling nationalities, acting as their nursing

mother, not necessarily for Empire, but for the larger commonwealth of humanity.

In considering questions like these it is necessary to beware of analogies drawn from our individual life. For though, in our short span of seventy years, the pushful, the cunning, and the self-righteous may *seem*, by their apparent success, to be the fittest, yet man may well say of natural and ethical law, as the Hebrew Psalmist said of Jehovah: "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." The very qualities or characteristics which *seem* to make for the survival of particular individuals, may, in the long run, if not checked or neutralised by other qualities, tell against the survival of the nation. Neither is it easy to lay down any golden rule of action in these matters, for national and international policy is usually the outcome of a struggle between these conflicting ideals or types of character; while, on the other hand, there may be weak and struggling nationalities whose policy should conform to the general well-being of humanity. Hence it becomes almost impossible to lay down any general rule of action applicable to all cases. Each case must be decided on its merits. But all our policy must have some animating or guiding ideal which may be stated, in general terms, in some such way as this: that inasmuch as character determines fitness, and inasmuch, also, as a high type of moral character, amongst civilised peoples, always tells in the long run, force should never be *aggressively* used save where oppression and misgovernment are so great that their continuance would be a greater evil than the application of force. Of course the interpretation of such a rule will depend upon our estimate as to what constitutes oppression and misgovernment, and also as to whether, like Socrates, we are blessed with the moral temperament which prefers to *suffer* rather than *do* injustice.

If, then, we cannot lay down inflexible rules, let us consider the question in the light of particular instances. Can it be said that either in South Africa or in China our policy is such as will promote the survival of the highest type of character? Can it be said that the oppression—if we can call it oppression—of the Transvaal Government was a greater evil than the war itself has turned out to be? If either the Transvaal or the Chinese Governments had been the original aggressors, then our duty would have been clear. But every honest man knows that they were not the original aggressors. Hence we have to justify *our* aggression, or we stand condemned before the world as attempting to promote the survival of a low filibustering type of character. And unless we can justify ourselves if we continue our aggressive policy, we shall be condemned by nature also, for her laws will not allow the low and unjust type to survive. We may say we have now got so far that we cannot turn back; but nature will allow no excuses of that sort. The further

the means" may be an acceptable rule of action for Jesuits, money-makers, and those who bow to infallible authority, but it is not a fitting ideal for the guidance of national and international policy.

I submit, then, that our war-policy in South Africa will not stand the test of fitness which natural selection itself imposes—the test of character; that, without war, we should ultimately have triumphed more completely than with it; that the methods we have chosen tell against our influence as a nation; that those methods are bad for the British in South Africa, bad for the Dutch in South Africa, bad for the Empire itself—in other words, that our policy is a decided set-back to the moral development of the race. For we must remember that it is not we ourselves as Englishmen, alone, that we have to consider in these matters; it is our nation, and our influence as a nation, in the great family of nations of which humanity is composed.

But let us now consider the question for a few minutes as it affects our relations to backward or inferior races and civilisations. Fifty or sixty years ago a general impression prevailed that barbarous races needed only to be converted to Christianity and educated in elementary schools in order to place them on a level of equality with the white man. Now the results of scientific investigation have tended to dissipate that impression. In general terms, we may say that just as it has taken the white races thousands of years to attain their present level of civilisation, so it will take the present-day barbarous races hundreds of years to attain the same level, even with all the advantages that we can give them, assuming that they have the innate capacity to reach the same level of progress. For it is not only the education of mind or the intellectual part of man that we have to consider here, but the education of instincts, feelings, tastes, aspirations, desires, needs—all that we mean by the word "soul." Hence, our relations towards so-called inferior races bring up problems which may well stagger the optimistic mind. It is upon these questions that the ship of Empire will probably split as upon a rock. For it must be patent to any one who knows anything of South Africa that opinion there, both of the South African Dutch and the South African English, on native questions, is sharply opposed to opinion in England. There is, it is true, a small but influential body of opinion, mainly English, which takes what I may call the home English view, but, in general, it is surprising how soon the average Englishman comes round to the South African view with regard to the treatment of what he calls the "nigger." That view may be expressed, in general terms, in this way: that the native is not only a being of inferior race, but must be kept in a position of inferiority without any particular attempt being made to elevate him. It is a very general opinion in South Africa that the Christianised and educated native is usually a very bad lot, much

worse than the heathen and the uneducated. In my opinion, very much depends on the point of view. We all know that even in England there is a certain class of landlord and capitalist who curse the day which saw the introduction of a system of national education, because, superficial as that education is, the people are not so pliable in their hands. The same sort of thing happens in South Africa with regard to the native. Most of the manual labour of the country is done by natives or by half-castes, and when these are educated their desires and needs alter, they get a larger sense of their own importance, and their moral nature under the new conditions being weak and untutored, they assimilate the vices more readily than the virtues of civilisation. Hence the view that the native is a kind of inferior animal, that he must be kept in his place, and, if necessary, be subject to forced labour, or to a modified form of slavery. Hence, again, the tendency on the part of South Africans to almost unconsciously assume that the black man must be regarded as a means for the profit and advantage of the white. Now the problem from the point of view of Empire is this: that hitherto we have been guided, to some extent, in our treatment of backward races, by certain considerations of humanity; we have tried, perhaps in a very ineffective and crude sort of way, to carry out Kant's great dictum—that every man must be regarded, not as a means for the profit or advantage of others, but as an *end in himself*. Now, we are asked, or shall be asked when the war is over, to abandon that policy, and, by a system of forced labour, use the black races for the material advantage of the white, and, for that purpose, keep them in a state of permanent subjection. The point for us to consider, then, is this: Are we going to adopt this policy, or, rather, when it is adopted by South Africa, are we going to send our soldiers to support it, and so set in motion tendencies which will produce what we shall then call the "inevitable" conflict between the white and the black races? For it must be remembered that both are rapidly increasing in South Africa, and it will need all the resources of forbearance and statesmanship to prevent a conflict. And if we are going to support such a policy, what will be the effect upon our national life and character in relation to the survival of the morally fit? Personally, I very much question whether the bonds of Empire will stand the strain which will be put upon them. But however that may be, our duty is clear—it is, to stand by the great dictum of Kant, that every man shall be regarded not as a means for the profit of others, but as an end in himself, and that even if a system of forced labour be necessary—for a great deal depends on the interpretation of the term—the labour that is enforced shall be of such a nature as shall tend to elevate rather than degrade humanity. That will mean less material profit to the white man, and the Empire may not be able to stand the strain which the

enforcement of such a principle would entail; but it is surely as true of Empires as of individuals, that it is better to lose the whole world than to lose one's own soul.

But now, if we have been led into methods in South Africa which will not stand the Darwinian test of fitness, what shall we say about our policy in the East? There, you will say, the case is clear—our civilisation is more progressive, more advanced, more enlightened, than is the Chinese civilisation, and if the two come into conflict the less enlightened must go to the wall. In general terms that is true. But there are two important qualifications to be made. First, that much depends on the causes and motives of conflict. If the Chinese were the aggressors there would be no question as to the result. And, second, that inasmuch as civilisations cannot be suddenly annihilated, they must be judged, not by any arbitrary standard of fitness but by the standard which Nature herself requires or evolves under given climatic and other conditions. As to the latter matter, I can say very little about the Chinese civilisation, for the simple reason that I know very little about it, and I think there are very few people in Europe or America who do know much about it, for a civilisation cannot be judged by a mere passing visit to its habitat. What we do know is this: that this civilisation is more ancient than our own; that it embraces a larger proportion of the human race than all Europe and America combined; that the Japanese, who are generally regarded as the most virile race in the East, confess themselves largely indebted to the Chinese for their culture and philosophy; that this civilisation, so far from being undermined by conquest, has repeatedly assimilated its conquerors; that the system of educational tests and examinations for its civil service is so rigid and severe that its severity often costs the lives of many of the candidates, and though this education is often formal or mechanical, and worthless in our eyes, yet it shows a brain and nerve capacity which puts our own into the shade. "Their system of education," says Sir Robert Hart, "aims at the formation of character rather than the mere acquisition of knowledge." That that end has been a success is seen in the industry, invariable cheerfulness, intelligent procedure, general good conduct, and law-abiding nature of the people of every province. Lord Wolseley tells us that the Chinese, properly trained, are magnificent material for soldiers, and as for feats of physical endurance, they will go on calmly eating their dinners while the most horrible tortures are being inflicted on them. In addition to all this, we are told by physiologists that where the Chinese and European races intermix the Chinese type tends to predominate. All these things are worth bearing in mind when we hear people lightly talking about the partition of China, for if any such partition is attempted, or even if European nations unwisely insist upon creating or extending what are euphemistically termed "spheres of control" in China, they may rouse a spirit of resistance

which will bode badly both for European interests and for general harmony and peace amongst the peoples of the world.

But the question for us is, at bottom, a moral one, intimately connected with the problem of our moral fitness to survive in the great world-struggle. Now, when we turn from the general question of the advisability of the policy of aggression in China, to the ways and methods in which that policy of aggression has been conducted, we may well have certain qualms of conscience as to whether we are fit to survive, for if the Chinese are any worse than European soldiers have proved themselves to be in China during the recent campaign, the sooner we all go down into the pit together, and become extinct as a species, the better. I need not attempt to play upon your feelings by reading any of the published accounts. It is sufficient to say that the accounts given, not by irresponsible journalists, but by well-known authorities and eye-witnesses like Dr. Dillon, Dr. Martin, and the Rev. Roland Allen, supported and confirmed, as they now are, by Japanese newspapers, describe a state of things which can only be compared to Dante's lurid descriptions of hell and purgatory. Two circumstances are enough to throw light on the whole business—that some hundreds of women put an end to their lives, and many others destroyed the lives of their children, rather than face the cruelties and barbarities of the soldiery; while as a result of the European expedition, Shansi and Shansee have lately experienced one of the worst famines in the history of China. "Some missionaries," says Sir Robert Hart, "took such a leading part in 'spoiling the Egyptians' for the greater glory of God, that a bystander was heard to say: 'For a century to come Chinese converts will consider looting and vengeance Christian virtues.'"

The question, then, arises: Is this a policy, or does this policy indicate a character, which, in the eyes of the Chinese, should tend towards the survival of the races who possess the character and who are responsible for the policy? I say "in the eyes of the Chinese," because that is an important point to consider. For inasmuch as we cannot wipe out these 400 millions of people, the more sensible course would seem to be that we should so order our policy that our European methods of civilisation—our literature, our religion, our institutions—shall, at least, not provoke hostility and reprisal, but shall rather allay prejudices, promote the harmony of races, and so aid the survival of all that is best in both civilisations.

Neither can it be said that the motives underlying our policy are such as will command the respect of the Chinese. These motives may be summed up in two words—the "missionary" or the "religious" motive, and the "commercial" motive. The "missionary" or the "religious" motive is worthy enough in itself, and I would not say one word against the philanthropic, educational, and charitable work which is so often associated with missionary enterprise. But

everything depends on the way in which missionary enterprise is realised in practice. We have all a more or less burning desire to convert our neighbour to our own point of view; but to insinuate that because he does not adopt our point of view, and has no respect for the few drops of water that are supposed to miraculously change the whole nature of the individual, he is therefore a heathen and an infidel and cast out from God's protecting care, is enough, in itself, to rouse very strong prejudices against us. We have certainly a right to ask for tolerance for all religious views, but that once granted we have no right to make missionary endeavour a cloak for national aggression. In olden times missionaries were content to carry their lives in their hands. Nowadays we find it necessary to protect them. In return for that protection we have a right to insist that their missionary labours shall be carried on in such a way as not to offend the religious susceptibilities of those amongst whom they work.

With reference to the commercial motive, the question becomes so bound up with large and remote issues of racial progress and expansion that it is impossible to deal with it adequately here. But this much may be said, that the days of individualism, both for men and for nations, are past. No nation can permanently isolate itself from the rest of humanity. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," which means, if it means anything, that its products and resources must be utilised for the benefit of all. But there is all the difference in the world between the acceptance of that principle and the enforcement of it by a process of cutting throats. The earth is not yet too small for humanity; European populations are not by any means starving; and this haste to get hold of rich slices of Chinese territory at the point of the sword speaks badly for a civilisation which professes to be actuated by the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. As a matter of actual practice it is forcing us into this ridiculous position, that while we are forcing our way into Chinese territory at the point of the bayonet we are claiming the right to exclude the Chinese from our territories—a most peculiar exemplification of the golden rule. . No. It is surely far better for humanity, far better for the reputation of our own civilisation, that we should restrict ourselves to purely peaceful and persuasive methods of policy, letting each national or race ideal win its way by its own inherent fitness to survive, than that, for the mere sake of commercial advantage, we should plunge the world into scenes of carnage at which morality is outraged, decency rebels, and which cannot but react detrimentally on civilisation in general. Surely there is scope enough within each nation, and especially within each civilisation, for that intensive culture of humanity which, rightly carried on, is the surest mainstay of national greatness and the most potent instrument of a nation's permanent influence on the civilisation of the world.

harmony of a higher unity, and to promote the peace of the world and the permanent welfare of mankind.

"But what can we do?" it will be asked. "These questions of race and civilisation are so deep and complex, the issues are so remote, the forces at work so vast and far-reaching, and yet so silent in their onward march, depending on causes apparently beyond our control, that we cannot make up our minds about them—we must leave them to our statesmen, or to fate." That attitude of mind, which is very common just now, shows how dangerous are some of the tendencies now at work. Such an attitude tends to concentrate power in the hands of a few, and to undermine the sense of responsibility among the many, leaving the great mass of the people to cry, like the Roman populace, for "bread and games," or, in modern phrase, for "beer and skittles," or "free drinks and football." But we have no right to divorce ourselves from our responsibilities like that. It is our money and our resources that have been expended in China in the perpetration of deeds the published accounts of which have sent a thrill of horror through the civilised world. Hence, the ultimate responsibility is ours, and every man and woman in Europe must bear his or her share. This, then, we can do. We can set our faces against an aggressive military policy either in the extension of religion or commerce. We can insist that our missionaries shall scrupulously respect the religious prejudices of those amongst whom they work, or that they shall carry the Gospel to the so-called heathen at their own risk. We must refuse even to give colour to the supposition that we are enforcing the precepts of the Bible, or, rather, the doctrines of a section of the Christian Church, at the point of the bayonet. And we can insist that our statesmen, in framing their policy, shall carry out the principles we profess to live by as moral, civilised, and Christian nations. That, surely, is no impracticable requirement. For here is our head of Customs in China, Sir Robert Hart, a man of wide experience there, sober, sane, and practical, telling us that that is the only way in which we can secure peace, friendship, and stability there.

"What," he asks, "is the remedy, or what rectification will mend matters? To this most important question the only satisfactory answer that much thought suggests is that the golden rule might be worth a trial; do away with the existing anomaly, and let 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you,' be given an international application! The result of action on this simple principle would assuredly be more effectual than the differential rules which now shape intercourse. . . . Respect and not contempt, conciliation and not dictation, appreciation and not differential treatment—try this prescription and you will have a healthy body politic, and until this is done it will be the reverse."

The most important question which we have all to ask ourselves is this: Has our Empire to be ordered by the methods, ideas, and principles which prevail in commerce; or has our commerce and our Empire

to be ordered by methods, ideas, and principles which shall transform commerce and so make for the progress and well-being, not merely of our own nation, but of the whole of humanity?

These, then, are the principles under which only the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest and the best can have full and free scope—a law which in its highest phases brings all the higher human powers—will, intelligence, moral ideals—into quickened activity and emulation, rather than the lower powers and activities which seem to bring out the latent instincts of the ape and the tiger. It is in the activity of these higher powers that man rises to his full stature as a human being, and that societies and nations reach their greatest fruitfulness and their noblest achievements. We are in danger of forgetting those primal duties that "shine aloft, like stars," in danger of limiting our sympathies to the channels and the calls of a narrow patriotism; in danger of neglecting the cultivation of that rich spiritual life which disciplines the clamorous and rebellious instincts into moods of settled peace, and brings quietness, strength, steadfastness, purpose, and endurance to the soul.

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in Nature that is ours;
> We have given our lives away, a sordid boon;
> The sea, that bares her bosom to the moon;
> The winds, that will be howling at all hours,
> And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
> For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
> It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

Only by returning to sweeter manners, purer ways, to the belief, as Wordsworth puts it

> "That virtue and the faculties within
> Are vital,—and that riches are akin
> To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death."

can we make our ideals, and, therefore, our lives, fit to survive, so pure, that no corruption can taint them, so strong and self-contained that no outward power, save that which brought them into being, can bring them to the dust. Only in that way can we ourselves have an empire at peace within itself, at amity with surrounding nations—a guardian and a protector of, rather than a menace to, the peace of the world—and helping by the penetrative power of its ideas and the freedom of its spirit, to reconcile the conflicting elements of diverse civilisations in the harmonies of a higher unity.

RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

IMPERIALISM: ITS SPIRIT AND TENDENCY.

THE RISE AND GROWTH OF MODERN IMPERIALISM.

THE advance of Imperialism during the last quarter of a century, more or less fitful until a recent period, but of late very pronounced, is probably the most important sign of the times, and one of ominous political portent. Nearly six years ago Lord Rosebery uttered some weighty words on the subject, and the fact that his own imperialistic instincts have since then developed into a dominant passion, and that he seems to have disregarded his own counsels, gives them added force. For the last twenty years, he intimated, and still more for the last twelve, we had been laying our hands with almost frantic eagerness on every commendable tract of territory adjacent to our own or otherwise desirable; we had during the last-mentioned period added to our Empire twenty-two areas as large as that of the United Kingdom itself; with the result, first, that we had excited to an almost intolerable degree the envy of other colonising nations, and must reckon, not on their active benevolence, but on their active malevolence; and, secondly, that we had acquired so enormous a mass of territory that it would be years before this undigested empire could be consolidated, filled up, settled, and civilised—the admirable moral which he deduced being that, until this had been accomplished, our foreign policy must inevitably be a policy of peace.

The moral, however, has been ignored; and during the period which has elapsed since it was drawn, we have effected the conquest of the Soudan, and have in South Africa, after a long and costly struggle, added to our undigested Empire another area larger than that of the United Kingdom—presumably on the principle that we cannot have too much of a good thing. For the prevailing assumption seems to be that empire is a good thing; Lord Rosebery himself apparently did not suggest it was otherwise; he merely uttered a warning against its too rapid extension, and his later pronouncements clearly show that in itself he regards empire with distinct favour. And to-day we have other prominent members of that political party which was supposed to especially stand for

IMPERIALISM ANALYSED.

Imperialism is the spirit of empire, so that we have to look to the signification of the latter word in order to arrive at a definition. And that word simply means, rule, dominion, sway—empire is, to quote Lord Rosebery once more, "the predominance of race." Imperialism, therefore, is the spirit of rule, ascendency, or predominance; the rule of one race or people by another race or people, involving, of course, the subjection of the former to the latter.

From this it will be seen that the term, which is often very loosely and vaguely employed, is sometimes so inaccurately used as to be positively misleading. The point is all-important, since, while every one has a right to his own definition, the popular defence of Imperialism will generally be found to afford an illustration of the fallacy arising from the use of a term in two distinct and even antagonistic senses. Thus, when we speak of the "British Empire," we have in our minds all the dominions of the Crown, which comprise on the one hand our self-governing colonies and on the other our arbitrarily governed dependencies; and having pointed out that the colonies are prosperous and contented, we proceed to argue that empire is therefore good, and triumphantly conclude that we are justified in subjugating other races. Obviously we are here using the same term to describe two totally different things. We may, if we like, ignoring the etymological signification of the word, define Imperialism as the principle of autonomy under one titular head; but if we once give it this connotation, we are precluded from using it in its appropriate etymological sense as meaning the principle of predominance or rule from without; and since the two principles come into sharp conflict, it is clear that by establishing the one is sound and beneficial we are going a long way towards demonstrating the other is not. But by using the same term to describe the two principles we successfully bamboozle the "man in the street" who is incapable of logical analysis, and he honestly believes that Imperialism is a good thing, because, forsooth! autonomy is a good thing. The Imperialist nearly always points with pride to Australia and Canada as instances of the beneficent effects of British rule, and on the strength of this proceeds to defend aggressive expansion; in other words he actually seeks to justify government by force by appealing to instances of government by consent, and by a simple ambiguity of terms he often deludes himself, and generally deludes others, into arriving at conclusions which the most elementary acquaintance with the art of reasoning would suffice to show are palpably absurd.

Of course, the truth is that our self-governing colonies are not instances of empire at all, and that the deductions which can be justifiably made from their prosperity and contentment, so far from supporting the contentions of Imperialists, tend to deprive such con-

tentions of any value. With a few minor exceptions, we do not rule our colonies; they neither receive their laws from us nor pay tribute to us; and, although united to us by the ties of race and the bonds of loyalty, they are, as Mr. Chamberlain has himself pointed out, independent sister nations. They remain in amity with us precisely because we do not attempt to rule them. We did once attempt to impose our will upon a colony, and we lost it; we have recently again attempted to impose our will upon a colony, and so far as loyalty is concerned we have lost that also, and may think ourselves fortunate should this ultimately prove to be the limit of the loss. Certain it is that if the processes of Imperialism were applied either to Australia or Canada, they would go the way of America.

If we wish for instances of empire, we must look, not to our self-governing colonies, which after all, measured by population, only comprise about fifteen per cent. of the territories of the Crown, but to those regions which we do in fact rule, comprising a population of some 340,000,000 out of a total of about 400,000,000—and notably to India. Empire we have—whether we have reason to be proud of it remains to be seen—for eighty-five per cent. of those over whom the Union Jack waves are little more than coloured "helots," men who are subject to us, ruled by us, taxed by us, and who have but scant share in their own government. Here we find in active operation the principle of ascendency, with its correlative principle of subordination; here we get "predominance of race"; here we have Imperialism in action.

Now if we analyse Imperialism, we shall find it consists in the main of two ingredients; tracing it to its source we discover that it springs chiefly from the spirit of greed and the spirit of pride. And either of these may predominate. With the capitalistic class and mining magnates of South Africa, the former spirit is the more powerful, as it probably was with their late colossus Mr. Rhodes. With Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery and the average Englishman, the latter spirit chiefly prevails. Both classes, however, are to some extent influenced by both sentiments; and it is merely a question of degree. Thus Mr. Rhodes had undoubtedly the keenest appreciation of power; the acquisition of wealth indeed was with him very largely a mere means to an end, namely, the gratification of love of rule. On the other hand, neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Lord Rosebery disdains to appeal to the trading instinct; but this occupies a subsidiary position, and it is upon the feeling of national pride that they mainly rely. To Mr. Rhodes the British flag was a most valuable commercial asset; to Mr. Chamberlain it is the symbol of power. With the capitalistic class the anxiety is to secure new markets as a means to increasing trade and enhancing profits: their Imperialism has been aptly denominated "Emporialism." With the masses of the people, although they have some vague fallacious idea

that the expansion of empire is good for their material interests, it is the feeling of racial superiority which chiefly induces their desire for supremacy.

Hence it is that when a man of the type of Mr. Chamberlain is entrusted with the control of international policy, Imperialism inevitably becomes rampant. For he has only to tickle our vanity and to appeal to our *amour propre*, and we at once rise to the occasion. Are not we the omnipotent British nation? Is not this great Babylon that we have built by the might of our power and for the honour of our majesty? Are not we a chosen race, the modern Israel, called of God with a special mission to subjugate other races? Shall we be defied: shall not our enemies lick the dust? Beware how you tread on the tail of the British lion! We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too. One Englishman can always beat six Frenchmen. We'll tell the envious foreign stock our empire is the earth. And so on. In short, we must be supreme. And then—when our supremacy is acknowledged, we will confer the inestimable boon of British government, the best of all possible governments for the best of all possible worlds.

Imperialism thus becomes the deification of brute force. Only by force can empire, as a rule, be created; only by force can empire, as a rule, be maintained. And there is this to be said about force, that you cannot argue with it, you cannot appeal to it. It has neither head nor heart, it is outside reason and it is outside morals—it can only be met by force. And when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of *war*—with the result, the aphorism of Solomon notwithstanding, that the battle is usually to the strong, or in other words, that might triumphs. It is no doubt a comforting doctrine that right always prevails in the end, but unfortunately it is not true. If it were, Poland to-day would be a separate State, the population of Armenia would be somewhat larger than it is; and it may be added that the British Empire would be somewhat smaller.

Imperialism as a Demoralising Influence.

But whilst it is not by the triumph of right over might that retribution invariably comes, nevertheless retribution does come; and perhaps its most common and most disastrous form is seen in the demoralisation of the people. They may succeed in subjugating others, but they pay a heavy price in their own degradation.

No nation can engage in what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls political burglary without suffering moral deterioration. For the greater part of the last three years England has been pursuing an imperialistic war, that is to say, a war of aggression, of annexation, of conquest, a war admittedly and designedly for empire. And what has been the effect upon the British people? Time was when

England was the home of freedom, the lover of justice, the pioneer of progress. But under the baneful influence of Imperialism all this has been changed; freedom has been imperilled, justice denied, and progress arrested. It is not that the people have become immoral; it is that they have been demoralised. It is not that they have deliberately embarked upon a career they know to be wrong; on the contrary the vast majority of them honestly believe they are right; it is that their moral judgment has been perverted and their moral standard has been lowered, so that what they formerly regarded as wrong they now regard as right. And this is a far greater calamity. The man who realises that the excessive use of stimulants is a bad thing, but who nevertheless is to his sorrow occasionally betrayed into drunkenness, is on a higher moral plane than the man who has so accustomed himself to daily tippling as to regard it as a perfectly legitimate and normal procedure. And there is more hope for a nation which, under the influence of temporary passion, knowingly breaks its moral code, than for a nation which debases its moral code and mistakes that debased code for the true standard.

If any one had prophesied a few years ago that Great Britain would have written such history as has been penned in blood since the outbreak of the South African War, the average Englishman might well have retorted, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" If any other nation had written such history, the average Englishman would, possibly with "unctuous rectitude," have spoken in no unmeasured terms of such depravity. Yet not only has the history been written, but—and this is the pertinent point—the majority of Englishmen are unconscious that it indicates any moral guilt or culpability.

Let a few of the leading facts be cited. Christianity has proved a dead letter, ethics powerless, civilisation a delusion. Men have gloated over revenge, and gloried in carnage. A free press has promulgated slander and falsehood, and advocated the slaughter of prisoners of war. A brave enemy has been denounced as banditti, filibusterers and ruffians. In South Africa farms and homesteads have been wantonly and insanely destroyed, until nearly the whole territory of the enemy (now our territory by what Dr. Conan Doyle calls the *right* of conquest) has been laid waste. Men have been threatened with expatriation for resisting aggression; women have been placed on short rations (which in plain English means half starved) because their husbands refused to surrender. Captured commanders have been tried by military tribunals composed of their enemies, and then shot in cold blood; so-called rebels have been hanged like felons because the ties of race and their sense of justice proved stronger than their allegiance to a despotic power; the "infernal atrocity" has been committed of compelling their

relatives and friends to witness the ghastly scene, presumably that the iron might enter into their souls. And, finally, some fourteen thousand little children have been immolated on the altar of empire, a holocaust which might put a pagan nation to shame, but for which the fatalist's plea that "war is war" sufficed with a Christian nation whose Master reserved his sternest denunciations for those who should offend against these little ones.

And—for herein we reach the climax—despite this catalogue of horrors, we have been told on all hands that never has a war been waged with greater humanity! In other words, the nation's moral fibre has been so warped that it is unconsious of any guilt attending upon deeds from which under normal conditions it would intuitively revolt. There is no hypocrisy in the case; the people do believe the war has been conducted with humanity; and it is this conviction which is the evidence of their demoralisation. For no civilised being could possibly believe these things were consistent with humanity unless his moral judgment had been perverted. The tyrant's plea of necessity is intelligible, as coming from a tyrant; but then the candid tyrant does not prate about humanity. England, however, does not intend to be tyrannical; she does believe in humanity, but, possessed by the demon of Imperialism, her moral vision is so distorted that she can no longer distinguish between right and wrong. And those who retain the normal vision must, when they see how it is possible for a nation to fall from her high estate, be filled with a feeling of unutterable despair, and at times almost irresistibly tempted to inquire, "Who shall show us any good?"

IMPERIALISM IN ACTION.

But the good, we are told, is to come. Order will evolve out of chaos; law will replace anarchy; Briton and Boer will eventually settle down in life-long amity; and peace, prosperity, and contentment will once more abound. Yes, we are all of us familiar with the Jesuitical plea; but the answer to it, in a word, is that it is not true. Imperialism does not produce paradises, and if it did, the inquiry might well be made whether any man worthy of the name could find joy in a paradise erected on the graves of women and children and cemented with the blood of the bravest and the best. But Imperialism cannot produce paradises, though it may produce pandemoniums. In South Africa we have suppressed two republics, from one of which even we might not have disdained to take lessons in the art of government, and the other of which has been described by one who lived under it for years as an almost ideal democracy. And the incidental result has been that we have for the time being stamped out self-government in our own colonies, alienated half the white population, and con-

verted loyal subjects into open or secret rebels; so that a war, pursued for the acquisition of territory and the conversion of aliens into unwilling subjects of the Crown, ultimately developed into one for the retention of territory and the subjugation of previously loyal subjects of the Crown. A policy attended with such results (and it required no remarkable prescience to foresee them, and they were, indeed, not obscurely hinted at by Mr. Chamberlain in 1896) can best be described in language Mr. Gladstone once applied to another instance of incompetent statesmanship—"it is an insane policy." Only by its absolute reversal, only by the frank abandonment of racial predominance and the establishment of autonomous institutions, will South Africa be saved and Britain be relieved of an intolerable incubus.

So far, however, we have but seen the results of Imperialism in its aggressive aspects; we have yet to discover what it accomplishes when a people, having once been definitely subjugated, is permanently governed by the dominant race. And in doing so we shall find that further light is incidentally thrown upon the Jesuitical plea already referred to, and what small warrant those who contend that a beneficent end justifies drastic means have for their preliminary assumption, namely, that the end will prove to be beneficent.

The most prominent and pertinent instance of the effect of the government of one race by another race is found in India. Here we have an enormous territory, with a population of some 220,000,000, absolutely governed by an alien State which numbers less than one-fifth of the governed. Here, therefore, if anywhere, ought we to be able to ascertain whether or not empire, when once established, is a good thing for the subservient race.

Now if one nation is to govern another beneficently, obviously the first requisite is knowledge—knowledge of the country, of the people, and of their peculiar requirements. Yet what is the attitude of the vast majority of Englishmen with regard to India? It is not too much to say that it is an attitude of profound indifference, born of profound ignorance. Whatever amount of interest the average man may take in home or foreign politics, it is probable that from one year's end to another he does not bestow more than a passing thought upon our Indian Empire; he is content to accept it as being—in the terms of the grandiloquent phrase—"the brightest jewel in the diadem of the Crown." This in a democratic country is sufficiently significant, since, if the bulk of the people take no practical interest in the Empire, it is obvious that the government of the Empire must be left in the hands of an oligarchy. And this is, in fact, the case. Parliament shares the general apathy. On the rare occasions when the affairs of India are brought under the notice of the House of Commons, the majority of the members are generally conspicuous by their absence, and the discussion is left to the

Indian officials and a few valiant men who have the welfare of the subject races at heart. The former are imbued with the usual official optimism concerning British rule, and, if they know the actual condition of the country, they manage to conceal their knowledge with remarkable skill. The deduction is obvious—India cannot be well governed. On *à priori* reasoning, it is impossible to escape from this conclusion; but let that conclusion be brought to the test of induction.

What do the facts show? Simply that we govern in our own interests rather than in the interests of India. Years ago Ruskin pointed out that every mutiny, every danger, every terror, every crime occurring under our Indian legislation arose directly out of our native desire to live on the loot of India; and the latest writer on the subject, Mr. William Digby, C.I.E., tells us that the plunder is proceeding far more outrageously to-day. Some of his statements have naturally been challenged, but so far his general conclusions remain unshaken. The officials responsible to Parliament for India have self-complacently enunciated an admirable test of good government, one which all will accept, and with which Mr. Digby starts. Said Sir Henry Fowler, the question is whether the government "has or has not promoted the general prosperity of the people of India, whether India is better or worse off by being a province of the British Crown. That is the test." And said Lord George Hamilton: "I admit at once that if it could be shown that India has retrograded in material prosperity under our rule we stand self-condemned, and we ought no longer to be trusted with the control of that country." Adopting this test, Mr. Digby shows that India has under our *régime* been steadily growing poorer, until it seems that the irreducible minimum has been reached. Basing his case on the Blue-Books and official statistics, he undertakes three distinct analyses, and presents us with a comparison as regards average income, famines, and taxation. As to the first, his position is that whilst in 1850 the average income was twopence per head per day, in 1900 it was less than three-farthings, or, so far as the bulk of the people are concerned, less than a halfpenny. As to the second, his conclusion is that there has been a tremendous increase both in the extent and dire results of famines, and that whilst in the first half of the century a loss of perhaps 1,500,000 lives can be traced to this source, during the second half that loss must be taken to be over 30,000,000—5,000,000 in the period from 1850 to 1875, and upwards of 25,000,000 in the period from 1875 to 1900. As to the third, it appears that the taxation for the bulk of the people is 20 per cent., whilst we in England grumble if we have to pay 5 or 6 per cent. Whether or not any inaccuracy will be discovered in his figures remains to be seen, but it seems tolerably safe to say that they will not be seriously invalidated. No doubt it will be

contended that the gravest evil is chiefly traceable to the periodic famines, and that for these we are not responsible, and they would occur under any rule—that they belong, in fact, to that class of disaster usually denominated a *vis major*, or, in pious language, an "act of God." The phrase is a convenient one, but we cannot always evade our responsibilities by seeking to shift them on to Providence; and in the present case the inquiry pursues us—"Why do famines occur? Why do the people die?" And the answer is, because, famine or no famine, the grain goes out of the country with automatic regularity in order to pay tribute to England. "India must be bled," said Lord Salisbury twenty-five years ago, adding that much of the revenue is exported without a direct equivalent—and this is truer than ever to-day. In round figures (and not including treasure), £45,000,000 per annum goes into India, £75,000,000 goes out; so that the annual drain is £30,000,000, or six-fifteenths of the total. All the offices of emolument are held by the dominant race; the country has been deprived of working capital; irrigation, which might have saved it, has received comparatively scanty attention; British capital has been sunk in railways which do not yield an economic return to the people of India, but the interest upon which capital they have to pay; a huge army is maintained in the interests of the entire Empire, and quite out of proportion to the requirements of India herself; and so, year after year, this enormous drain on the resources of the country goes on, to provide dividends, salaries, pensions, and other charges—for tribute must be paid to the dominant race, and India therefore must be bled. Limitations of space forbid amplification, and comment is unnecessary; but Mr. Digby's brief and telling exhortation may be reproduced: "Look around; look deeply; and steel your heart for that which you shall see and hear, for you will gaze upon a sum of human misery and will contemplate a mental and political degradation the like of which, among civilised and progressive countries, is nowhere else at this moment to be seen, and probably was at no time during recorded history anywhere to be seen." To this condition have we reduced our Indian Empire;[1] whilst for that unhappy country, in the time of her deepest distress, no national grant could be voted, because we were spending nearly two millions a week in gratifying our insatiate hunger for more empire. Such is the spirit and such is the product of Imperialism.

The record of our rule over other native races tells a tale not less terrible or pathetic. The belated plea put forward as a justification for the war in South Africa, namely, that we were fighting to secure just treatment for the Kaffirs, is one which is born of ignorance or of pride. The facts cannot be here detailed, but the universal testimony

[1] For an admirable *résumé* of the history of our rule in India, see *British India and England's Responsibilities*, by J. Clarke, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

of all competent authorities shows that the unfortunate native has received little consideration from the Colonial British, and that unless there is a radical change their condition will certainly not be better than it was under the *régime* of the Boers. "The history of our treatment of the natives in South Africa," says Mr. John Morley, "is one of the most abominable chapters in the history of our times." The term which Lord Milner, with ludicrous inaptness, applied to the Outlanders of the Transvaal is, in fact, accurately descriptive of the indigenous races; they are to all intents and purposes helots, little more than beasts of burden.

The idea that we govern well is firmly rooted, but it is a delusion. Doubtless other nations would not govern better, and they may govern worse; but that is not the point. Government at the best is necessarily imperfect, because it is conducted by fallible beings; but the rule of one race or nation by another is inevitably bad, though different races may live happily together under one government if that government is their own. Only by self-government, and by making the basis of that government as broad as possible, can we approximate to good government.

Imperialism Hostile to Freedom.

It is, in fact, impossible for racial supremacy to promote prosperity and happiness, for the simple reason that it is inimical to freedom, and freedom is at the root of contentment and progress. This is the explanation of the failure of Imperialism; the whole case is summed up in the statement that it is destructive of liberty. It is only in proportion as we have kept the ideal of freedom before us that we have progressed; it is because we have for the time being lost sight of that ideal that we have retrograded.

In South Africa liberty has been stifled. Of course it could not in the nature of things exist at the actual seat of war, but it has been equally banished from the Cape Colony. So-called martial law has prevailed, and this is simply the negation of all law; parliamentary government has been suspended, in breach of the constitution; the press has been under a military censorship, which in its wisdom or fatuity forbade the circulation of journals regarded as obnoxious; a philanthropic lady has been forcibly deported, presumably because she threw too much light upon the situation; whilst, on the other hand, it required Mr. Morley's powerful denunciation of the action of the Government as illegal, unconstitutional, tyrannical, arbitrary, impudently preposterous and absurd, before an unfortunate editor, after suffering imprisonment, was allowed to leave the country; men have been arrested and detained in custody without being brought to trial, and in some cases without knowing of what they were accused; and the first principles of justice have been ignored.

At home we have had a momentous judicial decision which seems hard to reconcile with Magna Charta and the Petition of Right; freedom of speech persistently denied; political opponents assaulted and public buildings wrecked or damaged; rowdyism proudly quoted as a proof of the Imperialism of the people; lynch law in the ascendency; and, above all, the proletariat forging their own fetters and becoming the willing instruments of an imperious dictator.

It is always so. People who seek to enslave others end by themselves becoming slaves. Unless the spirit which for the past few years has been rampant can be arrested the liberties of England will disappear. Imperialism is draining the country; conscription looms in the not distant future; free trade is already more than threatened; all social development has been checked; reforms have been indefinitely postponed; the clock has been put back by a generation. And, withal, the British working man is yielding up his birthright to the demon of conquest. Imperialism is the trump card of plutocrary and oligarchy. If the people are discontented, prate to them of glory; if they are reduced to living in slums, tell them they have goodly heritage in a great Empire. The poor fools will awaken from their delusion; but it will not then be easy to escape from their self-imposed bondage.

We sometimes hear the smug phrase, *imperium et libertas.* With a slight verbal alteration, merely the change of the conjunction, it embodies a profound truth. *Imperium* AUT *libertas* is the choice, for we cannot have both. We may go on subjugating others, we may conquer until there shall be no more lands to conquer, but the inquiry—to which a so-called Christian nation pays little heed—arises, "What shall it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls?" Our spiritual natures are being atrophied by the lust of power and the pride of empire. Even the gentle sex has been contaminated, the restraining influence of our sisters is withdrawn, and the women have become as heartless as the men. In the whole irony of history there is nothing more grim than that England, once the home of freedom and the champion of the oppressed, should have been engaged in the ruthless task of stamping out independence, and withal unconsciously destroying her own liberties.

The Parting of the Ways.

Is it too late for us to retrace our steps? The past cannot be recalled, the evil already done is irremediable; but the future is ours to mould as we will. The doom of the ancient empires of the world has not yet been pronounced upon us; yet when we read of "decline and fall" we may well realise that we too have declined, and fallen also in many senses; and although the culminating act of the

imperialistic drama has happily not been reached, there are in any case troublous times in store. But we may still return to the parting of the ways, and regain the right road; and there are not wanting hopeful signs. Strong efforts have been made to recall us to the path of rectitude and honour. Powerful impeachments of "methods of barbarism" have gone forth; there has been plain speaking in high places, and one political party in the State—a party which has for too long been partially paralysed—is regaining vigour and showing indications of its old vitality. Ah! had we but had a Gladstone with us for the last few years, one who with clarion voice should have roused the country from Land's End to John o' Groats with a proclamation of the eternal verities, and preached again the lofty creed of government by consent, the recognition of "the equality of the weak with the strong and the principles of brotherhood amongst nations and of their sacred independence"—what a different tale might not the past three years have told! It is not the fault of others that they lack the fascinating personality or the unique persuasive powers, and some of them have done their best. But they have failed to awaken in the hearts of the people that responsive echo which his words evoked. Yet may we hope that his work still lives; and, slowly, hesitatingly, but surely nevertheless, the people whom he moved with his eloquence are beginning to recall his words, and to renew their allegiance to the principles they learned from him, and in which they once rejoiced.

Corrupted we have been by pride more than greed. Whilst some have pursued the *ignis fatuus* of Imperialism with the fierce desire to accumulate wealth, it is not as a commercial asset that the bulk of the people have regarded the British flag—they have been deluded by the blatant appeals to their national vanity, and by the flattering sense of racial superiority. But a haughty spirit has once more gone before a fall. Disaster and defeat have again and again overtaken us; for the greater part of three years have a people, small in numbers, but as sturdy and liberty loving as ourselves, held us at bay; and, although we may flatter ourselves that we have at length subdued them, the lesson is the same—that liberty is a jewel to be highly prized, that those who value their own freedom should respect the freedom of others, and that a terrible nemesis attends the breach of the Golden Rule. We have destroyed, says Mr. John Burns, the moral fibre of our people, we have degraded the free institutions of the land we once loved to hail *Great* Britain. And then, "What is this Imperialism?" he asks; and answers the question in a sentence which can be understanded by the people: "It is nothing more nor less than uniform blackguardism."

Racial predominance is not less disastrous to the dominant than to the subservient race. Imperialism destroys all that is best and

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PART III.

WE have seen that the Dutch had been established at the Cape nearly a century and a half before the first British invasion in 1795. That British occupation ended in 1803, and was followed by another in 1806. In 1814, an agreement was made with the Prince of Orange, whereby, in consideration of a sum of £6,000,000 paid to him, he ceded to Britain Cape Colony and some Dutch provinces in South America. The consent of the people at the Cape to this transaction was neither asked nor given. We have also seen that the British rule proved so highly unsatisfactory to the Dutch colonists that rather than submit to it any longer, many thousands of them in 1836 packed up their goods and chattels in waggons, and with their flocks and herds slowly made their way out of British territory into what was then, through native wars, an almost uninhabited land, and which has since been known as the Orange River Territory and the Transvaal. This was the great Trek of 1836. The Boers also established themselves in Natal, which was then outside British territory. In 1842, the British Government sent a military force and took possession of Natal. Rather than submit to British rule in Natal, most of the Dutch colonists left it. At length the British Government made peace with them and by the Sand River Convention acknowledged their right "in the fullest manner to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws without any interference from the British Government." This state of matters continued for twenty-five years, till in 1877 the Beaconsfield Government, through their representative, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in flagrant violation of the Sand River Convention, annexed the Transvaal to the Queen's dominions. Out of this annexation arose the war, or rebellion, of 1880–1, the battle of Majuba Hill and the subsequent Convention of Pretoria of 1881. This Convention, accepted by the Boers, did not confer that complete independence which they were acknowledged to have under the Sand River Convention.

The position of the Boers in 1881 has been compared to that

of a man who has been robbed by footpads and stripped naked. When the robbers offer him his trousers and boots, he accepts them. So in 1877 the Boers were robbed of their national independence, and when in 1881 they received from the British Government the Convention of Pretoria, they received as it were the trousers and boots, but they were still entitled to the watch and chain and the money of which they had been deprived. The Boers still wanted the remaining rights of which they had been deprived, and the Convention of London in 1884 was granted "in substitution" for that of 1881. In the Convention of 1884 all reference to suzerainty is struck out, but Article IV. gives a right of veto to her Brittanic Majesty against treaties with foreign Powers which might be detrimental to British interests, and Article II. stipulates that the South African Republic shall do its utmost to prevent any of its inhabitants from making encroachments beyond its own territories. The significance of this latter stipulation will be understood when it is recollected that the Boers in the Transvaal were surrounded not by British but by native tribes, whose chiefs had been supported by British authority with the object of rendering the position of the Boers intolerable. Some of the Boers had pioneered into these native States, and were thus extending Boer influence. In the interests of civilisation these pioneers ought to have been encouraged and protected, but British officials looked on Boer progress and prosperity with jealousy, and would fain have kept the Boers within the narrowest possible limits. Hence Article II. of the Convention of 1884. Article II. of the Sand River Convention was entirely different. It was, "That her Majesty's Assistant-Commissioners disclaim all alliances whatsoever and with whomsoever of the coloured nations to the north of the Vaal River."

We have discussed the rights and obligations which arose out of the Conventions of 1881 and 1884, and while we have held that the latter only was operative, and that the claim to a suzerainty over the South African Republic was invalid, we have also held that there was nothing to preclude a reference to arbitration to determine the claim to a suzerainty and the other claims made by the British Government. We have maintained that arbitration was the proper and reasonable course to have adopted. The Government of the South African Republic offered arbitration, which the British Government repeatedly refused. In our opinion, by that refusal the British Government put themselves completely in the wrong. To have submitted the matters in dispute to arbitration would have been a wise and statesmanlike course, but this course the British Government did not choose to follow. Instead of friendly negotiations, leading members of the British Government publicly indulged in insolent threats as to what would follow the rejections of the British demands, while large bodies of British troops were landed in South

Africa and sent forward to the borders of the Republic. The consequence of these threats and these warlike preparations was war, and for that I blame her Majesty's Government. In the circumstances in which the Boers were placed, they did, what assuredly the British in similar circumstances would have done, they issued an ultimatum, in which for the last time they offered arbitration, with certification that its rejection would be considered a Declaration of War. The ultimatum was rejected and war followed. The war was thus due to the failure of her Majesty's Government to adopt a reasonable course for the settlement of their differences with the Government of the South African Republic.

Having now traced the negotiations that preceded the outbreak of hostilities, and considered the Conventions that had been made between the Boers and the British, the matter might be left to the judgment of readers, but it may be better to make a brief reference to the so-called "intolerable grievances" from which the Outlanders, or at least the British Outlanders, were said to suffer, and which was the ground or pretext for interference by the British Government.

Dr. Conan Doyle's statement regarding the Outlanders' grievances is, "that to recount them all would be a formidable task, for their whole lives were darkened by injustice." But Dr. Doyle has enumerated the more serious of the grievances as consisting of overtaxation, no votes, no voice in the choice of officials, no control of education, no power of municipal government, despotic action against the Press and against public meetings, disability to serve on juries, and harassing legislation directed against the mining interest.

It has not been affirmed that any of these grievances pressed more on the English Outlanders than against the Outlanders from other countries. It is not pretended that the Americans or the Germans or the Frenchman, or the Outlanders of any other nationality were free from taxation to which the English were subject, or had privileges from which the English were debarred. It is noteworthy that the subjects of other foreign Powers did not make complaints of the treatment they received in the Transvaal, and that their Governments did not make representations to the Government of the South African Republic. It is remarkable that if the American residents in the Transvaal were suffering any wrong or were under any disabilities, that the Government at Washington did not interfere on their behalf, and it is equally remarkable that the German Government did not interest itself if its subjects in the Transvaal were suffering injustice. It is strange that the complaints came solely from British residents and from the British Government.

As to taxation in the Transvaal, it was pointed out by Mr. Reitz, the State Secretary of the South African Republic, in his reply to

Mr. Chamberlain, dated September 25, 1899, that while the Custom Duties levied in the neighbouring British colonies amounted to 15 per cent. of the value of the imports, the Custom Duties in the Transvaal amounted to only 10·6 per cent. Mr. Reitz compared the Custom Duties imposed in the neighbouring British colonies with those imposed in the Transvaal, and showed that while in the former breadstuffs were subjected to duties of from 30 to 40 per cent. of their values, these duties in the Transvaal were only 7½ per cent.; that while butter is taxed by the Customs Union at 30 per cent. of its value, in the Transvaal the duty is only 7½ per cent.; and similarly with coffee and necessaries of life, taxation was lighter in the Transvaal than in the neighbouring British colonies. The State Secretary further pointed out that the Transvaal Custom Duties were not alone paid on goods consumed only by Outlanders, but were equally paid on goods consumed by the original burghers of the Republic.

As to the taxation of the gold industry, the South African Republic exacted a tax of 5 per cent. on the admitted profits, which amounted to about one-seventieth of the gold extracted. In Rhodesia, the Chartered Company exacted as much as 33 per cent. of the profits. In Britain, the gold mines would have been declared the property of the Crown, and would have been taken possession of by the Government. In the Transvaal the mines were worked for the benefit of foreign shareholders, subject to the lightest taxation of any gold mines in the world. It would have been monstrous if the gold mines, which formed the greatest portion of the wealth of the Transvaal, had been worked for the benefit of foreign and absentee shareholders, without contributing a fair share to the revenue of the South African Republic.

As to want of representation of the Outlanders in the government of the country and in the municipalities, it is pointed out in this same despatch of Mr. Reitz from which I have been quoting, that Johannesburg had been given a municipality of its own elected by those who are able to show a two years' residence in the Republic. The Volksraad had also passed a law allowing naturalisation and full burgher rights on terms less onerous than those by which naturalisation is acquired in this country. The full burgher rights would include a right to vote for the upper as well as the lower Chamber of the Volksraad, to vote in the election of the President, and also in the election of the Commander-in-chief. The fear of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner was that those electoral rights might have been lost through a defective system of registration. This fear came very naturally from the representatives of a country where hundreds of thousands of men are deprived of votes by the system of registration which prevails here, but there was nothing to show that there would have been any difficulty in those who fulfilled the necessary condi-

tions getting the full burgher rights. These rights too would have been much fuller than any which electors in this country possess. Here, it is only a fraction of the adult population who have votes for the election of members of the House of Commons. For the election of members of the Upper House they have no votes at all. They have no voice in the choice of a king, or a prime minister, or even a commander-in-chief. The real rulers in this country, the Cabinet Council, are not elected by the people, either directly or indirectly. The King sends for the Prime Minister—probably at the suggestion of some other minister, and the Prime Minister nominates the others whom he advises the King to send for. In the choice of ministers, the representatives are not consulted at all, and the only thing they could do would be to object very strongly to the choice of ministers that had been made. The burghers of the South African Republic had much more power.

While it was possible for Outlanders to become naturalised citizens of the South African Republic on conditions not greatly different from those required for the naturalisation of foreigners here, and to have thereby obtained much more extensive voting powers than they could have got in this country, the position of Outlanders who had not become naturalised citizens of the Republic was the same as that of Outlanders in all other countries, in that they had no votes for the election of members of the Government. Neither the Convention of Pretoria of 1881, nor that of London of 1884, conferred any electoral rights on English subject. The matter was clearly one referring to the internal affairs, and as such was entirely beyond the purview of the British Government.

The Press Laws, the laws relating to public meetings, juries, and the regulation of the mining industry, were all matters dealing with the internal affairs of the country, and regarding which it is not even pretended that the English were treated in any exceptional fashion. The Press in Johannesburg seems to have enjoyed a liberty, or a licence, not exceeded in any country in the world; while the right of public meeting exercised in the Transvaal compares favourably with that which obtains in this country as exemplified in the public meetings broken up by rioters at Scarborough, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Birmingham, London, and other places.

The liquor laws, the educational arrangements, and the public expenditure were also clearly matters of internal Government, with which the British Government had no right of interference. If the British Government had attended to the liquor laws of this country, to its educational system, and to its public expenditure, instead of to that of the Transvaal, they might have found quite as much scope for their energies and been quite as usefully employed.

The insecurity of life and the arbitrary action of officials in the Transvaal is made much of as a reason for interference by Mr. Cham-

berlain in his despatch of May 10, 1899. He thus refers to the well-known Edgar Case:

"The effect of the verdict of the jury," he says, "warmly endorsed by the judge, is that four policemen breaking into a man's house at night without a warrant, on the mere statement of one person, which subsequently turned out to be untrue, that the man had committed a crime, are justified in killing him there and then, because according to his own account, he hits one of them with a stick. The Edgar case cannot but increase the general feeling of insecurity amongst the Outlander population, and the sense of injustice under which they labour."

Let us see how far this case gives general ground of complaint against the police of Johannesburg, or against the administration of justice in the Transvaal.

The Edgar Case was brought to the knowledge of the High Commissioner, and through him to the British Government, in a despatch from her Majesty's Agent at Pretoria, of date December 23, 1898, printed in the Blue Book C9345. Her Majesty's agent, Mr. Edmund Fraser, relates that:

"On the night of Sunday, December 18, a Johannesburg policeman entered the house of an Englishman named Edgar, by breaking open the door by force without a warrant (after what was apparently only a slight quarrel with some person unknown on the street outside, in which Edgar is supposed to have been implicated), and without any sufficient provocation shot Edgar dead in the presence of his wife. The policeman was at once arrested, although he ran away, and was remanded for trial on the count of murder. Public opinion reached a high point of excitement at Johannesburg, where Edgar, a boilermaker to a leading firm, was well known and respected. . . . Indignation meetings were held by the British residents in Johannesburg, and a committee was formed of eight leading Englishmen, all of them known to me personally, who waited on the Vice-Consul and asked him to represent the case to me, along with affidavits which they had sworn. I at once called the attention of the State Attorney and the State Secretary to the gravity of the situation, handing at the same time these affidavits. In alluding to the Press report that the policeman pretended to have been struck with a stick on breaking open Edgar's door, I stated that as he had entered Edgar's house by house-breaking, Edgar had a perfect right to strike him if he chose, while on the other hand the existing affidavits pointed to the story of the policeman having been struck as a pure invention and a lie."

The affidavit sworn by Edgar's widow before the British Vice-Consul on December 21, 1898, sets forth that between twelve and one o'clock on Monday morning, the 19th inst., her husband returned home to his house at No. 5 Florrie's Buildings, Johannesburg. She heard him coming, and heard some men who lived in the house opposite call to him, "Ene indaba," in Kaffir. Her husband called "Ikona indaba." After more words they called "Voetsak" ("Get out") to him. He crossed the passage and asked them whom they were telling to "voetsak." He then came to the house, shut the front door and locked it, and entered the bedroom. Immediately

after that she heard men at the bedroom window, who tried to open it with a stick. She heard them urging the police to get her husband out. All this time her husband was sitting quietly in the bedroom. He was perfectly sober. Suddenly she heard men throw themselves against the door and burst it open. We then both rushed to the front door, which opened into the sitting-room, and my husband had barely time to get to the door when she saw a policeman raise a revolver and shoot him. He fell back and died almost immediately. The death of my husband has left myself and my infant daughter entirely destitute."

The affidavits of Donald Bourke and Joseph Friedman, both painters by trade, set forth that both were present when Edgar's door was broken open by the policeman, and immediately afterwards the shot was fired. Neither of these witnesses saw the policeman struck.

The preliminary inquiry into the charge preferred against Bart Stephanus Jones, policeman, stationed at Johannesburg, as to the murder of Thomas Jackson Edgar on December 19, 1898, as reported in the Johannesburg *Star* of December 29, 1898, is reprinted in the same Blue Book, C9345. The examination was conducted at the First Criminal Court before Advocate Beyers.

Dr. Peter A. H. Lillpopp, Acting District Surgeon, deponed that he had made an examination of the body of Tom Jackson Edgar. Blood was flowing from a wound in the chest. When he opened the chest, he found that a bullet had gone through the top part of the left lung and severed an artery. On examination of the stomach, he found it contained a quantity of alcoholic liquor. He had examined the accused also, the day before yesterday (Tuesday, December 27). He found the accused bruised on the fore part of the left arm. The bruise appeared to have been caused by a stick. There was also a wound on the left side of the head. The wounds on the arm were caused seven or eight days ago, and they were quite plain yet. This would lead him to believe that considerable violence had been used. It was quite possible that they were caused by blows with an iron bar.

"*Q.* You examined a man named Foster, Doctor?—*A.* Yes.

"*Q.* What condition did you find him in?—*A.* The man is weak and walks with difficulty. His reason seems affected.

"*Q.* Is it possible that his condition is due to a blow on the head?—*A.* Yes."

Cross-examined by Mr. Alexander (for the accused).

"*Q.* Is it possible that the wound on the fore part of the arm and the head of the accused were caused by the same blow?—*A.* No.

"*Q.* I heard from your report that the deceased was a strong man?—*A.* Yes. The deceased must have been standing in a bent position forward, and his hand must have been outstretched.

"*Q.* And the contents of his stomach were smelling strongly of alcohol?—*A.* Yes.

"*Q.* And the deceased was not, as the *Star* says, perfectly sober? —*A.* No."

Dr. Neale deponed that he had examined Foster in conjunction with Dr. Lillpopp. Foster was in a particular weak condition and certainly was not right in the head.

Arthur Frederick Shepherd of 7 Florrie's Buildings, Anderson Street, deponed that about 12.30 on the early morning of December 19 he stood at his door with his coat off and had a smoke. Foster came out of his room and stood against the wall. Foster said, "Voetsak" to his dog. The deceased came across and said, "Who do you, 'voetsak.'" Witness said, "Excuse me, I was not speaking to you." He also said to take no notice of Foster, as he was drunk. The deceased knocked Foster down. Witness said to the deceased that it was a very cruel thing to do, and that he had no right to strike the man. There was no provocation. Witness said that he would call a constable and arrest him for the assault. Witness called five or six times before the police turned up. He was under the impression that Foster was dead. When the police arrived, Foster was still lying prostrate on the floor. Witness pointed out the room in which the deceased lived. The constable went up to the door of the deceased's room and made a noise with the handle of the lock. After the door was opened, witness saw the deceased with an iron bar in his hand and his arm uplifted. At the same time, witness heard a shot, the deceased stumbled out of the room and fell down in the passage. Foster was still insensible when they found him after the affray had happened.

"*Q.* I understand you to say that Jones made a noise at the door of the deceased before the door was opened, and that the door was not broken into violently?—*A.* Yes."

Arthur Sylvester said that Edgar was a tall, broad-shouldered man.

Detective Waldeck stated that he had examined the door of the room.

"*Q.* How was it broken open?—*A.* On the right-hand side of the lock, the screw was loose. There was nothing broken on the door."

Police constable A. Roux deponed that on the morning of December 19 he was in company with police constable Muller. They heard a shout for police, and they ran at once to Florrie's Buildings. There was somebody lying on the floor. After examination, witness thought that the man was dead. They went up to the room into which Edgar had run, and demanded that the door should be opened. Edgar shouted that he would not open the door. Witness

looked through the window and saw Edgar with something like an iron bar in his hand. Jones knocked at the door and afterwards burst it open. Jones asked witness to stand behind him, and when he reached the spot where the accused stood, the door flew open. Edgar rushed at the accused, and gave him a blow on the head with the weapon he had in his hand. Just when the second blow fell, a shot was fired. Witness first thought that the shot was fired by some one in the room. Edgar staggered out of the room and fell in the passage. The uniform (produced in court) belonged to the accused. It was marked with a blood-stain. The wound on the accused's head was caused by the blow Edgar gave him. The shot was fired when Edgar struck for the second time.

Police constable F. D. Rooth heard the shout for police about one o'clock in the morning of December 19. He arrived at Florrie's Buildings before Jones. He saw a man lying on the floor and thought he had ceased to breathe. Jones went to Edgar's door and demanded that it be opened, Edgar refused. Witness did not see the first blow struck, but when the second blow was given, a shot was fired. Jones then went to report the matter at the Charge Office.

At the trial before the Honourable Justice Kock on February 23, 1899, Jacob Johannes Waldeck, a detective, in answer to questions deponed, "I know this stick. It came out of Edgar's house. Was found by me. It is a stick with an iron screw to it, found indoor. The whole stick was and is full of blood. It lay in blood."

Ramsey Daley deponed that he was a licensed practitioner. He remembered December 19, 1898. He examined accused and found two wounds on the left side of his head which were still bleeding. The blood was falling on his uniform. The wounds were about a quarter of an inch from each other. Medical conclusions—the wounds must have been received so soon after one another that it was awkward for the accused to change his position. I examined the arm and found two red marks, caused by an instrument like that (an iron-shod stick).

The State Attorney having addressed the Court, said he desired to reserve several points in the case. (1) In how far the State Attorney can demand that the case shall take its usual course while it is still in his hands. (2) In how far an officer is justified in forcing into a house with or without a warrant upon the act or otherwise in order to arrest a suspected person.

The Judge reviewed the evidence that had been led. As to the legal points raised by the evidence, the first question was as to the relations between the police and the public, the powers that the police possessed in respect of the arrest of a private person. In this instance, the police had not acted upon their own account, but upon the call of the public. It was laid down in English law that

at the call of the public, the police on reasonable ground of suspicion must act decisively. In this case, the police investigated the matter, and they decided on breaking into the house in which Edgar had taken refuge. To justify them in so acting it was not necessary that Foster should be actually dead. It was sufficient that he had sustained a serious assault. He instructed the jury that the police were entitled to make an immediate investigation, and if they had reasonable grounds for considering that Edgar was a great criminal and feared he was going to escape, they had a right to arrest him. The breaking in of the door was admitted and the question was whether the police acted in the execution of their duty or not. If the jury thought they did, they would of course find a verdict of Not Guilty. Further, he must point out to them that they were to ignore any expression of public opinion on the matter either through the Press or in any other way and give their verdict according to the evidence brought before them and nothing else.

Next morning, the jury having been locked up all night, returned into court, and gave a verdict of Not Guilty. The Judge addressing the accused said, "The jury found him Not Guilty. With that verdict he agreed, and he hoped that the police under difficult circumstances would always know how to do their duty." He then discharged Jones from custody.

It is extremely difficult, after a review of this evidence, to find in it any justification for a general charge against the police of Johannesburg or against the administration of justice there. The excitement of the English residents in Johannesburg over the death of Edgar seems to have had very little justification. Here is this Englishman Edgar, a tall, powerful man, "well known and highly respected" in Johannesburg, according to the certificate of her Majesty's agent in Pretoria, who reaches home shortly after midnight of Sunday, December 18, 1898. According to his wife he was perfectly sober, and according to the surgeon who made a post-mortem examination of his body, his stomach was filled with alcoholic liquor. Perhaps we might safely say that while not quite sober he knew what he was doing. As he reaches home he comes across another Englishman, Foster, who was admittedly too drunk to know what he was saying. There was a quarrel, and this tall, powerful Englishman knocks the other senseless to the ground. The man, apparently killed, was not then really dead, though he died afterwards in the hospital. The police arrive on the scene, and are called upon to deal with this case of homicide or murder. They resolve to arrest the criminal. When they proceed to do so they are met by Edgar armed with a short stick, on the end of which is screwed an iron nut. The first policeman who confronts Edgar is struck a severe blow on the head with the iron-mounted stick, and

another blow is about to be delivered. The policeman, who is armed with a revolver—part of the usual outfit of a policeman in Johannesburg—draws it and fires just as Edgar has given the second blow with his formidable cudgel. The revolver shot proves fatal, for it has pierced a vital part, and Edgar falls dead. It is nowhere said that Jones, the policeman, bore any ill-will against Edgar, or indeed that he had ever seen him before he confronted him in the doorway of the house. The policeman's action might even have been regarded as necessary self-defence, and the fatal result as a misadventure. In whatever light the shooting is regarded, the authorities did all they could do—they instituted a public inquiry into the matter and placed the policeman on trial before a jury. Had the incident happened in London instead of Johannesburg, nothing more would have been done, and nothing more would have been expected. The jury acquitted, and the judge said, as judges often say, that he agreed with them; and he added that he hoped in difficult cases that the police would always know how to do their duty. It was a very innocent remark to make, but Mr. Chamberlain's inference is preposterous that the effect of the jury's verdict, warmly endorsed by the judge, went to justify any four policemen breaking into a man's house and killing him there and then if he makes the slightest resistance. Yet this Edgar case is, according to Mr. Chamberlain, "the most recent striking instance of arbitrary action by officials." One is inclined to marvel as to what other less striking instances of arbitrary action by officials would be like.

In truth, the whole British case breaks down. There was no "intolerable oppression" either of English Outlanders or of any others. Many of the Outlanders had travelled over sea and land to get there. There was, however, considerable discontent, mingled with hope that in one way or another the Republic might be overturned and the country annexed to the British Dominions. With this end in view, the Jameson raid was planned in the latter part of 1895.

One of the first steps taken for the invasion of the Transvaal was the formation of a camp on the borders. For this purpose a grant was procured of a portion of the Bechuanaland Protectorate in favour of the British South Africa Republic, and a Proclamation to this effect was made at Buluwayo on October 19, 1895. Preparations were at once made for embodying a force styled the Mashonaland Mounted Police. On October 25, 250 men of this force, with 293 horses, 168 mules, six maxims, and two field guns were sent to Pitsani; and these forces were followed by others. On November 1 the camp was inspected by Dr. Jameson, and entirely approved by him.

Colonel Rhodes, who had been Acting Administrator of Mashona-

land, was appointed manager of the gold fields of South Africa Mining Company, and reached Johannesburg about October 19. On the 24th he drew a sum of £1000 by sight draft on the British South African Company. It was explained that this sum was drawn by arrangement with the drawer's brother, Mr. Cecil J. Rhodes, the Premier of Cape Colony. This first draft was followed by others, amounting to over £60,000, which were all carried to a "new concessions account" in the books of the British South Africa Company. These sums appear to have been used for the purpose of carrying on the revolutionary movement in Johannesburg. In addition to this, the British South Africa Company, by means of its agents and employées, imported and smuggled large quantities of arms and ammunition from Cape Colony into the Transvaal.

About November 20 Dr. Jameson visited Johannesburg. While there he procured several signatures to a letter addressed to himself urgently appealing to him to come to the rescue of unarmed Englishmen, women and children, who are at the mercy of armed Boers. The letter was undated, but was to be dated and published when opportunity occurred. It was signed by Charles Leonard Francis Rhodes, Lionel Phillips, John Hays Hammond, and George Farrar.

Having got this letter, Dr. Jameson returned to Capetown, where he had been at the beginning of the month. From Capetown he proceeded to Mafeking. Mr. Cecil J. Rhodes was cognisant of the arrangements that were being made, but he withheld all information on the subject both from his colleagues of the Cape Ministry and from the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson. Two Imperial officers, Sir Graham Bower and Mr. Newton, were also cognisant of the plot, but they also failed to communicate to the High Commissioner the information that had come to their knowledge.

Towards the end of December, Dr. Jameson had all arrangements made, and he was waiting on the expected rising in Johannesburg. The conspirators there were slow in moving. At length, tired of waiting, and in expectation that his friends in Johannesburg would move out to meet him, Dr. Jameson set out from Mafeking on Monday morning, December 30, 1895, at the head of over 700 men, with maxims and other guns. Their hope was that they would take the Republican Government unawares, and that they should reach Johannesburg before any force could be mobilised to prevent them. In this they were mistaken. As soon as news of the invasion reached Pretoria, the President called the burghers to arms, and a force of between 1500 and 2000 Boers were able to take up a strong position near Krugersdorp before Jameson's troops were able to reach it. The fight took place on Wednesday morning (New Year's Day) 1896. Dr. Jameson, driven from several positions, was eventually overpowered and compelled to surrender. It was stated

that the loss on Jameson's side was in killed 130, wounded thirty-seven, and in prisoners about 500. Some of his troops had not tasted meat for nearly three days, and all of them were famishing. The Boers had good cover, and their loss is stated to have been three killed and five wounded.

When the news of this disaster to Jameson's troops reached Johannesburg, all hopes of a successful rising by the revolutionary party were at an end. The President intimated his intention of handing over Jameson and other prisoners to the High Commissioner, to be dealt with according to their deserts. Next week, twenty-two leaders among the Outlanders, including Colonel Rhodes, Sir Drummond Dunbar, Mr. Lionel Phillips, and Dr. Sauer were arrested at Johannesburg and lodged in gaol. All fears of further disturbances were then at an end.

Dr. Jameson and several of his conspirators were brought to England, where they had to stand a trial at the bar of the Criminal Court. They were convicted of having made war against a State which was in friendly treaty relations with this country, and were sentenced to short terms of imprisonment, which were soon either served or remitted.

The raid formed the subject of inquiry both by a Committee of the House of Assembly at Capetown, and by a Committee of the House of Commons in London. Grave suspicion attached to the Colonial Office as to a complicity in the raid. It was claimed by Mr. Rhodes that the raiders acted with the connivance of officials at the Colonial Office. Mr. Chamberlain stoutly denied that he had any knowledge of what was to be done or attempted. His Under-Secretaries likewise denied such knowledge, and no evidence was ever produced to contradict their statements. Of Mr. Rhodes' complicity there was no doubt at all, and his conduct met with severe censure from the Committee of the House of Commons. They said of him that as Prime Minister of Cape Colony "he ought beyond all other persons to have been careful to abstain from such a course of action as that which he adopted." They said further that "he had involved himself in grave breaches of duty to those to whom he owed allegiance. He deceived the High Commissioner representing the Imperial Government. He withheld his views from colleagues in the Colonial Ministry and from the Board of the British South Africa Company; and he led his subordinates to believe that his plans were approved by his superiors."

This condemnation was emphatic enough, and to it was appended the signature, as a member of the Committee, of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Yet a few days after, speaking from his place in the House of Commons, he said, as it was thought unnecessarily, that "there existed nothing which affected Mr. Rhodes' personal character as a man of honour." This certificate of character, given by Mr.

Chamberlain to Mr. Rhodes, was regarded as remarkable, and helped to revive those sinister rumours of complicity in the raid, with which Mr. Chamberlain himself had been charged, the proofs of which, though called for by the Committee, were said to be in the hands of Mr. Rhodes and his solicitor. It was very generally felt that the House of Commons Committee ought to have proved matters to the bottom and insisted on the production of those telegrams in the hands of Mr. Rhodes' solicitor, which were called for but were not produced.

The raid had failed, but it was sufficient to warn the Boers that if the independence of their Republic was to be maintained, they must be ready to repel attacks, and to that end must have arms and munitions of war to a very much larger extent than had hitherto been considered necessary.

W. D. MACGREGOR.

EMPIRE—AS MADE IN GERMANY

GERMAN methods and German models are not, as a rule, popular in England, yet, in the past, we have borrowed a good deal from Germany, besides our ruling house. Even if we leave the Reformation out of the question, we may remember that the merchants of the Hanse were our earliest teachers in the realms of commerce, and that the founders of Virginia learnt much from the German colonisers of Venezuela and of Chili, the Fuggers and Welers of Augsberg. We need not, then, be too proud to study the methods which Prince Bismarck followed when he called the German Empire back to life, and made Germany the most powerful State in Europe. His policy has evidently afforded Lord Kitchener some hints in his arduous task of resettling South Africa.

The state of Germany after 1848, and the failure of the premature attempts to substitute a German Empire for the Diet of Frankfort, was, indeed, in many respects, like that of South Africa at the outbreak of the war. It is true that the three hundred and fifteen German states, which had sprung out of the decay of the old German kingdom, and which had dragged on a miserable existence for centuries, had been reduced to thirty-four by the Congresses of Lunéville and Vienna. Many influences, however, combined to prevent the survivors from uniting into one powerful federal State. The "headship" of such a state was, inevitably, an apple of discord; Austria, unprogressive, Conservative, proud of her Imperial traditions, was opposed by Prussia, under whose outward Conservatism the leaven of the thought of her Universities was for ever at work. The minor states were the tools of Russia and of France. Russia, which in 1815 had cynically refused to disestablish and to disendow the minor royalties of Germany, because their continued existence was necessary in order to enable her Grand Dukes to marry, now used her ties of kinsmanship to hinder the less powerful rulers from consenting to exchange their tinsel and poverty-stricken "independence" for comfortable subordination to a powerful empire. France, in pursuance of a policy traditional in her Foreign Office since Richelieu, used all the levers of fear, of jealousy, and of religion to the same end. Nor were the rulers cordially united with their subjects. Nearly every German state was theoretically in the enjoyment of a constitution, dating in some cases, as in Wurtemberg,

from the Middle Ages. In every such state a well educated people, fired by the memories of the French Revolution and of the War of Liberation, were seeking to breathe new life into these old forms, only to see their efforts frustrated by sovereigns who had not forgotten that their forefathers had learnt the art of government from Louis XIV. In the Universities German thought was annihilating every tradition, and was reshaping all the relations between man and his surroundings. When the eager student emerged from his lecture room to endeavour to translate into action the ideas which he had learnt from his teachers, whether in the Council Chamber, in the office, or in the workshop, he found himself brought face to face at every turn with the fact that, if in the realms of mind he was a free man, in those of matter he was but the citizen of a petty State ruled by an unenlightened and unsympathetic Minister of Police. Trade, whether at home or abroad, languished under the burden of thirty-four minuscule governments. How could the Principality of Waldeck construct a railway system, or Mecklenburg-Schwerin redress the wrongs of its subjects at Callao? "High-thinking and plain-living" seemed the natural destiny of a German. To his country, ran the proverb, Heaven had granted the empire of the air.

Such was the condition of things which Bismarck sought to remedy by bringing these thirty-four atoms together into one empire under the hegemony of his native Prussia. To effect his task he relied on "negotiation" and "diplomacy," backed by an iron hand.

He knew well that it is fatal for a new born State to have in its midst a large body of citizens hankering, and, from their point of view, with justice, after the vanished past. He did not wish Austria to re-enter the Germany from which he had expelled her in 1866, through a Saxony, a Bavaria, or a Wurtemberg, deprived of their native rulers and "squeezed by continuous pressure" into factitious unity under sovereigns of alien birth. A tactless statesman would in 1866 have annexed Bohemia, have brought the Czechs under the same flag as the Poles of Posen and the Danes of North Schleswig, and have filled the palaces of Vienna with "kings in exile." To gain the good will of the professor, of the theorist, and of the merchant he would have excited the revengeful hatred of every official, of every noble, of every officer, perhaps, in some cases, as in Bavaria, of every peasant who was not a Prussian born. To all other Germans he would have made the Prussian flag the emblem of subjection and humiliation.

Bismarck had learnt his craft in another school. In 1866 he contented himself with but comparatively small material gains. He made Austria renounce, and for ever, her pretensions to control Germany. He taught her to find compensation in the Balkans,

and did not wrest from her one single inch of Austrian ground. If, for geographical reasons, he annexed Hanover, Nassau, Cassel, and Frankfort to Prussia, he did not deprive them of their local institutions nor of their codes of law. Within fifteen months—a period which may not have run out before representative Government is introduced into our two new colonies—deputies from the annexed provinces sat in the Prussian Landtag and in the Parliament of the North German Confederation. An ex-Premier of Hanover, Herr Windthorst, became the leader of the Opposition, but in the Reichstag not on the battlefield. Few of their late subjects regretted the King of Hanover, the Elector of Cassel, or the Duke of Nassau.

Those States of North Germany which had sided with Prussia reaped their reward. By a series of treaties, which left them nominally independent, they became members of a Confederation in which Prussia assured herself the lead for all time, not only in virtue of her population and territorial extent, but also of the powers which those treaties conferred upon the President of the North German Confederation, namely, the man who ruled Prussia by "the grace of God."

In theory the president was but the perpetual chairman of a board at which all the confederate States sat as equals. Saxony retained her king. Her great fortress of Königstein was garrisoned by Prussian troops. Every one of the confederate States is diplomatically represented at Berlin. Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck retain their style of republics. Prussia is not represented in the Hanse towns by a Resident, but there is a fine Prussian Legation looking out over the Alster. In reality all the North German sea-board is as much a Prussian department, and its inhabitants the subjects of William II., as its States were departments and their inhabitants the subjects of Napoleon I. when Hamburg was the headquarters of the 32nd (French) Military Division, and deputies from Bremen sat in the Corps Législatif at Paris.

Bismarck, however, never forgot that Napoleon owed his downfall in great part to the fact that, in place of controlling Oldenburg through a French Legation, he expelled its Duke — Holstein-Gottorp, and brother-in-law of the Russian Czar as he was—and made his States a sub-prefecture in the department of the "Weser Mouths."

That duke's descendant now rules as Grand Duke at Oldenburg. His own blue and red flag flies over his palace; his officials and officers swear allegiance to their Grand Duke, whose head figures on the coinage. Oldenburg has her own Parliament. Yet there is a Prussian Legation at Oldenburg, and her Grand Duke is the very humble servant of the German Emperor. Possibly he remembers at times that he himself is the head of the House from which spring the Czars of all the Russias.

South of the Main German unity, in 1866, was not yet ripe. Swabians and Bavarians love their own lands, their own speech, and their native rulers. To them the North German is an alien. In South Germany, Catholicism was a power, and a power which could not love a German Empire under a Protestant Cæsar.

Bismarck grasped the situation. He did not claim too much. By the treaties of peace in 1866 Bavaria and Wurtemberg had only to pay a moderate indemnity of war, though the Wurtembergers had invaded and annexed Hohenzollern, the birthland of his Master's House, whilst provision was made for the reconstitution of the Zollverein.

In February 1867 a military congress met at Carlsruhe. Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Hesse, which, since the dissolution of the Diet, had, for the first time in their history, figured in the European hierarchy as fully independent Powers, sent their representatives to arrange for their joint military action in the future.

Military conventions were drawn up. A common model was selected for the armies of the four allies. By a special clause that model was to be the army of the North German Confederation, in order that their troops might act with it in time of need.

Napoleon III. was warned of these conventions by the French Military Attaché at Berlin; he disbelieved the warning, and, in June 1870, when the internal situation of France had made war with Prussia unavoidable, the bands of his Guards were practising the National Anthems of South Germany in order to salute their master on his entrance into the capitals of his august allies—Carlsruhe, Stuttgardt, and Munich. In September 1870 the deposed Emperor was escorted on his road to his imprisonment at Wilhelmshöhe by Bavarian Uhlans.

> "Demens Ausonidum gemmata monilia matrum
> Romanasque altâ famulas cervice petebat."

German hands were not destined to aid Napoleon the Little to triumph in German capitals as they had aided his uncle Napoleon the Great.

The establishment of the new German Empire under its Prussian rulers was by no means the necessary consequence of the crowning victory of Sedan.

The motion to assist Prussia in accordance with treaty obligations had only been carried through the Bavarian House of Lords by a majority of two, obtained, it was said, through the personal influence of King Louis. Readers of the Emperor Frederick's *Memoirs* well know how reluctant the King of Prussia was to exchange his old title for a new-fangled gewgaw, and, at the last moment, the unwillingness of the Bavarian sovereign to subordinate his crown to that of an Emperor nearly wrecked the scheme.

A compromise was arrived at. William I., as "German Emperor," *not as* "*Emperor of Germany*," accepted the position of a *primus inter pares*, and as lately as ten years ago, Prince Rupert of Bavaria, on a famous occasion at Moscow, reminded the world that he was not the subject but the ally of his successor.

Germany became an empire on January 18, 1871. It was not until 1876 that the merchant ships of Oldenburg, the Hanse Towns, and Mecklenburg, even of Prussia, flew the German flag. All the Federal States have still, as we have said, diplomatic representatives at Berlin, and are recognised as independent members of the European hierarchy by the Foreign Offices of other nations. At Strelitz Sir Frank Lascelles, British Ambassador at Berlin, is Minister to his Grand Ducal Highness the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. A few years ago the Russian Empire solemnly broke off all diplomatic relations with the free Imperial city of Bremen. No war followed the incident.

The Imperial Civil Code only replaced the eight *Privatrechte* (*Codes of Civil Law*) in force in Germany (six of them in Prussia) in 1901.

In the art of saving appearances Prince Bismarck could have given lessons to the Dowager-Empress of China. Yet such niceties of etiquette are called in the diplomatic world *Chinoiseries*.

The Federal States of Germany will all be represented at King Edward's coronation by special envoys.

The whole fabric of the new German Empire, like that of the old Roman Empire is founded not upon charters, but upon treaties. Hamburg, as well as Prussia, signed the treaties of 1866 and of 1870, on which German unity was based. The South German States closed the war with France by separate treaties. In England, which has been but one unit for seven centuries, liberty is based on a legal document, Magna Charta. The liberties of Germany, which for six centuries had been, in fact if not in name, but a collection of discordant units, are founded on diplomatic instruments, the treaties of 1870, between the North German Confederation and its southern neighbours. Those, such as they were, of the older Germany reposed on the Treaty of Westphalia.

Can we not see that South Africa is a collection of units, and that she can only be resettled by diplomacy and not by law?

Diplomacy is the method by which State deals with State: law is that by which the State imposes its will upon the individual.

In South Africa we have to deal with States—four, if not five, in number—for the latest theory of British statesmanship has practically placed our self-governing Colonies in the same relation to our foreign policy as are Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg to that of the German Empire. By our own act in 1854 we recognised the Orange Free State as a sovereign and independent power: our

"suzerainty" over the South African Republic was, as events have proved, but the shadow of a troubled ghost, and let those, who are tempted to rely too much upon such claims, remember that the "suzerain" of Egypt is Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, not his Majesty King Edward VII. Natal and the Cape Colony are our allies as they are our mask, as either character may best suit our policy for the moment. But we speak only of white man's Africa, torn by racial as it will soon be by class and economic rivalries. Behind looms the threatening cloud of black man's Africa, pregnant with a storm which may yet in some mighty outburst sweep away our petty jealousies of to-day, just as the flood foaming down the sun-cracked spruit hurries before it the ant-hills which but yesterday were a soldier's bulwarks. Surely, in presence of such a danger, the union of all white South Africans is as the breath of life, and that union is to be, can only be, obtained by consent, not by force—by treaties not by proclamations. Ferdinand II. sought to end that Thirty Years' War, which so much resembles the late conflict, by an edict; he prolonged it for twenty years. The war was ended by the Treaty of Westphalia. Our proclamation annexing the two Republics prolonged the death-agony of South Africa for twenty-four months.

Bismarck could learn lessons from history. He built up the new German Empire on treaties not on proclamations. Reuss Schleiz, Waldeck, Schaumburg Lippe, equally with Prussia, entered the North German Confederation and the German Empire by treaty. For Bismarck there was no such thing as a war which "might never be formally ended." He did not believe in "squeezing" incombinable atoms "by irresistible pressure" into a quasi-mechanical unity. He knew that through chemical assimilation is the great element of durability in nature.

Bismarck would not have refused to treat with the exiles of Hilversum or with the government which stores its archives in a Cape-cart and holds its cabinet councils on a mule trolley. In order to bring about peace after Sedan he was willing to recognise the Empress Eugénie, in her Hastings hotel, as Regent of France, and to avail himself of the services of a private adventurer to negotiate with Marshal Bazaine. When, through the dexterous management of Sir Edward Malet, he was enabled to meet M. Jules Favre, the representative of a government, which seemed dependent for its very existence on the whims of the mob of Paris, it was the obstinacy of the Frenchman which cost his country Alsace and Lorraine. Bismarck would not have been misled by false analogies. He would have recollected that in South Africa we are not dealing wholly with rebellious vassals, but with at least one State—the Orange Free State—which is by our own deliberate act and choice

theoretically our equal, and that though the Civil War in America, and the Canadian Rebellion, we might add the Irish Rebellion of 1798, were not "terminated by treaties," that Irish Rebellion would, in all human probability, have never taken place if the Treaty of Limerick, which closed the long Irish War of the Revolution of 1689, had been sanctioned by the Irish Parliament of 1692.

So long as Prince Bismarck had succeeded in gaining his essential point, the establishment by treaty of a South African Federation, controlled in all matters which affect the relations of its members with one another and with the outer world by a Federal Parliament under the hegemony of England, he would not have troubled about making the presence of that Federation known in minor particulars. Subject to the disguised but thoroughly effective control of the empire, Bavaria, by treaty, retains her own sovereign, army, flag, diplomacy, law courts, parliament, and military code. Everything which touches the daily life of a Bavarian citizen is in the hands of Bavarian officials who have sworn fealty to the King of Bavaria; yet it would go hard with any Bavarian who committed treason against the German Emperor. His punishment would be none the less severe because he was tried in a Bavarian law court under warrant from the Prince Regent of Bavaria. Bismarck would not have troubled so long as every Transvaaler and every Free Stater was effectively subject in the last resort to the law of England—perhaps, rather, to English justice—to force upon him the recognition of this all-important fact at every turn. To him it would have mattered little, while Transvaal and Free State representatives sat in the Federal Parliament of South Africa, whether these States, like the Hanseatic cities, were officially styled republics. He would not have cared for the cut of their police uniforms, or whether he wrote the words "Transvaal Agency General," or "Legation of the South African Republic," in corresponding with their representatives in London. The Bavarian flag flies over the Chambers at Munich; Bismarck would have let the "Vierkleur" fly over the Raadzaal at Pretoria; he would not, like the Count de Chambord, have lost a kingdom for the colour of an emblem, though he well knew the value of the German "black, white, red" as a "commercial asset."

If we would be wise let us take a lesson from Prince Bismarck. Let us respect the just pride of our opponents and found our South African Empire upon treaties not upon proclamations. Only by such a policy can we assure lasting peace, and, in the end, see the proud Boer as contented as is the proud Bavarian with his lot as citizen of a mighty empire.

The Bavarian has his reward. Once more, as of yore, "Nürnberg's Hand goes through every Land." Could her merchants have traded in the Far East and in the lawless West, had their only

protection against wrong been the feeble voice of the Bavarian Minister and not the "mailed fist" of the German Michael? Bismarck made Germany by tact.

HUBERT READE.

P.S.—When the French, late in January 1871, finally consented to treat for peace, Prince Bismarck willingly consented to an armistice in order that a National Assembly might be elected for the purpose of ratifying the treaty. During the election special provision was made for recording the votes, both of electors who were with the colours in the field and of those who were refugees in places away from their homes. Such electors were allowed to record their votes at French consulates, if abroad, or at the Mairie of their temporary residence if in France. This precedent must have occurred to Lord Kitchener, who was residing at Rennes, in Brittany, in 1871, when he allowed a National Assembly to be elected by the various commandos.

Since the above was written peace has been restored to South Africa. Lord Kitchener has inspired his diplomacy by Prince Bismarck's example. The Boer is, after a comparatively short period, to have self-government, untrammelled, at least on paper, by any conditions as to compulsory federation or union of any kind with the other South African States. The political rights of the natives are handed over to his control. His land is assured to him against the land-grabbers of Johannesburg. If he has to swear allegiance to King Edward VII. and to renounce his citizenship in a republic, he in reality secures his right to his flag. Our wise policy will in the end meet with its reward, and men now living may see the Boers the firmest allies of the British Empire and the surest supports of a South African Federation.

DOOMED BRITISH SHIPPING.

THERE is a remarkable parallelism between the want of foresight by the British landowners which led to the repeal of the Corn Laws and the want of foresight on the part of the British shipowners which for all time is to seal the doom of British shipping. The landowner was deaf to reason, callous to suffering, opposed to concession, and in the end he received his deserts by being overthrown; and when a man, or a body of men, have been beaten and are down they are not the same persons physically or morally when they make a show of being up again and as fresh as ever. Mechi, the razor-paste philanthropist of Cornhill and Regent Street, essayed to develop farming on vast scales by rooting out the small farmer, tearing up his hedges and land marks, ploughing his bridle paths and roads, and after levelling mansion, cottage, and labourers' dwellings he planted roots where they had stood. Next he gave attention to implements, and became the undoubted parent of the agricultural implement industry, which since has fattened on what was left on landowner and tenant farmer as both became financial skeletons. Then the agricultural revival bubble burst and the agricultural implement industry betook itself to pastures new. On lengthy credits it took the Argentine, the New Zealand, and the Australian farmer by the hand, giving them steam-engines, steam-ploughs, and harrows, clod breakers, automatic seeders and reapers, and the latest dairy things for cheese- and butter-making so as in the end to reduce the skeletons of the British landowner and the British farmer to financial pulp. The attempt has succeeded beyond expectation, but at length there is the portentous shadow upon the British agricultural implement industry of American and Canadian competition the real beginning of which has not yet been. Across the Atlantic there is vitality for deadness here; improvements declined here are adopted there; superseded things are clung to here with the tenacity of the miser to his gains, while there superseded things in steel and iron are thrown upon the scrap heap and those in wood are used up for furnace kindling. We overflow with the ignorance and conceit of consciousness, accept the young as guides, philosophers, and friends, and give to experience and age at forty-five the cold sides of our natures. At forty-five in England with the dawn of grey upon the wool it is in most cases all up with a man, while in Canada and

the United States in the agricultural implement industry, as in the other industries, "a man is still a man for a' that."

The discovery of gold in 1848 in California, and in Australia in 1851, brought British and American shipping into conspicuous rivalry. To the first, California, there were three modes of access: (1) across the plains, which usually took six months, with adventures, privations, and deaths truly appalling; (2) across the Isthmus of Panama, partly by boat and partly by mule on land, to wait afterwards on the Pacific shore usually for a month or two before passage could be secured to San Francisco; and (3) by Cape Horn in relatively small, slow-sailing craft, the voyage sometimes as protracted as the travel across the plains. California gave a great impulse to American shipbuilding and a considerable impulse to British shipbuilding, and when gold was discovered in Australia the greater advance in American shipbuilding was immediately apparent. Donald McKay of Boston, Massachusetts, designed and put upon the sea the American clipper (what would the world have been without Scotchmen ?) and the American clipper then held the world's carrying trade for passengers and goods both to San Francisco and Melbourne. Of the American clipper fleet the *Red Jacket*, from Liverpool to Melbourne, being a typical ship and favourite in the voyage from port to port, was inside of ninety days, while the less speedy *Geordie* covered the distance usually in six months. And from 1848 and 1851 the genius of America developed shipbuilding. America being then mistress of the seas, and so continued until 1861, when, throughout the Civil War, American ships rotted in American harbours, as British ships had done previously in Melbourne harbour. The iron and steel shipbuilding position was not then reached; and with the virtual destruction of the American mercantile marine British shipbuilding advanced by bounds, first by ships in iron, and next by ships in steel. And now after a somewhat protracted period America resumes shipbuilding with the old prestige of Donald McKay's *Red Jacket* and other clipper ships; Sir Thomas Lipton and others having failed to secure to us "the America Cup," the genius of shipbuilding continues with the United States.

Meanwhile what has the British shipowner been about; has he followed the course of the British landowner, the end of which was the repeal of the Corn Laws ? Undoubtedly he has, and there is more than presumption for the assertion that his fate will be the same. What have been called ocean greyhounds were put upon the ocean, to be succeeded by swarms of "tramps," which infested every sea and every harbour with practical annihilation of the home, the Colonial, and the Indian seas coasting trades. From India particularly, that sorely oppressed dependency of the Crown, the wail of remonstrance was raised in piercing tones. What was to become of the native boatman and the native mariner ? The devil take the

hindmost was the virtual response of the British shipowner, the proud destroyer of the native coast shipping of the Indian seas. Still somehow a sickly show of coasters lingers on the New Zealand and the Australian coasts exposed to the cutting rates and the speed of the mail services and the "tramps" to the lowering of the maritime resources of the Crown. In large measure Canada has escaped the evil influence, being in possession still of a considerable coast marine and of an unassailable marine on the St. Lawrence and the lakes, but yet as far as the mail services and the "tramps" could wrest the coasting trade from Canada no effort has been spared to secure the end. Then at home what has happened to British harbours? In the memory of many on the east coast it is easy to call up visions of crowded harbours of brigs and schooners in the Baltic, German, Dutch, and French trades where now there are none. On the west and south coasts there were similar crowded harbours of ships in the Irish, the Channel, the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Mediterranean trades, and at that time ships of not more than 200 tons register were ready and eager for charters to Australia and New Zealand, and for port or ports in South Africa and South America, and for port or ports on the Pacific, as those of Peru and Chili and California. Those ships have gone and their crews have gone with them as the small farmers went under the inspiration of the razor paste of Alderman Mechi, and we call the change "progress."

Recklessness in one course breeds indifference in others. To the British shipowner at large the ruin of the coaster and its crew and of the deep-sea brig and schooner and their crews was of no account: he had himself to think of and look to and those depending on him, and for him ships and seamen had to shift for themselves. Fatal resolution for the supremacy of the sea by Great Britain not to be recalled by any resolution or Act of Parliament that may now be drawn. Forthwith the sea apprenticeship system dropped; and the Admiralty, instead of opposing the vital change, adopted the senseless expedient of training its seamen from the boyhood of the jails and slums of London and the great towns, although it is notorious that a man-of-war seaman trained to a single duty is unfit to be compared with a merchant seaman who is trained to all duties. And for a moment, to pursue the subject up to the naval officer, it was found in the Crimean war that naval officers in war could not be trusted with the navigation of their ships, and that recourse for navigation was made to the merchant service, as will be the case again. This was no reproach to the naval officer, nor is it now; he may be a navigating officer during one commission and not again in his lifetime, whereas in the merchant service a navigating officer is navigating all his time. The difference has been perceived and acted on by France, its naval officers being in command of merchant steamers.

But to resume: with the end of apprentices, and with the scattering of the superseded merchant seamen in the Colonies as labourers and in the United States as seamen it was necessary to man the mail ships and the "tramps" somehow. Superseded Swedish and Norwegian seamen were available, and so were Danish, Dutch, and Russian superseded seamen, and forthwith they "signed on" at lower wages and at a wretchedly lower grade of food in place of British seamen, until to-day British ships are largely manned by Greeks and Italians and Scandinavians. Nor is that the full measure of the fatal change. The P. and O. Company and the other Eastern going services are manned by black men, over whom there are white men quarter-masters, not necessarily Englishmen, and thus the sceptre of the seas may already be said to have departed from us; mere tonnage being a trumpery offset, and not always a paying one.

On the other hand the United States, in a large sense, possesses a mercantile marine of the kind that we once had; and in so far as seamen are concerned, in even greater number. But first, service on board an American ship with subsequent discharge may be held to constitute American citizenship, and, as a matter of fact, the foreigner who enters the American merchant service usually continues in it, being better paid and better fed than in British or other service. Then glance at the coast lines of the United States and think of their implications in connection with the future sovereignty of the seas. There are the great lakes with their canals teeming with shipping enterprise. There are the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers literally swarming with pulsating craft; and there is the great coast line from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, and the vast Pacific coast line, upon which, under the stars and stripes, there are seamen and ships in immeasurable profusion. We have nothing to put in comparison with it. It exceeds us in number, it excels us in cohesion, it robs us of the conceit that we still command the seas. In figures which pass by the phenomena of which they are the symbols we, in an empty way, are still supreme, but if we are it can be only for a day. Our wealth is in figures, the wealth of America is in things; in the produce of its fields, its forests, and its mines; in its overshadowing industries, which discard tradition and snap at each improvement that comes along; and in its merchant service, which is about giving up the business of feeding ours, and in connection with its railways, it may one day soon claim that its produce and merchandise shall be carried on no other bottoms but its own; and so dependent have we now become on both that on any terms offered we must receive them. The British shipowner is outside the pale of sympathy. He has made his own bed and now must lie upon it. He had his opportunity, and having missed it, he has lost it. Poor old England! it really merited a different fate. The men who made it had no education save that of experience and common sense,

and they could not sign their names until for decency's sake they had to learn to do it. Their successors can sign their names and do nothing else. They are wedded to a past. They ignore facts and change and comfort themselves with conscious generalities. The passion of science and of experimental data is upon them, and the intelligence of application to new conditions and realities never acquired by them is strange and meaningless to them. Their responsibility is a grave one to their fellows, and with doomed British shipping and an obsolete, if not exhausted industrial and commercial system, a day of social reckoning may be near at hand and upon them.

The American shipping trust, like the other American trusts, is in the sequence of social and industrial evolution; for better ultimate all-round conditions it is to control competition, which uncontrolled has been exclaimed against the wide world over, and it will centralise and reduce the cost of management. Twelve years ago the Sherman anti-trust legislation came into operation in the United States, and where it has been sought to be made effective against the Sugar, the Standard Oil Trust, and others, the trusts, protecting themselves by registering as "Corporations" without varying their mode of business, made the effort useless; and it is safe to say that the pending actions in the courts of Illinois will accomplish nothing. Trusts are invulnerable, and, to the confusion of pen-and-ink capitalists on both sides of the Atlantic, we shall live to see "Labour Trusts" based on something material, as distinguished from the sentimental present—of capital. On either side of the Atlantic there are ready means for the establishment of "Labour Trusts"—in England with a capital of £5,000,000 to £10,000,000, and in the United States with a capital of £10,000,000 to £20,000,000. And whether the first "Labour Trust" is of English or American origin, the Continent is sure to take up the running with a £1,000,000 "Labour Trust" in Belgium, one in France and another in Germany, each for £5,000,000. While men sleep, even, the formative and organising forces of matter ceaselessly operate, and why not human conditions? Crying over the spilt milk of trusts is unworthy of us, for we shall have to face the music of labour becoming capitalist by means of trusts, the organisation being as easy as A B C.

Hurrah! the world moves.

P. BARRY.

REPORT OF THE INDIAN FAMINE COMMISSION, 1901.

In the preliminary portion of this report it is stated that since the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown there have been seven famines and one severe scarcity in various provinces in British India, culminating with the great drought in 1899–1900, which is specially treated of by this Commission. The Commission were directed to examine, in the light of experience gained in former famines, of which there were in existence clear records, the administration of relief in all its branches, the cost of operations, and the extent of the mortality; to consider what new problems have arisen, and how far events confirm the wisdom, or suggest the amendment, of the recommendations made by the last Commission; to deal, in their broad aspects, with the questions of the collection of the land revenue and the grant of advances to agriculturists; to investigate the existing practice with regard to loans to cultivators in the several provinces, and to advise as to the necessity for revised instructions on these subjects, and finally, they were permitted to record any recommendations or opinions which might be of use in the anticipation or treatment of future famines. Two reservations were, however, made, viz., that questions of a technical character concerning the programmes and utility of works in progress at the outbreak of the famine should be excluded from the inquiry, as well as that of famine administration in Native States. The latter reservation, though of course unavoidable, was to be regretted, as the inquiry would have afforded an opportunity for contrasting that administration with what had been done in British territory, and helped to explain the causes of the large influx of famine-stricken people from such States on to our relief works and into our poor-houses, of which there is abundant evidence. Finding that relief operations had been carried out on a small scale in Madras, Bengal, and the North-western Provinces, the local inquiries of the Commission were confined to the Central Provinces, Berar, Bombay, and the Delhi division of the Punjáb, where the famine was most extensive and severe.

The area affected was at the time of the greatest pressure roughly 175,000 square miles, and the population according to the census of 1891 about 25,000,000, but including those portions which were less

severely affected, the area was 189,000 square miles, and the population about 28 millions. Over large areas the conditions were rather those of scarcity than of famine, but in all there was more or less a failure of water supply and fodder for cattle, the latter of which was in some parts of Bombay practically complete.

During the cold weather of 1899–1900 the writer of this article passed through the Broach, Kaira, and part of the Ahmadabad Collectorates in Gujarát, and especially in the first of the three, where ordinarily over 90 per cent. of the total area is covered with crops, saw not only that none had been grown, but positively not a blade of grass had sprouted. Consequently, the cattle had disappeared; in the whole country where black buck usually abound, he saw less than a dozen, and in the Punch Mahals, where he walked for many miles through the jungles, found one solitary hare.

A comprehensive statement contrasting the number of persons relieved in the famines of 1896–7 and 1899–1900 is given in paragraph 16 of the report:

Province.	1896–1897.		1899–1900.	
	Population of Affected Tract.	Millions of Units Relieved.	Population of Affected Tract.	Millions of Units Relieved.
Central Provinces	6,462,000	158	10,418,450	556
Berar. . .	1,183,000	5	2,897,040	107
Bombay . .	6,865,000	119	9,776,503	385
Ajmer . .	—	—	542,358	38
Punjáb . .	3,157,000	22·4	1,496,323	49

The pressure of famine at different periods is given as follows:

Percentage of Total Number Relieved on Population of Area Affected.					
Province.	End of December 1899.	End of March 1900.	End of May 1900.	Beginning of August 1900.	Beginning of Sept. 1900.
Central Provinces	14·5	18·7	22·12	22·28	17·89
Berar . . .	8·8	13·4	15·7	12·8	6·5
Bombay . .	5·24	13·03	12·28	16·44	12·6
Ajmer . . .	20·8	18·3	26·7	16·2	10·1
Punjáb . .	7·27	13·2	10·5	9·9	2·4

The most instructive of these figures as to the extent and duration of the famine are those of August 1900; these show that at a time when almost the whole of the population would, if rain had fallen, have been at work in their fields, there were still large numbers on relief. Those of September, too, prove the lack in the country of industries other than agriculture to which the people on the entire failure of the monsoon would certainly by that time have had recourse for maintenance. A subsequent statement (paragraph

20), shows that commencing from October 1899, when the numbers on relief were 688,476, they increased till July 1900, when they had risen to the enormous aggregate of 4,605,150. The Commission, however, were of opinion that this excessive number was to some extent due to imperfect enforcement of tests on relief works and a consequent rush on charity, to which the Chief Commissioner in the Central Provinces thought the people, taught by their recent experience in 1896–7, looked from the first all too willingly, whilst officers were urgent to anticipate distress. This proves how difficult a matter is the administration of a famine-stricken province in India when officers have on the one hand to act up to the beneficent intention of British rule that no life must be lost, and on the other to guard against that beneficence being abused, and the people unnecessarily demoralised by the indiscriminate distribution of charity. On the other hand there can be no doubt, from the investigation of the Commission, that relief was not given soon enough in Gujarát and Khándesh, and this resulted in great and avoidable mortality. The writer himself found that in the Punch Mahals no poor-house had been established where an excellent relief work was in progress, with the consequence that many aged and infirm persons, and women and children unable to labour, were left utterly unprovided for, and would have starved but for a charitable subscription got up by the Mahálkari of the station to keep them alive.[1] The Acting Collector of Khándesh, a Parsee, admitted in his evidence before the Commission that when delay occurred in getting an answer from the Bombay Government as to certain measures proposed for the relief of the Bhíls in the Satpura Hills, he took no further measures for several months, allowing the unfortunate people to starve in the meanwhile. It is to be hoped this was a solitary instance of a Native being placed in a high executive position being afraid to act on his own responsibility in an emergency, a contingency that others beside the writer have before now thought to be quite conceivable with natives of India in such positions.

The next question dealt with in the report is the cost of relief, which is given separately for that expended on labour at works and gratuitously. The total expenditure under both heads is given at 9,99,95,367 rupees, equivalent to £6,666,357, but taking into account the loss of land revenue and the large amount of advances made to the rayats for the purchase of seed, cattle, &c., it is thought the total will not be under ten millions sterling. The detailed statement given with this account is of great use in contrasting the average expenditure per head with that put forward by Mr. W. Digby in his lately published book ironically entitled *Prosperous India*, as the average income of the whole of the population of British India, which

[1] It is but fair to say that this was at once remedied on the writer informing Lord Sandhurst, then Governor of Bombay, of the state of matters.

is ¾d. a day. Taking it in the shape of grain, there were procurable in the market of Ahmadabad, one of the famine districts, in the famine year of 1900, a trifle over 10 seers or 20 pounds of the commonest millets for one rupee. The highest famine expenditure in Berar, where the wages were largest, was a little over two annas or one-eighth of this, according to which an inhabitant of India would have to subsist on two and one-fifth pounds of the commonest grain, leaving nothing for the condiments necessary to make such food nutritive, clothing and lodging, if his average income came to the highest subsistence wage given on a famine relief work, whereas at ¾d. a day, or half an anna, he would get but 10 ounces or one-fifth over half a pound. We are not reviewing the book mentioned, or might show how the whole of Mr. Digby's arguments are vitiated by this simple analysis of facts.

The second part of the report deals with the administration of relief during the famine. Under this the first section is concerned with the preparations that should be made in future before actual famine or scarcity manifests itself, in order that the authorities may not be taken unawares, as those in Bombay undoubtedly were in Gujarát, where in many parts a total failure of crops and in fact a complete absence of herbage had been unknown for over a century.[1] Under this head various useful suggestions are made as to the strength, subordination, and methods of inter-communication of the different establishments, as well as the provision, in case of necessity, of reserve establishments, and reserves of tools and plant which would be available if scarcity developed into famine. Under the second section it is pointed out how advisable it is to put heart into the people by an exhibition of early preparedness, of an early enlistment of non-official agency, of liberal advances in the earliest stages, and of prompt action with regard to suspensions of revenue. Here we would suggest a caution, which will be further touched upon when we come to treat of the indebtedness of the *rayats*, especially those of Bombay. It is that when collections of revenue are suspended, great care should be exercised not to allow them to act as a deterrent to the people's future progress or stand in the way of their speedy recovery from the effects of a bad season. It is no real liberality to lift from a man's neck a weight that is sure to have to be put on again later on, when he may perhaps be in a more weakly condition and less able to stand it.

After recommending the appointment of a special Famine Commissioner, where the head of the local administration cannot be his own Famine Commissioner, and suggesting the organisation in advance of an efficient account and audit establishment, and pointing out the danger signals of approaching famine, the Commission enter in Section IV. on the order of relief measures. A review of the

[1] The writer can bear personal witness to this for over half a century.

financial position and an appropriation of the necessary funds having been made by the local government, with the subsidiary arrangements for the collection of establishments and distribution of tools and plant already touched upon, various suggestions are made as to the further steps to be taken, as follows :

Liberal advances should be given for the construction of temporary and the repair of permanent wells and other village improvements, as a means of employing labour, of securing the crops, giving confidence to the people, and stimulating local credit. Such advances should also be given for the purchase of seed for subsequent crops. The police should be supplied with funds to relieve wanderers in districts ; for this agency we would substitute the Heads of villages, who have already in some parts of the country a small fund for the entertainment of strangers.[1] Test works should be started and poor-houses should be opened at the chief centres of population ; it would probably be preferable to start them at all extensive relief works. Inquiries should be begun as to suspension of revenue, relief circles should be organised and the necessary inspections made, preliminary lists should be drawn up of persons eligible for gratuitous relief, and where there are threatenings of a scarcity of fodder or drinking water, steps taken to meet it and to encourage private enterprise to import fodder and develop the water supply. One of the steps to secure an ample supply of fodder would, of course, be the collection of reserves of rolling-stock by the railways, a matter that seems to have been singularly overlooked at the time of the famine. The writer himself saw hundreds of bales of compressed hay lying at stations on the B.B. and C.I. Railway, north of Bombay for want of transport to Gujarát, where it would have been the means of saving the lives of hundreds of cattle.

Particular stress is necessarily laid on the institution of test works, as the relief system hinges greatly on their proper use. The test should be stringent, though not repellent, and payment, as recommended by the Commission of 1898, should be strictly by results. With that Commission the present one does not agree that permission should be given to earn beyond the normal code wage. This they consider should be reserved until the time comes for the conversion of such test works into regular relief works. The tests applied in Ajmer were admittedly too lenient, whilst in Bombay they were unduly prolonged, resulting in the former case in extravagance, and in the latter in inadequate relief. The code tasks being only 75 per cent. of those performed by labourers in ordinary times, it is proposed that in the case of earthwork somewhat more than this should be imposed, and where the work is village work or metal breaking the full code tasks, that labour should be the only test, neither a distance test nor compulsory residence being imposed.

[1] Called Malvera in Gujarát.

The precaution should be taken of issuing cooked food to women and children, who it was found in the Deccan flocked in unreasonable numbers to test works from neighbouring villages. Care should be taken to convert test into actual relief works as soon as they have served their original purpose, the Collector being made responsible for this. Simultaneously with such conversion, poor-houses should be established, in order to prevent such scandals as that relating to the Punch Mahals mentioned above. It stands to reason that there are in every place many women, children, and infirm persons just bordering on absolute want, whom their relatives and charitably disposed neighbours manage to support in prosperous times, who are thrown back into absolute penury when this resource fails, and should be immediately taken charge of as recipients of charity if life is to be saved.

Of the two classes of relief work—viz., large departmental public works and non-departmental or civil village works, to which the relief system must be confined, a large and influential body of opinion is in favour of the latter as being: (*a*) more economical; (*b*) more useful; (*c*) less exposed to outbreaks of epidemic disease; (*d*) more easy to control; (*e*) less open to the objections of (1) interference with the labour market; (2) neglect of agricultural dwellings and stock; (3) hindrance to early resumption of agricultural activity; (*f*) less likely to loosen moral and domestic ties.

The Commission invite special attention to the last two considerations, which have been insufficiently appreciated hitherto; and point out the advantage of village over large departmental public works in the following particulars—viz., that they avoid the corruption of the subordinate staff on the latter, save heavy expenditure on hutting, hospitals, and other incidental charges, and escape difficulties and delays through the want of establishments and tools and plant. On the other hand, however, they are more attractive and tend to demoralise through this popularity, to counteract which the Commission propose lower wages and harder tasks, as relief to dependants, and some system of individual selection. On the whole they are in favour of a mixture of the two classes of works, not only as an alternative but as a safeguard in case of epidemics breaking out in the larger class and these having to be broken up and those employed on them dispersed. For this purpose, however, it is essential that the programme should be prepared beforehand, so that immediate advantage may be taken of it and a panic prevented which would scatter the seeds of disease broadcast over the country. A good deal of the mortality that occurred in Gujarát is traced to this not having been done. The timely preparation of such programmes would also be found of advantage in getting people together near their homes before the break of the rains, in order that advances may be distributed and agricultural operations com-

menced as soon as possible when the rain falls. It is recorded that the good results of village works were heavily discounted in the Central Provinces, Berar, and Gujarát by the absence of programmes, whilst in Ajmer and the Punjáb they were not started at all.

After some pertinent remarks as to the description of work to be adopted in order to suit the character of the people and the previous history of each tract, that is to say, as to whether it had had previous experience of famine or not, to prepare it to resort promptly to relief, it is very properly laid down that the only test to be applied should be that of labour, to the exclusion of that of distance from home and compulsory residence on the relief works. An instance is, however, given of the risk of reducing wages with a view to lessen the evil of over-attractiveness in the case of the Broach Collectorate in Gujarát. Here the Chief Secretary to Government, as Famine Commissioner, in adopting the plan, ordered the opening of a large work on full wages within a few miles, but notwithstanding this, large numbers left the old works, and such physical deterioration resulted that the old rate of wages had soon to be restored. With such extreme caution and judgment has administration to be carried on in order to avoid the alternative evils already dwelt upon. A further instance is given of the danger of drafting labour from one work to another. The local programme of work in Hissar being thought inadequate, and labour being required on the Jhelum Canal, it was proposed to draft 80,000 volunteers from the former to the latter. In consequence of absurd rumours spread about only 11,000 were induced to go, and on their arrival cholera broke out and carried off about 1000 of them, about 1260 deserted in the cholera panic, 6000 were sent back to Hissar by rail, 500 stayed on the canals and the balance of over 2000 have never been accounted for.

After entering into details with regard to the control of and organisation on works, which it is unnecessary to follow in this place, the Commission discuss the system on the works, and after showing that experience has proved that the system of instituting a minimum rate of wage was demoralising in its effects from its being regarded as a form of gratuitous relief, its attractiveness having won for it terms of endearment among the people expressive of repose and unconcern, propose the adoption of the modified intermediate system made use of in the Central Provinces throughout the famine. It is one of payment by results alone, supplemented by relief to dependants, with a maximum limit to daily earnings without a minimum wage. No difficulties need be anticipated in carrying it out, provided that: (1) relief is started in time; (2) the establishment is strong enough to keep the people to their work; (3) weakly persons are put in separate gangs; (4) there is no delay in admitting new comers, to whom, if unused to work, only specially light tasks should be allotted; (5) such tasks generally are suffici-

ently elastic, and care is observed in modifying them to suit different classes of soil; (6) and a fixed wage is given on rest days and days when work is impossible, and on occasions when the absence of a worker is unavoidable.

Special stress is laid on the necessity for constant watch over the earnings, and vigilant outlook for any signs of deterioration and the formation of weakly gangs. The tasks should be reduced, especially in the hot weather, when any general signs of deterioration appear, but care must also be taken to increase them if people in good condition cling to the works after field work or other employment has become available, in order to drive them away. An important Section follows this in which the Commission discuss the rates of wages to be paid and make their own recommendations. They insist, very rightly in our opinion, on daily measurement of work done and daily payment, in order to prevent obvious evils, on all public works with the exception of those in villages, where the people live under ordinary conditions of life and credit and such payment is not so necessary; here even, however, the system is most advantageous wherever practicable. Under it payment being made according to work done, the necessity for fining disappears, especially the objectionable fines sometimes imposed on children, who, if unable to work, should promptly be placed on the list of dependants entitled to gratuitous relief. Payment in cash instead of grain, and to each individual worker instead of the heads of gangs, is preferred, exceptions being made occasionally in the case of people of wild tribes and under special circumstances. The rate of wage to be paid has been very properly laid down by the Government of India in the interest of the general community at what will suffice for *the maintenance of health*, and not that of *the normal level of comfort*. The Commission have been given to understand that wages on a level with the British minimum have been found sufficient in Native States when paid daily, but from past experience, and taking all circumstances into consideration have come to the conclusion that that minimum of 9 *chhatáks*,[1] equivalent to one pound and two ounces, is as a rule insufficient. The lowering of the wage rate for women was abolished on the recommendation of a former Commission, but the present Commission, looking to the custom of the country and the fact that the reduction would result in the saving of many lakhs of rupees in a large famine, propose its re-adoption. With regard to the age at which children should become entitled to a full working man's wage, they propose to adopt that of fourteen, in place of twelve years as formerly recommended, and after considering the question in all its bearings, and citing examples of the results of various rates in different provinces, lay down the following general

[1] The kind of grain meant is unfortunately not stated, as grains, of course, vary in their nutritive value.

scale, which it will be a simple matter for English people to understand by remembering that a *chhaták* is equal to two ounces avoirdupois.

Class.	Wage in *chhaták*s.	
	Male.	Female.
Special Rates and Special Gangs . . .	One pice (4 to the anna) more than Class I.	
I. Diggers	16	14
II. Carriers	14	13
III. Working children	10	10
IV. Adult dependants and not day wage .	12	10
V. Non-working children . . .	—	—
Over 10 and under 14 years . . .	8	8
„ 7 „ 10 „ . . .	6	6
„ 7, but not in arms . . .	4	4
Children in arms	One pice extra to the Mother.	

This wage scale is meant to include a margin to cover the difference which generally exists between market rates and the price that people on relief works have to pay. The basis of conversion should be the price prevailing in the nearest bazaar of the cheapest grain, not flour, in common use. Finally, under this head it is recommended that excess earning should not be allowed. In this we entirely agree, provided that when a work is broken up subsistence allowance is given to the discharged workers to enable them to reach home. It has been stated to the writer by an officer employed on Famine Work in the Bombay Famine of 1876–7 that many people thus discharged died of starvation by the way, but we do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement. The next Section touched on is the grant of gratuitous relief, a matter in which it is most difficult to hit the happy mean, to steer between the Scylla of extravagant liberality, apt to pauperise the people, and the Charybdis of not giving sufficient to uphold the policy of saving life under all circumstances. The Commission are of opinion that in the Bombay Presidency, especially in Gujarát, the distribution in the homes of the people began too late, and ended in being profuse; that in Ajmer the omission to grant such relief to helpless people in their villages was a great defect, and in the Central Provinces its administration attained proportions which were beyond reason, and should not be repeated. They believe, as the result of their own experience and an examination of the results of other great famines, that the numbers gratuitously relieved during the dry months of the year should not exceed one third of the whole, although during the rainy season the numbers receiving gratuitous relief must increase in consequence of the cessation of relief works. They point out

clearly that whatever tests, such as those of labour, distance and residence on works, may be practically self-acting in other forms of relief, personal selection alone can regulate that of gratuitous relief.

After discussing the forms that relief of this kind must take under the heads of (1) relief of dependants on works, (2) poor-houses, (3) village relief by doles, and (4) kitchens, pointing out the necessity, in the interests of efficient management, of limiting the numbers to be received into poor-houses, of enlisting non-official aid, such as that of Missionaries, whose assistance in Bombay is cordially acknowledged, and of being prepared beforehand with lists of deserving objects of charity, they differ from their predecessors of the Commission of 1898, considering that the best form it can take is on the whole not a dole in grain, inasmuch as this would imply an undertaking on the part of Government to supply the grain in the event of the failure of private enterprise, a responsibility which it was unable to meet in some parts of Bombay where there were no grain-dealers, and prefer that such relief should be given in cash. We believe that no invariable rule can be laid down on the point, but that in each case the local authorities must be guided more or less by circumstances.

With regard to kitchens for the distribution of cooked food, the Commission are strongly of opinion that gratuitous relief can be in every way more efficiently and successfully administered by doles in people's houses than by giving cooked food, especially in the rainy season, and quote in favour of their opinion the entire failure of the kitchen system in the Central Provinces, and a case in Bombay where the authorities obliged those who sought such relief to go as far as eight miles to obtain it. This action was properly condemned by the Bombay Government, and there is no doubt that it conflicts, as the Commission say, with a fundamental principle of relief, namely, that weakly people are an impediment on works and should be attended to at their own homes. Stress is usefully laid on the necessity of inducing people to return to their own homes at the commencement of the rainy season, so that agricultural operations for the ensuing season may not be interfered with. Instances are given from the Central Provinces, Berar and Bombay of a wrong policy adopted which led in some cases to an undue extension of gratuitous relief, and in others to great confusion and consequent great mortality, and the proper policy to be pursued is laid down to be that when rain has fallen it should be assumed that events will be normal, and to raise the tasks in order to induce people to return home, when dependants, but in no case able-bodied men, should be relieved. Relief to the latter should be afforded by *takávi* (agricultural advances from State Funds) and grants from Charitable Relief Funds where such exist. Grateful testimony is borne to the

great benefits derived from funds of the latter description, which have saved many Indian homes from dissolution, and given needed help to those whom custom and self-respect forbade to accept State charity.

With regard to the closing of relief, care must be taken not to continue it in a way to retard the return of the community to their ordinary ways of life. As a general rule the signal for such closing may be the ripening of the earliest autumnal crops, when a demand for field labour may be expected to set in. Poor-houses may have to be kept open till such time as private charity renews its usual activity, but gratuitous relief lists must be carefully scrutinised with a view to putting an end to this form of relief as soon as possible. A section follows as to the course to be pursued towards the members of aboriginal tribes, with whom personal management should take the place of the automatic tests that suffice for ordinary people. The method followed in the Melghat *Tálúkah* in Berar with regard to these people appears to have been successful. They were at first employed as far as possible in their usual avocation of cutting timber and collecting jungle produce for the market, and, when this was no more available or became unremunerative, in their own villages in preparing their fields, for which seed was provided when rain fell. For all this they were paid, whilst gratuitous relief was given to the weak and helpless. In the Central Provinces experience of the famine of 1897 had taught the local officers the best way of dealing with these tribes, but neither in Khandesh nor the Punch Mahals in Gujarát were the measures adopted successful, as has been already pointed out above. The Commission propose the adoption of the following methods in dealing with such tribes, viz.: (1) provision of complete programmes of suitable works before a famine begins; (2) appointment of officers specially qualified to deal with these people, wherever numerous; (3) numerous and congenial works near their own homes, such as grass-cutting and storage, wood-cutting, and cutting fire-lines to prevent the spread of fire in forests, village and forest roads, tanks, clearing fields of stones and stumps, manual cultivation of fields, and mat-making; (4) daily payments in all cases; (5) constant village inspection and liberal gratuitous relief for all unable to work. Immigration from Native States, of the extent of which there is no doubt, although proof could only have been obtained on the spot and at the time, is next treated of. The Commission, although various methods have been suggested by which such immigration to relief works in British territory might be lessened, do not see their way towards recommending the adoption of any general rules to that end or proposing the only effectual way to put a stop to it, viz., the refusal of relief to foreigners. They suggest that in all frontier districts immigrants should be identified, collected into gangs or bodies, and the transfer of these

bodies to the care of the States to which they belong. Even this would be found very difficult to carry out in cases like that of Gujarát, where the territories of H.H. the Gaikvár are intimately intermixed with our own.

The section relating to medical and sanitary matters requires no further notice than that the suggestions of the Commission seem eminently practical and advisable.

In the next section the mortality arising from the famine is dealt with, and statistics are given of it for the different provinces affected, but the Commission themselves declare the figures to be necessarily inconclusive in consequence of the imperfect nature of the data they have had to depend upon. They believe that, taking into account the recorded deaths in 1900 compared with the decennial average, 1¼ millions of deaths were brought about by the famine, but, allowing for those of foreign origin from Native States, are of opinion that a million excess deaths occurred among British subjects, and that of these one-fifth were due to cholera.

In section xx. the important subject of the preservation of cattle during famines is dealt with and remedial measures suggested, such as the stimulation of the growth of fodder crops during the period of distress, especially by the grant of loans, the importation of fodder, and the grant of loans to purchase it with, the deportation of cattle to the forests, and the preservation of them in camps. The first of these remedies was to a certain extent made use of, as the writer himself saw, in Gujarát; especially where water lay near enough to the surface to admit of the sinking of *kachha* or temporary wells. The use of engine power to raise water from streams for temporary irrigation is also pointed out as a profitable commercial enterprise, but is, we fear, through want of fuel and enterprise on the part of the natives in most parts, one not to be calculated on. The importation of fodder is, of course, all important, and the inability of our railway to transport large quantities of it has already been mentioned. Fortunately, the fall of rain is very rarely so small as not to produce grass and straw for the maintenance of cattle, although crops may not ripen. The cheapening of transport of fodder and the substitution for it of oilcake, which can really be imported more cheaply than bulky bales of hay, are points worthy of notice. The people will make any sacrifice, even to stinting themselves, for the sake of their cattle, on which their future livelihood depends. Many and many a thatched roof has been torn down to feed them, and most of the trees on the line of the B.B. & C I. railway in Gujarát and in the Punch Mahals were stripped bare of their leaves for the same purpose and loomed in the landscape like gaunt skeletons. The deportation of cattle to forests cannot do much in this direction, unless they happen to be within easy reach, any more than the cattle camps: these can only serve as a drop in

the ocean of remedies when there is a real fodder famine, and are more than useless in private hands in those parts of the country inhabited by Vaishnavites (worshippers of Vishnu), who in their anxiety to save life would preserve the most miserable specimens to the detriment of really valuable beasts. Sir W. Wedderburn published a short time ago in the paper called *India*, the organ of the National Indian Congress in England, an excellent letter calling attention to the advisability of acclimatising in regions subject to drought of plants he had ascertained from the Botanical Gardens at Kew would thrive almost without any moisture.

The next section refers to the advisability of relieving artisans, especially weavers, by means of employment in their own trade, and proves that this method has actually proved remunerative, the result in Madras having been that relief has only cost about sixpence a head per month. From this there is but a step to the question of the development of local industries other than that of agriculture, through the failure of which in the hour of scarcity the miseries of actual famine fall upon the *rayats*, that is, fully three-fourths of the total populations, through their having nothing to fall back upon by which wages could be earned with which to buy food, even where this was abundant, as it generally was. One fact, for which the writer can vouch from personal knowledge, will show the importance of the subject. The jungles in Gujarát, and probably in Rájputáná and the Central Provinces, abound with the Tassah silk-worm, the *Antheræa Mylitta*, the produce of which has been pronounced by Sir Thomas Wardle, the greatest authority on silk in England, to equal the finest found in Bengal. If the Bhíl and other women in the Punch Mahals had been able to reel the silk of these worms, it is not too much to say there would have been no famine there at all, for they could have earned sufficient to buy food for their families. And yet this source of wealth, lying for the gathering at their very doors, is not only not made use of, but actually unknown to the people of the country. It is to be hoped that such will not long remain the case.

Before passing on to suspensions and remissions of land revenue, a section is devoted to the subject of orphans, and various commendable proposals made with regard to it. Into the former question the Commission have entered rather fully. Two important principles are laid down at the beginning, viz.: that (1) very early inquiries should be made with regard to suspensions of revenue as a measure of moral strategy and to put heart into the people, and (2) that orders thereon should be widely made known before the first instalments—of rent in *zamíndári* and of revenue in *rayatvári* tracts—fall due, in order that the people may know how they stand and not be exposed to harassment and loss. We would add one further provision, that where suspension is allowed to any *rayat* who has no other crop to

look forward to than that on which his instalment is due, that suspension should at once become a total remission. A *rayat* with such a mill-stone round his neck will never save himself, nor will the State eventually ever recover its revenue from him. The statement of remissions and suspensions that follows these proposals shows that in the Central Provinces the remissions of land revenue granted were about 65 per cent. of the total demand, whereas in Berar these and the suspensions together came to no more than 4 per cent. This, in the Commission's opinion, was quite inadequate, and was, moreover, followed by inquiry into individual cases, a very unadvisable procedure in times of famine, as such inquiry must necessarily be made by lowly-paid village officers. In Bombay, 78½ lakhs, a little over 31 per cent., were suspended, of which about 74 were in the Northern and Central Divisions, and over 39 in Gujarát. Great fault was found with the action of Government in the matter of the Gujarát suspensions, which were arbitrarily cut down to 16¼ lakhs on the ground of experience in 1896–7. This limit was obstinately adhered to apparently because it had been reported to the Government of India, although the orders to the local officers were modified subsequently by their being directed to carry them out in a reasonable manner. This policy was undoubtedly wrong, and not only was great dissatisfaction aroused, but eventually the larger percentage noted above had to be suspended. In Ajmer and the Punjáb the remissions given were liberal, but their amount was not made known sufficiently early, and an objectionable system was resorted to of differential treatment between rich and poor landowners in some instances. On the whole the Commission are of opinion that, although great liberality was shown to the people except in Berar, defects in the administration have detracted from the results which that liberality ought to have secured.

The advances made for agricultural purposes in the affected districts amounted to the large total of 1,80,41,591 rupees, of which Bombay figures for 1,11,49,609, thus making up to a certain extent for its inadequate suspensions and remissions. The Commission, however, find fault with the lateness of the season at which advances under the Agriculturists' Loans Act were made, and fear that a large portion of them will be found to be irrecoverable, and will prove to have been to a great extent gratuitous relief in another form. The administration of the Presidency under Lord Sandhurst's Government, either in the famine or the plague, both of which afflicted it at the same time, has not appeared in a favourable light.

In Ajmer the advances were small, and much of the usefulness of those given in August appears to have been lost by delay. This was also the case in the Hissar district of the Punjáb, when the largest share of the advances was made for that province.

The Commission very rightly insist on the recovery of loans issued, in preference to the collection of arrears of land revenue, on the ground that to rescind a special contract has a more demoralising effect upon the people than to relax for once the ordinary demand of the State. A spirit of independence among them should be maintained and strengthened in the interests of the public faith.

We come now to the third part of the Commission's report, which is headed *Protective*, and deals with the pressure of the land revenue, suspensions, and remissions, and such remedial measures as the establishment of agricultural banks, advances by Government, and agricultural development, including a special section on indebtedness in the Bombay Presidency.

With regard to the pressure of the land revenue, the Commission find that in the Central Provinces its incidence does not exceed 5 per cent. of the gross produce, except in two districts, in which it does not exceed 7 per cent. The *Malguzárs*, or middlemen, an invention of Sir R. Temple's, however, complain of the share of the net assets taken from them by the State; this appears to be, in the whole province, 53 per cent., which is less by 8 per cent. than the proportion taken at the previous settlement, and thus proves a tendency on the part of the State to take a diminishing share of the assets.

In Berar the land revenue falls at 1r. 2a. 9p. per cultivated acre, or 13 per cent. on the out-turn of staple food crops, but, from oral evidence, 7 per cent. appears to be the proportion on all crops taken together. About one-third of the cultivated area is occupied by superior cotton. In Ajmer and the Delhi division of the Punjáb the incidence also is moderate, falling in the Hissar district as low as $7\frac{1}{2}$ annas per cultivated acre, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the normal produce. In other districts it averages 7 per cent., and in Delhi 10 per cent., and the Commission are of opinion that the pressure does not interfere with agricultural efficiency in ordinary years.

In Bombay, the assessment in the Deccan appears to absorb about 7 per cent. of the gross produce, but it is, however, moderate in ordinary years, a full assessment where the soil is sterile, and a good crop is in some parts obtained only once in three years; the Commission have no doubt that it cannot be collected in short years without forcing the *rayat* into debt. There is, unfortunately, a physical cause for this, which precludes the possibility of improvement, except by extensive irrigation. The monsoon clouds break against, and pour their contents over, the Syhádri range of hills and pass almost dry over the table-land of the Deccan to the east, and thence comes the scanty supply of moisture which is so detrimental to agriculture in that region. That range trending away to the east and ceasing altogether before the Taptee river is reached, the clouds, as a rule, pour an abundant rainfall over the plains of Gujarát,

which is thus much more favourably situated for agriculture, and this is amply proved by the fact that a real famine had not been experienced there for upwards of a century. The assessment in that province accordingly is estimated to reach as high as 20 per cent. of the gross produce. This is, however, by no means universal, the rates falling away considerably on the salt-impregnated soils lying near the Gulf of Cambay, in the south and east of Surat that border the hills, in the Punch Mahals and the north-easterly part of Kaira and Ahmadabad, where the soil also becomes more stony, and in the south-western districts of the latter Collectorate bordering on the comparatively unfertile regions of Káthiávár. Where the high rate of 20 per cent. prevails is only in the fertile tracts of the Broach and Kaira Collectorates and those of the delta of the present river Sábarmati, which is no doubt the feeble remains of the great river that in some remote geological age came down from the north through the desert of Rájputána and had its embouchure in the head of the Gulf of Cambay.

The general conclusion of the Commission, although they guard themselves from speaking over-confidently when their data are averages of diverse rates and scales over a vast range of country, is that, except in Bombay, where it is full, the incidence of land revenue is low to moderate in ordinary years, and should *per se* in no way be the cause of indebtedness. But it has been proved by experience in all provinces that the cultivators (*i.e.*, in *ráyatvári* tracts the *rayats*, and in *zamíndári* the tenants) fail to lay by in good years sufficient to meet their obligations in bad ones. They say that there is a total absence of even rudimentary provision to encourage thrift, or to secure safe borrowing, and thence point to the absolute necessity for suspensions and remissions of revenue in unfavourable years. On these points we shall have more to say presently.

The Commission proceed to lay down a scale which they recommend for such suspensions and remissions, enumerating the rules obtaining in different provinces, and lay down as general principles that the relief point should be fixed low, considering that ordinarily relief will not be required when there is half a normal crop; that in case of widespread failure relief should proceed from the general to the particular, and uniform suspensions be granted on homogeneous tracts or groups of villages; but when the calamity is local and isolated it should proceed from the particular to the general, and suspensions or remissions follow a field to field inquiry, and that in *zamíndári* tracts it should be proportionate to the suspension of rent granted by the *zamíndár*, or superior holder. With regard to remissions, it is recommended that an early decision should be come to as to the amount of suspended revenue that should be remitted at once, and the balance be spread for collection over two or three

years. On this we have already noted our opinion of the mischievous effect of hanging over a *rayat* who has no other crop to fall back upon a demand not likely to be realised eventually, and must here point out the enormous hold over him the continuance of such a demand must give an over-zealous or unscrupulous village accountant or other subordinate collector of revenue, in order to add force to our recommendation that the rule in case of a general failure of crops should be entire remission and the exception suspension. Above all, personal inquiry is to be deprecated as opening a door for corruption among lowly paid officials.

The next remedy proposed is the establishment of Agricultural Banks, which was pressed upon the attention of the Commission everywhere, and has to some extent been carried out in India, especially in Madras, on the initiation of Mr. Nicholson, one of the members of the Commission. It is already under the consideration of the Government of India, and will be carried out on the general principles laid down by a committee, which are almost the counterpart of proposals made by the present writer to a well-known and energetic Native Revenue Officer in Broach more than three years ago. These are that central banks should be started at the headquarters of every subdivision of a collectorate, provided with funds by the State or out of shares subscribed by joint stock mutual credit associations, in connection with minor village banks, to be managed by the villagers themselves, while the central institutions were under the charge of committees of retired government officials or other respectable individuals out of the moneyed or trading classes. The accounts of these banks should be audited by State officers, but with this exception and the regulation of their general system they should be controlled by the people, and by the low rate of interest which they would charge agriculturists for loans compete in their own business with, but not oust, the money-lenders, whom we consider an essential, and by no means an unpraiseworthy, section of Indian rural organisation. The matter of rates of interest to be charged, and other details of management of these institutions, which the Commission believe could be successfully carried out if taken up and pressed with energy, it is unnecessary to enter upon here. The Commission particularise their organisation and make many valuable suggestions as to their establishment in all parts of India.

With regard to advances from the State, the necessity for which it is unnecessary to enlarge upon, and the administration of which it would be possible to some extent to entrust to Village Municipalities (*Panchayats*) when these are more extensively founded and utilised throughout the country, the Commission consider it demonstrated through their inquiries that there is a field for the construction of wells, tanks, and other artificial means of irrigation to which there is practically no limit. They are of opinion that the terms on which loans

are now offered do not attract the owners of land to make more than a partial use of the opportunities offered to them, and believe that nothing short of permanent exemption, such, for instance, as is given by law in the Bombay Revenue Code, will stimulate the owners of land in Upper India to that full activity which is so much to be desired. It is to be hoped that the Irrigation Commission in India which is now about to conclude its labours, will have provided for all such large projects as appear for the present feasible, but we will not close the subject without pointing out that even in the small rivers and streams that are dry except in the rains there is always to be found in the sand a sluggish current which if dammed up from the bottom would afford the means of filling the reservoirs with water that might in some cases be made use of for irrigating more or less ground, or possibly to supply the motive power for dynamos to create electricity for industrial purposes on a small scale, as is now being done on a larger one with the falls of Niagara in Canada, and those of Gokàk in Southern India. The Commission believe that by the further extension of loans under the various Acts passed by the Government of India for State advances, a step forward will have been taken in the solution of the great problem of agricultural indebtedness in India, towards which attention is now specially directed in the case of the Bombay Presidency. One prominent cause of this latter indebtedness has not come under the observation of the Commission, and is as follows. Before about thirty years ago, and presumably to some extent at the present day, money-lending transactions between the money-lenders, who are in Bombay mostly men from Márwár, hence called Márwáris, and cultivators, were recorded in ordinary debit and credit accounts, balanced, and generally signed as an acknowledgment of their correctness, at the commencement of the Hindu commercial year. According to the law then existing debts on those accounts were recoverable in a court of law up to twelve years from the date of the last transaction. Under this ample time was given for the parties to come to mutual agreements. As long as the debtor had possession of and cultivated his land, the creditor, knowing that eventually he could recover his debt from his debtor's crops and labour, found it worth his while to wait and not press the latter by taking him into court or making him pass bonds, which often contained a mortgage of his lands, with or without possession. Matters, however, assumed a different aspect when in 1871 the Indian Limitation Act was passed and reduced the time within which debts on such running accounts could be recovered from twelve to three years from the date of the last transaction. The creditors, being as a rule foreigners, and only temporary sojourners in the places where they carried on their trade, had as a rule no desire to have their names recorded in the village registers as proprietors of land and thus become responsible for the performance of

landlords' duties, but the new law forced them in self-defence to prolong by means of bonds taken from their debtors the time for the recovery of their debts. Hence undoubtedly arose the Deccan agricultural riots of 1875. Matters have become apparently much worse of late years, when there has been a good deal of scarcity in consequence of scanty monsoons, and large quantities of land, estimated by the Commission at one-fourth of the whole, have passed into the hands of others rather than the original holders.

Now, is this state of affairs for the good of the country in general? There is no doubt that it was anticipated to a certain extent by the originators of the Bombay Settlement system, but we are disposed to believe that they were never under the impression that matters would go so far. They probably thought that the class of improvident cultivators, who were not fit to hold the position of proprietors in consequence of their social customs and want of capital, would be supplanted by capitalists who would spend money in the improvement of land, and thus create a more desirable class of tenants, but were not aware that by a change of law the ancient order of things would be made to disappear and the old peasantry, who had for centuries tilled their ancestral fields, would make room for money-lenders, who had only a temporary interest in the lands and did not care to improve them by the expenditure of capital, and reduce the former proprietors to the condition of serfs. But such has been the result of the attempt to assimilate Eastern to Western methods of procedure and force on the notoriously unprogressive Indian *rayat's* civilised ideas foreign to their immemorial usages. The experiment has assuredly failed. It was possible, and probably advisable, to introduce the idea of prompt settlements in ordinary commercial transactions, but to attempt it with the ordinary *rayat* was futile. The only feasible remedy we can see to prevent the alienation of land going farther and the whole of the old peasantry being gradually expropriated and sinking to the position of day-labourers is a reversion to the old law. It may be asked: "What happens at the end of the twelve years, and would not the position of the peasants be equally bad then?" The answer is that that period never did come to an end, but was continually renewed by some further loan or payment in partial satisfaction of debt. This would not be the case with a three years' limit, because the obtaining of a bond would generally be too great a temptation to a money-lender as putting his debtor quickly and irrevocably into his power.

If the old law were reverted to, and the full responsibilities of landlords exacted from the aliens who have obtained possession of the *rayat's* lands, it is more than probable that numbers of the former would be willing to resign in favour of the original holders, but, should this not happen, there is little doubt that the alienation

of land in future would be checked. It is to be hoped that where such has already taken place, real capitalists who now have no outlet for their capital will gradually buy it up from the money-lenders, and the class of landlords whom the authors of the Survey settlements hoped for will be created. With regard to the system as a whole the Commission have come to the conclusion that the inelasticity of it forced the *rayats* into debt, while the valuable property they held made it easy to borrow, and that as long as this remains unaltered indebtedness in the Bombay Presidency must continue and increase.

They proceed to point out that the Deccan Agriculturists' Relief Act, passed in consequence of the state of matters brought to light by the inquiries of the Commission that sat after the agricultural riots in the Deccan in 1875, has done little substantial good, but in fact transfers of property have become more frequent in the districts to which that Act has been applied. They consider that the time for palliative measures has passed, and that for recognising the facts of the case arrived. They accordingly divide the *rayats* into three classes, viz., those who have completely lost their lands, those who have only mortgaged them, and those who are free from debt. Pointing out that the common practice in Bombay has been for the money-lender still to continue the name of the original proprietor recorded in the revenue books because he is thus as "occupant" liable for payment of the rent to Government, they recommend that this practice should be done away with and the name of the real owner entered,[1] so as to make him the responsible landlord in the first class of cases, and protect the original proprietor, now become a sub-tenant and virtual serf, against rack-renting by a suitable Tenancy Act. With regard to the second class, viz., those whose lands are mortgaged but not transferred,[2] a new law should be passed under which a fair sum should be fixed on an investigation as that by payment of which a debt should be extinguished, that the average produce of the holding in cash should be ascertained by inquiry and the surplus, after providing for the subsistence of the cultivator and his family and the necessities of cultivation, should be appropriated to the payment of debt, from which after a fixed number of years the debtor should become free. Before undertaking this task, the stupendous nature of which the Commission have failed to conceive, we should prefer seeing what would be the effect of a reversion to the old law of debtor and creditor proposed above. The idea of the re-purchase of old holdings by the State is rightly deemed by the Commission to be Utopian.

[1] It may be noted that this has arisen from the neglect of the ordinary form of village accounts by which the real proprietor's name is bound to appear as that of the "occupant."

[2] The Commission do not notice the large class of cases in which possession is given of mortgaged land, and its rent goes towards meeting principal and interest of existing debt, which are thus presumed not to go on accumulating.

In paragraph 344 the Commission recommend, in addition to a better reorganisation of the Land Records staff, the mapping and registration of subordinate plots contained in "Survey Fields," and the maintenance of a correct map by the village accountants, with the due registration of all particulars regarding ownership, encumbrances and cultivating rights. The last of these would involve the preparation of a regular *Record of Rights*, such as is common in the Settlement papers in Northern India, but is too important a document to be entrusted to village accountants: such *minutiæ* should be left, as now customary in Bombay, to the arbitrament of Civil Courts, whose decisions the revenue authorities are bound to respect in such matters. With regard to the mapping of subordinate plots, which are now invariably registered, the Commission can hardly have been aware that many of them would scarcely be covered, especially in rice lands, by a pin's head; and if the village accountants do not maintain correct maps, it is the fault of the superintending authorities, for the Survey always furnish an ample supply of photo-zincographed copies to make up for wear and tear. In their final section on the subject of Agricultural Development the Commission acknowledge that the policy of protective railways has been so far carried out that there is no more fear of an actual dearth of food, but it may yet be necessary in inaccessible places to subsidise private traders to supply it, as in all ordinary cases they have been found able to do. The subject of the only real protective measure against the recurrence of famine, viz., irrigation, is being inquired into by a separate Commission. The complete and lasting fruition of the results of past endeavours is believed to depend no less on success in evolving the spirit of self-help and thrift among the people than on securing their crops from drought. Security of harvests, the Commission truly say, only postpones the pressure of population on the soil, and prudence and knowledge, and the practice of thrift alone will relieve it. In recommending for adoption the various measures they have proposed, they admit that in combating the famine almost every responsible officer did his best, and we cannot conclude this review of their report without testifying to the patience and thoroughness with which Sir A. Macdonnell and his colleagues, Messrs. F. A. Nicholson, J. A. Bourdillon and Syam Sundar Lal, have performed their own duty. We can only regret that in the constitution of the Commission a mistake was made in not including a competent Bombay Survey Officer, who would have saved them from several misconceptions with regard to the Bombay system that have led them to exaggerate by extending to the whole Presidency the ideas they formed from the state of affairs found in existence in the four comparatively rainless and unfertile Deccan districts of Poona, Sattara, Ahmadnagar and Sholapur.

A. ROGERS.

AT THE PLAY, BEFORE YOUR OWN GAS-FIRE.

HE who has left the influenza far behind, but who has still not got off without some damage to his nervous system, and from weather changes and other irritants, as after malarial fever, is liable to a recrudescence of the malady, or is otherwise constantly reminded by his new guest[1] that not easily, if ever again his host may be rid of him—will wisely shun the excitements and perils of all public assemblies, and amongst them those of the theatre, not only those within-doors, but on the way to and fro, and proceed to carry the whole play out ideally in his own person at home, with the aid of some simple properties.

In your bachelor den then, about five of a raw February afternoon, you, disabled one, will ensconce yourself in your own particular arm-chair, with your feet up, in dressing-gown and slippers, and collar-less, before a cheerful gas-fire with a silent flame; otherwise, a coal substitute, with tiresome tending, will be obligato. For the same reason, the striking carriage-clock should receive a muffler. Upon your right hand a small musical box, and on the floor, upon the other side, to catch your left eye, your favourite green Japanese majolica cat, with those strikingly black pupils to his yellowish eyes, and whitish mouth and muzzle—a most useful animal to destroy the illusion of the imagination when too powerful, to recall a too wandering brain to reality, and act at times as a genuine pick-me-up. You would now fail to find sufficiency of compensations for the real thing, if you let slip the opportunities for satisfaction. A genuine specimen at once arises which might have thoroughly satisfied Lucretius; if to stand safely on the sea-shore, and behold others wrecked is admissible to us moderns. For how preternaturally cosy one feels when one thinks of how the poor creature fares who is obliged to

[1] A guest who requires the utmost consideration, which he returns, grudgingly enough, by giving his host, in exchange, a chance for his life. As a companion, the influenza is malevolent, the very reverse of the Roman's genius or patron; although, by requiring strict dieting, &c., in its friend, it often preserves that life, of which it undoubtedly decreases the enjoyment, and probably the length. Nothing will make it take itself finally off:

"Præterea jam nec mutari pabula refert,
Quæsitæque nocent artes; cessere magistri
Phillyrides Chiron Amythaoniusque Melampus."

put on waiter's or undertaker's habiliments on an arctic night, and even if a cab can be procured for love or money, arrives at his destination only to find out that he has left his ticket, like a fool, in his other waistcoat pocket. And when further, if more fortunate, after a legato-salutation of divers persons' knees, he at last struggles to his stall, with a confused idea, should he own a gig, that his new man-servant did not quite pocket his instructions as to "taking up," he vexatiously finds himself cheek by jowl with that horrid Hawkins, who, spitting in his ear *sotto voce* from time to time, as to how *his* pet actor would take this or that point; "Won't hold a candle to him, you know," sets enjoyment at defiance. Or the man in front of one, swaying and fidgeting, and bringing on that old haunting thought, whether one will not succumb to a great-grandfather's apoplexy, and this just at the most critical part of the plot![1]

But now suppose you were or are a pittite; was it not crushingly hopeless in the sixties to stand for an hour or more in a cramping and thrusting throng at old Drury's door, to wrench at last for a reward a back bench? Was it not glorious also (as it was not all jalap), when you entered the empty house, *facile princeps*, leapt triumphantly over to the front-centre-seat, and sniffed up greedily a nose-charm of escaped gas mingled with orange-peel, more delicious to you at that time than the whole outcome of Piesse and Lubin multiplied into that of Atkinson and Rimmel. Nor to be forgotten indeed, the setting of the intellectual treat in a framing of foretaste of Bishop's glees, Welsh rare-bit and Herr von Joel afterwards at Evans' close by, with a side glance at Thackeray on the spree. Alas! When we were young! Such energy, such enterprise are things of the past, yet it is pleasant amid much pin-pricking of the present not to forget such a reminiscence, and prepare to glow again.

But attention! The hand-bell rings, the musical-box has ceased, and up goes our imaginary curtain to the second scene of the third act in *King Henry VIII.* "Hold," the reader will at once probably exclaim, "it seems you are skipping a great part of the play." You see one's theatre all to oneself won't stand the strain of length and monotony. Terentius' "ne nimis" perfectly meets the situation, which leads to what many a great strategist has availed himself of—concentration—both of energy and purpose upon the one important scene; and therefore unlimited leisure for stoppages—digressions and reveries as delightful as impracticable with the real thing. Here, however, you are king of the castle, your own prompter, stage-manager and scene-shifter; can stop at pleasure at any single line to examine readings, and tragedians' hits and points. It is as well to select what has specially struck you at the theatre as supremely

[1] Coming out of an afternoon performance into daylight always seems to me a horrid jar, like being plunged into cold water when we expect hot, or being served with our soup at breakfast-time.

acted; as was the case here with the second Kean's superb mastery of his part throughout the whole scene. For although not a heaven-born Æsopus, he possessed many of the attributes of one, and by marvellous industry, study, and perseverance came to be a very great player.[1] The ideal actor has never yet, of course, existed, and never probably will appear; for all the greatest actors have been wanting either in voice or person or brains, and most were mannerists. Barton Booth and Spranger Barry, from all accounts, neared perfection, but neither the one nor the other possessed overwhelming natural power, originality, nor intellectuality. We know but little of Greek or Roman tragedians, but have no reason to suppose a closer approach to perfection was obtained by them. If Polus, who at the age of seventy, acted in eight tragedies on four successive nights, was as wondrous on the side of quality as of quantity, it is not recorded.

Long before Wolsey is led off the stage by his faithful Cromwell, my mind was far away, and I was wafted in thought to the great fountain garden at Hampton Court Palace near the termination of the great avenue and long canal in the Home Park. There, just after daybreak in the solemn stillness, I happen on the very butcher's cur himself, pacing with a swaggering and impatient gait. Handsome in features, in spite of a hanging eyelid and sundry pock-marks, but short and thick-set in figure, and arrogant and explosive in demeanour, of whom restless Joseph Harris[2] and Charles Kean, also a little man, have given us perhaps the most living presentments. Not far off strides his master, bluff Harry, moaning and groaning at intervals, "All is lost! All is lost!" his last death utterance; and Will Sommers, his jester, just behind him and his minister, mimicking both; and to keep his spirits up as he said, whistling "Pastime and Good Company," and wheeling round at times to appease Anne of Cleves, who is screeching that she would rather remain a Flemish mare than an English grass-widow even with her head on: Ann Boleyn and Catherine Howard with their heads in their hands are also there comparing notes. So, slowly the garden fills with former residents. At this point I caught my Japanese cat landing me one of his wonderful up-to-date leers. I returned to the play, and soon afterwards the curtain fell—the real old green baize, excellent relief for aching eyes and excited brains; none of your new-fangled drop-scenes for me![3]

Now there was time for me to choose my after-piece. Should it be Robson the grotesque, in the *Yellow Dwarf*; or Matthews the

[1] He, like his father, was always "terribly in earnest." Mr. Dutton Cook, in his *Hours with the Players*, p. 253, writes truly "that there was at times what has been called 'a deadly quiet' about his acting which exercised a curious silencing and chilling influence over the spectators; they became awed, were set shuddering, and remained spellbound, they scarcely knew how or why."

[2] His portrait as Wolsey is in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge.

[3] Or rather "old-fangled restored," for the Romans used them.

inimitable, in *Cool as a Cucumber;* or Sothern, with his hair powdered, in *David Garrick*, resembling "Black Jack"; or Jeffreson the natural, in *Rip Van Winkle;* or Webster the pathetic, in *One Touch of Nature?* Or shall it be a more casual entertainment still? Albert Smith with his Mont-Blanc and carpet bag, or that original genius of all geniuses, John Parry, with his intensely dramatic Adelphic Colleen-Bawn painted upon the pianoforte?

Unable to decide with such an *embarras*, I wandered back in thought to the Home Park. There are many new arrivals. Queen Bess walks majestically, with her reddish hair and slightly projecting teeth; beside herself with rage, that they dare stuff her into a coffin too small for her, and which she was driven to burst! Behind a tree, potting at tame deer, stands "the most learned fool in Christendom" and his son Charles with his back to him, insincerity itself, bows with a mock courtesy to old Mother Cromwell; her Oliver now in rough jocosity playing merry antics, and now pale and trembling, at the bad news of an intermittent pulse. And then I noticed Orange William drinking his bottled beer *iced*, the while his physicians are violently quarrelling as to his right treatment in his very royal presence. In another group apart saunters Chesterfield, always brilliant, between those paragons, Miss Mary Bellenden and "dear Molly Lepell": and poor poet Pope rather out of it, hurt and envious. Then that wonder Wren hesitating whether to travel to town (the last journey to be) to sit under his wonderful dome, his frequent habit, once more. I passed also in succession the Countess of Mornington, happy between her two noble sons, and lastly, though not least, the illustrious Faraday.

Before I moved off, a various clamour of dissension and quarrel arose from this excellent company; and I discovered that they were all at sixes and sevens over the alterations and improvements carried out in the gardens and palaces since their time—especially the earlier residents. All, thoroughly upset and unreconciled to such changes, appearing quite lost. Such is the second-nature of our surroundings!

I then strolled off along Thames' bank towards Richmond Bridge and met on my way Herbert Spencer, George Eliot, and George Henry Lewes, and I heard the first say to the last, "Such is the power of the Environment!" And so I passed on to Richmond Park, until descending the narrow lane leading to Barnes Common, who should turn up but "old rest and be thankful"—Lord John Russell on horse-back upon his return to Pembroke Lodge—every inch a Whig. Here was a man who in his youth had interviewed the first Bonaparte.

When I reached Kensington Palace, sauntering at the edge of the Round Pond, a boy of about ten happened to rather carelessly stumble over my foot; when his sister, a bright little girl, his junior

reproached him, exclaiming, "You clumsy boy! Look how you have dirtied that gentleman's shoe." That young lady was the present much-beloved Princess of Wales and the boy her brother; she spoke in the same hearty down-right manner as her illustrious mother was wont to.

At this point I was pondering whether Kensington or Hampton Court was the more interesting to the observer of the historic past, when a peculiar odour gradually compelled my attention, and soon became a stifling smell of hot smoke. Lifting my eyes, a little flame, to my horror, at the top of the proscenium of my theatre lit up a shadowed corner. There soon arose a confused and stifled murmur from the vast audience, when the conductor of the music spoke a few words of reassurement. He had hardly finished when there was a frightful noise—a thick mass of smoke suddenly obscured the region of the stage, followed directly by a terrible sheet of devouring furious fire, which like lightning spread to the ceiling and threatened the vast chandelier, in the meantime bursting through the stage boxes. The immense curtain fell next, with a resounding crash. As to the audience, what is more terrible than blindly and hopelessly to struggle violently together in a dense cloud of throttling hot fog. Everywhere, frantic bustle and maddening despair, which beat against merciless walls in vain.

A small opening from the orchestra beneath the stage flew open opposite me; I sprang through it and crawled upon my hands and feet. My last recollection inside the theatre was of some wretch tearing a diamond necklace and ear-rings off a woman's corpse.[1]

I was still crawling down my tortuous passage which seemed never ending, when I felt suffocation's grip; and it would have soon been all over with me I thought, when I catch the welcome wink of my wide-awake cat, and I rouse from reverie.

HORACE SEAL.

[1] So much for the influence of an object-lesson in hell; but a sentiment of horror is here perhaps out of place. A cobra will bite until the burning jungle overtakes him.

AGNOSTICISM: A COMMENT ON CRITICISM.

AN unpretentious volume of essays which I recently published, under the title of *The Faith of an Agnostic*,[1] has at least been so far successful as to evoke a certain amount of criticism and comment. Very naturally, in view of the fact that most journals and reviews are, or profess to be, adherents of the current theology, the greater part of such criticism was adverse, though it was generally civil, and sometimes even so far appreciative as to give the writer credit for honesty and sincerity. On the whole, the reviewers have treated my book better than I expected, and I have, therefore, but little ground for complaint. It seems, however, that there still exist, even in England of the twentieth century, some good people who think it necessary to speak in whispers, with bated breath and averted face, of all writings which may be styled "rationalistic." "Unpleasant" is the suggestive epithet which they usually apply to such productions, and a very orthodox Tory journal speaks of the book as forming part of a "literature of a peculiarly uninviting kind." Such critics evidently regard any person who presumes to publish arguments, however temperately expressed, against those supernatural doctrines and dogmas which they conceive to be essential to Christianity, as but one degree (if at all) better than the purveyor of obscene literature. They do not go quite so far as to say that such a man is to be avoided as a "social leper"; but he is to be made to feel that a stigma attaches to him, and that all good people will look askance at him. They write in the spirit of Dr. Wace's famous utterance before the Church Congress of 1888: "It is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ."

Let me recall Professor Huxley's crushing reply to this deliverance:

> "That 'it ought to be' unpleasant for any man to say anything which he sincerely, and after due deliberation, believes, is, to my mind, a proposition of the most profoundly immoral character. I verily believe that the great good which has been effected in the world by Christianity has been largely counteracted by the pestilent doctrine on which all the Churches have insisted, that honest disbelief is a moral offence, indeed a sin of the

[1] Watts & Co., London.

deepest dye, deserving and involving the same future retribution as murder and robbery. If we could only see, in one view, the torrents of hypocrisy and cruelty, the lies, the slaughter, the violations of every obligation of humanity, which have flowed from this source along the course of the history of Christian nations, our worst imaginations of Hell would pale beside the vision. A thousand times, no! It ought *not* to be unpleasant to say that which one honestly believes or disbelieves. That it so constantly is painful to do so, is quite enough obstacle to the progress of mankind in that most valuable of all qualities, honesty of word or deed, without erecting a sad concomitant of human weakness into something to be admired and cherished."

I read these words with ever-increasing admiration, and I am well content to leave critics of the class indicated to meditation thereon—if they can ever be brought to meditate on anything beyond the range of their own narrow theological and sacerdotal limits. I desire, however, to refer to one or two more specific objections raised by some of those who have done me the honour to notice my essays. In the first place, the title of the book has been arraigned. Why "Faith"? it has been asked, and what possible place has "Faith" in the mental equipment of the agnostic? Thus a writer in the *Oxford Review* (a journal which I believe is conducted by undergraduates) is responsible for the following rather crude criticism: "But why 'Faith'? Surely it must be known by this time that an agnostic 'does not know' whether there be a Supreme Power or not, and that being the case, we are at a loss to see how his feelings on the subject could be described as faith."

This critic apparently supposes that faith and knowledge are convertible terms, and that without knowledge there can be no faith. I had always supposed, on the contrary, that faith came in where knowledge failed, and that its subject-matter was things not known but "hoped for." Moreover, this writer seems to suppose that there can be no faith except in the strictly theological sense. I would beg him to remember that "faith" is the English translation of the Greek word πίστις, and that πίστις was in existence long before the Christian era. Faith does not necessarily mean faith in some particular form of religion, or in some particular theory of the supernatural; and an agnostic, surely, is entitled to profess faith in justice, freedom, humanity, mercy, compassion, and, above all, truth, without laying himself open to the sneers of sacerdotalism.

Let us hearken once more to the wise words of Professor Huxley:

"Preachers, orthodox and heterodox, din into our ears that the world cannot get on without *faith* [my italics] of some sort. There is a sense in which that is as eminently as obviously true; there is another, in which, in my judgment, it is as eminently as obviously false, and it seems to me that the hortatory, or pulpit, mind is apt to oscillate between the false and the true meanings, without being aware of the fact. It is quite true that the ground of every one of our actions, and the validity of all our

reasonings, rest upon the great act of faith, which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future. From the nature of ratiocination it is obvious that the axioms on which it is based cannot be demonstrated by ratiocination. It is also a trite observation that, in the business of life, we constantly take the most serious action upon evidence of an utterly insufficient character. But it is surely plain that faith is not necessarily entitled to dispense with ratiocination, because ratiocination cannot dispense with faith as a starting-point; and that because we are often obliged, by the pressure of events, to act on very bad evidence, it does not follow that it is proper to act on such evidence when the pressure is absent."[1]

Again,

"Agnosticism is not properly described as a negative creed, nor indeed as a creed of any kind, except in so far as it expresses absolute *faith* [my italics] in the validity of a principle, which is as much ethical as intellectual. This principle may be stated in various ways, but they all amount to this: that it is wrong for a man to say that he is certain of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty. This is what agnosticism asserts; and, in my opinion, it is all that is essential to agnosticism. That which agnostics deny and repudiate as immoral is the contrary doctrine, that there are propositions which men ought to believe without logically satisfactory evidence; and that reprobation ought to attach to the profession of disbelief in such inadequately supported propositions."[2]

This, then, is the sort of "faith" which agnosticism both allows and requires. I submit, therefore, that no legitimate exception can be taken to the title of my book. It is true, however, that the word "faith" is now usually employed in its special sense, viz. with reference to the postulates of supernatural religion; so it is, perhaps, not altogether *unnatural* that the supporters of supernaturalism should have been inclined to cavil at it. I had, indeed, thought of adopting the words "honest doubt" as a title for my essays, in memory of the oft-quoted lines,

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds,"

but I reflected that, again in the words of Professor Huxley, "near my journey's end I find myself in a condition of something more than mere doubt about these matters," viz., those miraculous stories belief in which "Church-Christianity" so rigorously requires. I reflected, further, that if "faith lives in honest doubt," then, assuredly, faith lives in that form of honest doubt which says as to certain high matters I neither believe nor disbelieve, because I have no knowledge and no evidence. οὐ γὰρ ἐπίσταμαι, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι.

Some reviewers have said that there is little or nothing new in the book. In that criticism I had anticipated them in the Introduction (which, perhaps, they did not read), where I have expressly

[1] Essay on *Agnosticism*.
[2] Essay on *Agnosticism and Christianity*.

disclaimed any pretensions of that sort. I wrote in obedience to a long-felt desire to put forward, in plain and simple language, an *Apology*, intended primarily for those who knew me, and who knew that I was altogether out of sympathy with beliefs and ideas that are known as "orthodox"; and, as I have said in my Preface, "I need not tell them that I use the word (apology) in its ancient and classical sense of answer and justification." I might have called the book *An Agnostic's Apology* had not that title been already assumed by a distinguished man and able writer—I refer to Mr. Leslie Stephen—for a volume of essays to which I have more than once referred. "Why I do not go to Church" then suggested itself as a possible alternative, but the title which I ultimately adopted seemed altogether preferable, and I am unable to see that it lies open to any reasonable objection.

And now, before passing on to consider other points of criticism, it may be well to recall what is meant by agnosticism. I have already quoted Professor Huxley to the effect that it "is not properly described as a 'negative' creed, nor indeed as a creed of any kind, except in so far as it expresses absolute faith in the validity of a principle, which is as much ethical as intellectual," which principle he thereupon proceeds to state with his accustomed lucidity. In another and an earlier essay[1] he uses somewhat different language in explanation of the term, and tells us how it came to be introduced.

"When I reached intellectual maturity and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a pantheist; a materialist or an idealist; a Christian or a freethinker; I found that the more I learned and reflected the less ready was the answer; until, at last, I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations except the last. The one thing in which most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain 'gnosis'—had, more or less successfully, solved the problem of existence; while I was quite sure I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. . . . So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'agnostic.' It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the 'gnostic' of Church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant."

Huxley's position, therefore, was much the same as that of Socrates, as made known to us in his *Apology*, and may be expressed by the words ἃ οὐκ οἶδα οὐδὲ οἴομαι εἰδέναι, as opposed to οἴεταί τι εἰδέναι οὐκ εἰδώς. But mark the mental attitude. I "had a pretty strong conviction that *the problem was insoluble*." He had written just before of the "strong conviction" that was stamped on his mind, after reading Sir William Hamilton *On the Philosophy of the Unconditioned*, "that, on even the most solemn and important of questions, men are apt to take cunning phrases for

[1] Viz., on *Agnosticism*, already referred to.

answers; and that the limitation of our faculties, in a great number of cases, renders real answers to such questions not merely actually impossible but theoretically inconceivable." Surely even the philosophical microscope can find no difference between this teaching and Mr. Herbert Spencer's doctrine of "the Unknowable." The man of science, says Mr. Spencer, "more than any other, truly *knows* that in its ultimate essence nothing can be known." It is true that Huxley wrote, "I do not very much care to speak of anything as 'unknowable,'" and generally preferred to state the principle of agnosticism without reference to such a doctrine, but rather, as we have seen, to the effect that belief without logically satisfactory evidence is morally wrong; but it is clear from the quotations which I have just given that the difference between him and Herbert Spencer in this matter, if indeed any difference there be, is so microscopic that we may safely leave it out of account. Modern agnostics, however, generally prefer to define their position in the language used by the author of the *Synthetic Philosophy*. Certain things are "unknowable" by man because they transcend the limits of human knowledge and understanding. That the Absolute, the Unconditioned, the Infinite, is unknowable nobody can dispute, unless he is also prepared to dispute the proposition that all human knowledge is relative.

In certain high matters, therefore, the agnostic professes neither belief nor disbelief, because he is convinced that he has, and can have no knowledge with regard to them. But it is, of course, a great mistake to suppose, as some people appear to suppose, that the position of the agnostic is merely a negative one. The agnostic, like other people, has very definite beliefs and disbeliefs concerning matters which fall within the limits of human knowledge, and therefore form the legitimate subjects of controversy. In this connection I need only refer to Professor Huxley's criticism of the Biblical stories of the Creation and the Deluge, or to his controversy with Mr. Gladstone on the alleged miracle of the casting-out of devils, and the consequent destruction of the unfortunate Gadarene swine.

I now pass on to consider, as briefly as may be, some further matters arising out of the criticism which the reviewers have been so kind as to bestow upon my essays. A writer in the *Speaker* (April 19, 1902) is very courteous but rather solemnly didactic. He quotes from my book the following passage: "We are no longer called upon to believe that God—the Infinite, the Eternal, the Inconceivable God of the Universe—went through all the stages of an embryo in the womb of a woman. Dieu n'a pas de fils, Dieu n'a pas de mère, Dieu n'engendre pas, Dieu n'est point engendré." Upon this he asks: "Does not Mr. Forester need the warning of Plato that there is in philosophy nothing great or small? and may we not ask him whether there is any conceivable manner of a divine

revelation to men which would not be open to some such criticism as that it is unworthy of God?" Well, it is in a sense true that there is nothing in philosophy either great or small, but the bearing of a remark, as Captain Bunsby would tell us, lies in the application of it. Suppose that a philosopher had protested to an ancient Egyptian against the idea that divinity should be supposed to manifest itself in the form of "the dog Anubis," would the reviewer regard it as a sufficient answer to say that "there is nothing great or small in philosophy"? Nay, let us go to Plato himself, since this critic has appealed to him, for our guidance. Plato would not tolerate the thought that the gods had ever appeared in human form, and advocated a law to prohibit such teaching (*Republic*, ii. pp. 380–81), for which he was much blamed by Dacier, who thought, as the "Church-Christians" do, that God might appear, and has appeared to men under the form of an angel, or of some man whom he had "created after his own image." For myself, I very much prefer the teaching of the ancient philosophers in this matter. My position is a very simple one. I do not say that it is *à priori* impossible that "the Infinite, the Eternal, the inconceivable God of the Universe went through all the stages of an embryo in the womb of a woman," but I do say that it is a belief which I should feel reluctant to accept, and which I should refuse to entertain except on the most cogent evidence; and I say further that I have never been able to see any evidence at all, or any reason at all for accepting it; and why one should be asked to believe without the smallest reason for belief I have never been able to imagine.

On one point, however, I acknowledge the justice of this critic's reproof. "What," he asks, "would our author's scientific men think of the thoroughness of his conversion if they met the footnote in which he says that at a late period of development the embryos of hog, calf, rabbit, and man are 'still quite horribly alike'?" I confess that I had myself intended to alter this when correcting the proofs, but through inadvertence omitted to do so. It is, perhaps, not unnatural, at first, to feel some repugnance at the pictorial demonstration that, at a certain period of their respective developments, man and pig are so much alike that the two are practically indistinguishable; but I admit that such a feeling is irrational. Rather ought we to accept with contentment this further proof of our close relationship to the humbler members of the animal kingdom.

This reviewer dubs me a "dogmatic sceptic who tries to destroy within human breasts every religious belief in which he can find any trace of anthropomorphism." Now, in the first place, I respectfully decline to acknowledge the justice of the appellation. Agnosticism certainly is not dogmatic (I would refer once more to Professor Huxley's statement of its guiding principle), nor do I think I have

myself said anything to justify an epithet which seems to me very little better than an ecclesiastical *tu quoque*. As to "sceptic," I would refer the critic to Mr. John Morley on *Compromise*, where he says:

"Those who agree with the present writer are not sceptics. They positively, absolutely, and without reserve, reject as false the whole system of objective propositions which make up the popular belief of the day in one and all of its theological expressions. They look upon that system as mischievous for many reasons, among others because it tends to divert and misdirect the most energetic faculties of human nature."

With regard to "anthropomorphism," an orthodox and Conservative journal writes, in a notice of my book:

"We should like to ask him (the author) why he objects to an anthropomorphous conception of the Deity, or 'anthropomorphic God,' as he elsewhere phrases it. What other kind of conception would he prefer, and why should an anthropomorphic conception be misleading? Whatever his answer, he should, at any rate, allow that the Christian religion is frankly anthropomorphic, and that orthodox Christians have yet to learn what there is wrong in 'anthropomorphism'" (*Sheffield Telegraph*, April 16th, 1902).

This, at any rate, is honest and ingenuous. It admits, nay, asserts, that the Christian Deity is a Deity of human form. I have no doubt this will content the multitude. It puts no severe strain upon their intellect, and is eminently satisfactory to their vanity. To me, however, it is truly amazing to find that a cultured writer, such as the *Speaker* critic, should actually be found defending an anthropomorphous conception of Deity. How differently men are constituted! That a thinking educated man should seriously put forward the belief that the Ineffable, Inconceivable God of the Universe (whatever language we use with reference to Deity but reveals the utter inadequacy of our language and our understanding) is fashioned in human form, seems to me almost incredible. My reviewer refers me to Kant for a defence of this astounding doctrine. Truly German metaphysics have much to answer for! In return I will refer him to Mr. Herbert Spencer:

"Does it not follow that the Ultimate Cause cannot in any respect be conceived by us because it is in every respect greater than can be conceived? And may we not therefore rightly refrain from assigning to it any attributes whatever, on the ground that such attributes, derived as they must be from our own natures, are not elevations but degradations? Indeed it seems somewhat strange that men should suppose the highest worship to lie in assimilating the object of their worship to themselves. Not in asserting a transcendent difference, but in asserting a certain likeness, consists the element of their creed which they think essential."

The whole passage should be carefully studied, and I respectfully refer our modern anthropomorphists to these illuminating pages. (*First Principles*, Part I. ch. v.)

Both the *Speaker* reviewer and the writer in the *Oxford Review* imagine, curiously enough, that I have advocated vegetarianism in my book. If they had read rather more carefully they would have seen that I have done no such thing. I have, it is true, the highest respect for the vegetarian, and wish I could think that his ideal will some day be realised; but any such contention as that supposed would have been foreign to the scope of my work, to say nothing of the fact that I am not myself a vegetarian. I have assumed, on the contrary, that flesh-eating is a deplorable necessity for man, at any rate in cold climates, and have made certain observations on the lamentable consequences which such assumed necessity involves; indeed I think it might be well if some of my fellows who boast of their kinship with the angels were to reflect, with chastened spirit, that as a beast of prey man is considerably lower than the ape! All this, however, has little to do with the argument on which I have dwelt, viz., that the teaching of the sacred duty of kindness to animals, though read into Christianity by some of its latter-day followers, is strangely absent from the Christian scriptures ("Doth God take care for oxen?"), and is, in truth, the result of progressive thought and civilisation quite independent of the teaching of "supernatural religion."

A writer in *The Reformer* (April 15, 1902), to whom I must express my gratitude for his sympathetic appreciation, offers some criticism on which I desire to say a word:

> "On one point," he writes, "Mr. Forester seems to have gone somewhat astray. He is content to regard 'conscience' as that which tells us what is right and what is wrong. That for the man in the street may still be the readiest definition or description, and in this form conscience can very readily be shown, as in the text, to be far from an infallible guide, to be indeed no more than the sublimated precipitate of our inherited and acquired proclivities and mental attitudes—our opinion, in short. But for students the crux of the problem of conscience has long been quite other. Why is it that, given the conviction that a certain line of conduct is right, do [1] we feel constrained to follow it, and only refrain from doing so on peril of lasting self-reproach? That is the question that ethics has to answer, and to which as yet no very decisive reply has been given. And on this point the book before us throws no light."

I admit that I made no attempt to answer the question propounded. To have done so would have involved a long discussion on that much-debated subject the basis of ethics, and I regarded that as altogether beyond the limits of my inquiry. I doubt if anything like a simple answer can be given to the question. It would be strange were it otherwise, seeing the complex nature of the problem. Quite apart from any logical or philosophical basis of ethics, we have to take account of those hereditary tendencies which are the result of a long course of evolutionary progress. "Given the conviction

[1] The word "do" seems to be superfluous.

that a certain line of conduct is right," such tendencies alone may prompt a man to follow it, and it is to embark upon a long quest to inquire how such tendencies arose. But if a logical basis of action be required, then I for one believe that we must have recourse to the old theory of "happiness." If it be true, as most of us believe, that man's true happiness and right action (in a moral sense) are inseparably connected, then one need not seek farther for a logical "basis of ethics." A man may ask *why* he should shape his action in accordance with "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," but no man asks why he should act in accordance with the dictates of his own happiness. "If it be asked," says Locke, "what moves desire? I answer, Happiness, and that alone."[1] And as happiness moves desire, so does desire move action. Much contempt has, indeed, been cast upon the theory of an "enlightened self-interest." Mr. Belfort Bax, for example, in his *Ethics of Socialism*, speaks of "the somewhat daring assumption that morality in the long run coincides with self-interest as such." But if man's highest happiness is also man's highest "self-interest" (as surely it is), and if man's highest happiness is inseparably bound up with right moral action, then the sneers with which the theory has been assailed are altogether uncalled for. Mr. Bax himself tells us that the religion of socialism "consists in a sense of oneness with the social body; in an identification of self-interest with social interest." But what is this but the theory of "enlightened self-interest" in another guise? No logical reason can be given why any man should act in accordance with the "social interest" (*i.e.*, in accordance with "the objective social morality," as Mr. Bax calls it), except it be that his own happiness is really to be found in the promotion of the happiness of others, or, as Mr. Bax would say, of "the social body."

However, as I have already said, to discuss this very difficult question was altogether beyond the scope of my work. Of "conscience" I spoke as being, in my view, "the judgment which the mind pronounces on any question of right or wrong," and as being, therefore, "always a safe moral guide to the individual," since if we do what we honestly believe to be right our conduct cannot be morally wrong. What we believe to be right *is* right for us, "since there is nothing either good or bad but *thinking* makes it so," and since morality lies not in the *action* but in the *agent*—a simple fact which is too often lost sight of. The reviewer, therefore, is hardly correct in saying that I have shown, or endeavoured to show, that conscience is "far from an infallible guide." In an abstract sense it is true that there is no infallible test of right and wrong, but none the less is it true that for the individual it is always right to follow conscience (*i.e.*, to do what he believes to be right), although it may make him take action which the majority of mankind would condemn.

[1] *On the Human Understanding*, Bk. II. chap. 21, § 41.

I now leave my journalistic critics, and turn to the comments of a Cambridge friend for whose opinion I have the greatest respect, to which, indeed, it is entitled in view of his high position as a scholar and recognised authority on the philosophy of the ancients. My friend writes to me as follows:

"Am I wrong in thinking that you account any man a wilful and criminal self-deceiver who in certain matters believes what he cannot prove? Surely in other matters you yourself believe what you cannot prove, and you act upon the belief. You believe or hope that the sun will rise to-morrow; that a man who has treated you well in the past will treat you well in the future; that the post will carry your letter safely; but you cannot prove any of these things, and yet the belief is good enough to justify action."

Now I consider this very valuable criticism, if only because it shows how easily one may be misunderstood, and how careful one ought to be to state one's argument with such definiteness and perspicacity as may close, so far as may be, all possible openings for miscomprehension. Observe that my correspondent imagines that I condemn a man who "in certain matters believes what he cannot prove." And what proof does he think that I require? Apparently some absolute or mathematical proof—at any rate, some greater proof than that on which I rest the belief (I discard the word "hope" as irrelevant) that the sun will rise to-morrow. Now I am at a loss to conceive what passage in my poor volume has given rise to this idea in my friend's mind. I fondly imagined that I had said nothing which could lead even a hostile critic to suppose that I had put forward any such absurd contention.

Let us examine this matter a little farther. I have already quoted Professor Huxley to the effect that "it is quite true that the ground of every one of our actions, and the validity of all our reasonings, rest upon the great act of faith, which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future," and that "it is also a trite observation that, in the business of life, we constantly take the most serious action upon evidence of an utterly insufficient character"; and I think few will dissent from his observation that "because we are often obliged, by the pressure of events, to act on very bad evidence, it does not follow that it is proper to act on such evidence when the pressure is absent." But let us consider more attentively the more striking instance which my friend puts forward of a belief in that which cannot be "proved," viz., the belief that the sun will rise to-morrow. On what does such belief rest? Not certainly on absolute proof.

"In matters of evidence," writes Mill (*Logic*, vol. ii. ch. xxi., "Of the evidence of the Law of Universal Causation"), "as in all other human things, we neither require, nor can attain, the absolute. We must hold even our strongest convictions with an opening left in our minds for the reception of facts which contradict them; and only when we have taken

this precaution have we earned the right to act upon our convictions with complete confidence when no such contradiction appears. Whatever has been found true in innumerable instances, and never found to be false after due examination in any, we are safe in acting on as universal provisionally, until an undoubted exception occurs; provided the nature of the case be such that a real exception could scarcely have escaped notice."

And in a note he adds:

"When physical science is said to depend on the assumption that the course of nature is invariable, all that is meant is that the conclusions of physical science are not known as *absolute* truth: the truth of them is *conditional* on the uniformity of the course of nature; and all that the most conclusive observations and experiments can prove, is that the result arrived at will be true if, and as long as, the present laws of nature are valid. But this is all the assurance we require for the guidance of our conduct."

This, then, is the justification of our belief that the sun will rise to-morrow, which is a belief that the earth will continue to revolve around its axis, and in its orbit around the sun. (See as to the motion of a planet, Mill's *Logic*, vol. ii. ch. xv. "Of progressive Effects, and of the continued Action of Causes.") But will it be contended that we have any analogous justification for a belief in the miraculous—a belief in the doctrines and dogmas of supernatural religion? The question need only be so stated in order to show how hopelessly the analogy fails. Give me the same ground for belief in supernatural religion as I have for the belief that the sun will rise to-morrow, and I will unhesitatingly join the ranks of the supernaturalists.

But the truth is, of course, that we agnostics do not condemn a man for believing in things that are not capable of absolute "proof." What we condemn is, as Huxley has pointed out, belief without satisfactory *evidence*. *A fortiori*, then, do we condemn belief without any evidence at all, which is just the thing which supernaturalists seem to revel in, and to pride themselves upon.

The growing length of this article warns me that I must now bring it to a conclusion. But before saying my *nunc dimittis* I should like to allude to an incident in the political controversy of to-day which affords an apt illustration of that "conflict between science and religion" which, as I have endeavoured to show, is still a very real one, although the ecclesiastical methods of warfare are, necessarily, not exactly what they were in the old days of sacerdotal supremacy. "Church-Christianity" is still, I fear, the opponent of human progress and knowledge. Always the champion of reaction, she is, of course, the deadly opponent of any liberal and generous scheme of a truly national education. Her leaders, however, are not always quite so candid as the Dean of St. Paul's, who tells us that he has spent his life in fighting—what? Ignorance, drink, and crime? Not so; in fighting Board Schools! Hearken unto this

from a report of a speech made by this very reverend Church dignitary in Convocation: "He thought School Boards had been a great misfortune all over the country. They had lowered the tone of morality and had increased the amount of crime. He regarded the paying of School Board rates as helping the promotion of vice rather than the increase of virtue!" A writer in the *Westminster Gazette* (April 30, 1902), while characterising (as well he may) these observations as indicative of "amazing bigotry," seems to think that such a state of mind is somewhat exceptional among the Christians of the Church. My own experience leads me to believe that the Dean is only a little more outspoken than most of his fraternity. It is the same spirit as that which persecuted Galileo for daring to say that the earth moves. Meantime let us note that the Church Militant has proclaimed the policy of "unconditional surrender," and announced her intended annexation of the entire field of National Education.

My final word must be one of thanks to Mr. Geoffrey Mortimer for his generously-worded notice of my essays in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW (April 1902. "The New Light"). As Mr. Mortimer justly observes, I have been somewhat too pessimistic in my estimate of the advance of liberal opinions in matters theological, for "a century ago Christians would have condemned Mr. Forester to prison for questioning the dogma of the Trinity." *E pur se muove!*

GEORGE FORESTER.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

FEW departments of modern science have given rise to more discussion and to a greater supply of literature than the doctrine of evolution. Long before Darwin had promulgated his theory many philosophers and men of science had expressed analagous views, and some of them had approached very closely to a satisfactory solution of the question. An interesting summary of the history of evolution is contained in Mr. E. Clodd's *Pioneers of Evolution*[1] which should be read by all who take an interest in the development of modern science. Beginning with Thales and ending with Huxley the author summarises briefly the part played by those philosophers whose work or speculations have had any bearing upon evolution. Among the chapters throwing most light upon the subject we may mention that upon the "Arrest of Inquiry due to Christianity" and that on "Modern Evolution," dealing mainly with the views of Darwin, Wallace, and Huxley.

The number of technical and scientific periodicals is now so large that it is becoming more and more difficult for the individual worker to find information bearing upon any special subject. Fortunately this difficulty is being met to some extent by the publication of numerous technical handbooks, in which the required information may be found without the necessity of a long search. We have received such a technical work on *Dyeing and Staining Marble, Ivory, Wood, &c.*,[2] in which the author has collected a number of recipes, most of which appear to be well selected and likely to give satisfactory results. The part relating to bleaching is not quite so thorough as that on dyeing. With regard to some of the aniline dyes recommended it would have been useful to have had some indication of their durability, it being well-known that some of them are much too fugitive for permanent work. We should hardly call saffron a perennial shrub.

[1] *Pioneers of Evolution.* By E. Clodd. London: Watts & Co. 1902.
[2] *The Art of Dyeing and Staining Marble, &c.* By D. H. Soxhlet. Translated by A. Morris and H. Robson. London: Scott, Greenwood & Co. 1902.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

A PATHETIC interest attaches to the lectures by the late Professor Henry Sidgwick which Professor J. Ward has edited under the title of *Philosophy, its Scope and its Relations*.[1] They were in a measure prepared for publication by Professor Sidgwick himself, but it was left to his friend to arrange and revise them. The lectures are described as introductory, and such they are; they might even better be described as an inquiry into the scope and relations of philosophy, as the subjects are freely discussed in an undogmatic spirit. The earlier chapters are addressed to the scope of philosophy in relation to (1) the positive sciences; (2) arts and practical studies—ethics and politics; (3) psychology. In this discussion the limitations of these special branches of science are more apparent than the scope of philosophy, and we are taught that neither materialism, naturalism, nor psychology can claim to be philosophy, that is, a theory of the universe as a whole. Philosophy, though in the main metaphysical, is not absolutely so; the fact being that everything, whether physical or metaphysical, must be taken into account in a satisfactory philosophy. If anything is excluded philosophy is one-sided. The later lectures on the relation of philosophy to sociology are to our mind the most interesting and suggestive; as man is, after all, the most interesting object to man. The instructiveness of these lectures arises from the remarkable capacity of Professor Sidgwick to seize upon salient points and offer suggestive generalisations. Thus in his inquiry into social science he refers to the "social mind" which the individual shares, and shows how this "mind" differs from age to age. Thus in the present age, every one has some general apprehension of the dominant conceptions of current physics; of the present inductive and experimental tendencies of thought; of the historical method in politics and cognate studies; and of the uniformity of nature. It appears to us this is just what is meant by the "Spirit of the Age," though the term is not used by Professor Sidgwick. A chapter on "Progressivism" is full of suggestive thoughts. Progress may be towards a definitely conceived end, which being attained respose will be reached and no further progress desired; sociologically this is inconceivable. Or it may be towards an ideal, which is unattainable, though the progress means improvement. When we say mankind has progressed we mean that man has moved onwards from a state which was to one which is, and we consider the present better than the past. For this assumption we believe we have many good reasons; in many cases, at least, if we have not reached the right end

[1] *Philosophy, its Scope and its Relations.* By the late Henry Sidgwick. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1902.

we have at last found the right method. This is true in the physical sciences, and perhaps we are on the road to finding it in politics, sociology, and metaphysics. The general impression we receive from these lectures is a cheering one; there is much that remains to be done, the field is large, but the road is open.

With the exception of four technical essays, Professor Muirhead's new volume, *Philosophy and Life*,[1] is, as we might expect, devoted to practical rather than to theoretical considerations, and for this we are grateful. It was never more necessary for people to be taught to take broad views. There is far too great a tendency to estimate everything by its merely commercial value and to ignore or condemn the higher ends of knowledge and culture. The broader view Professor Muirhead takes is especially apparent in the lecture delivered at the last session of the Arts and Science Faculties in Mason University College, Birmingham (which has since been transformed into the Birmingham University), on a liberal education. It is certainly an advantage to a University which appears to be largely tainted with commercialism to be reminded of the meaning of a "Liberal Education." A liberal education, we are told, is the education which, by developing our powers, gives us access into a larger and truer world. There is very much danger of this being lost sight of, and an inferior education being preferred because it pays better. Other subjects dealt with in the same philosophic spirit are Imperialism, Poor-Law Relief, and Temperance Reform. The first nine essays in the volume are embraced under the term ethical, while the remaining four are logical, and run on familiar lines.

It has been said by some one that all history is biography, and it appears to be becoming recognised that the same may be said of philosophy. The biographical method is followed by Professor Henry Laurie in his *Scottish Philosopher*,[2] which might even with more accuracy have been entitled "Scottish Philosophers." Out of eighteen chapters, fifteen have for their headings the names of well-known Scottish thinkers, from Francis Hutcheson to James Frederick Ferrier, the greatest of these being David Hume, Thomas Reid, and Sir William Hamilton. Dr. Laurie in a sentence hits off the characteristics of Scottish philosophy or philosophies when he calls it the philosophy of scepticism and common sense. It is a natural outcome of the practical character of the race. Sir William Hamilton returned to metaphysics, though in a manner which led to a new form of scepticism, which has developed into the more modern form of Spencerian agnosticism. It can scarcely be said that there is any form of philosophy which is specially entitled to be called

[1] *Philosophy and Life, and Other Essays.* By J. H. Muirhead, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

[2] *Scottish Philosophy in its National Development.* By Henry Laurie, D.D. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1902.

Scottish; but it is to the credit of Scottish thinkers that they have more than once set in motion an impulse which has affected the progress of thought, not in Great Britain alone but on the Continent of Europe as well.

The fifth volume of W. H. Croft Hiller's venture in philosophy is now before us with its startling title and its flaming binding. *Heresies*[1] is certainly an original book, for the author bases his theory of the universe on telepathy, clairvoyance, and kindred phenomena. Everything is explained upon the basis thus supplied, and the writer revels in stories of hypnotism and apparitions. The book would be almost as interesting as Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* if it were not for the terminology or jargon of which the writer is so fond. There is no doubt some truth in the importance which he attaches to the influence of suggestion, say in religion and politics, but we should require much more than Mr. Hiller's unsupported assertion to convince us that suggestion can either cause or cure zymotic diseases. *Heresies* is an interesting book if not taken too seriously.

The Conflict of Truth,[2] by Mr. Capron, is a new attempt to perform the impossible task of reconciling the Book of Genesis with science. Mr. Capron by this time might have learned that such an attempt is a waste of energy, for even if it could be done it would be no positive gain to religion; most intelligent people now realise that religion does not stand or fall with the veracity of ancient documents. Mr. Capron accepts the present verdict of science, so far as it goes, upon the creation or formation of the earth; and no less so with regard to the antiquity of man; but he holds that "man" means one thing to science and another thing to the Bible, notwithstanding that the Bible itself suggests no such distinction. According to this view science confounds man-like creatures with man endowed with intelligence and a religious faculty; so we get a revival of the discredited theory of a pre-Adamite race. We are also treated to a long drawn-out analogy between the phenomena of light and Pauline Christology. The book is an able but wasted attempt to prove that science can be reconciled with an antiquated orthodox theology.

Mr. Bailey Saunders' translation of Harnack's *Das Wesen des Christentums*, under the title of *What is Christianity?* naturally excited the opposition of leading English theologians, for, as Mr. Saunders shows, the differences between Oxford and Berlin on theological matters is a profound one. His reply to Harnack's *Oxford Critics*[3] is brief, clear, and thorough. The reply is principally a retort on the chief

[1] *Heresies; or, Agnostic Theism, Ethics, Sociology, and Metaphysics.* By W. H. Croft Hiller. Vol. v. London: Grant Richards. 1902.

[2] *The Conflict of Truth.* By F. Hugh Capron. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1902.

[3] *Professor Harnack and his Oxford Critics.* By Thomas Bailey Saunders. London and Oxford: Williams & Norgate. 1902.

protagonist, Professor Sanday. "What causes Professor Sanday so much concern is not that a critical method should be adopted, but that it should be applied with consistency, with courage, and with a resolute determination to separate the kernel from the husk." A careful reading of this answer will show that the retort is justified. Professor Sanday makes so many concessions that his criticism loses all significance.

From the Free Age Press we have received three small and convenient copies of translations of the writings by Leo Tolstoy.[1] Two of them are already widely known—*On Life* and *My Religion* (*What I Believe*); the third volume contains some fresh matter—an essay on the essence of religion, notes for soldiers, and Count Tolstoy's reply to the Synod's edict of excommunication. Several private letters are also included in this volume. Admirers of Tolstoy will find this a cheap and handy edition. A small collection of letters written recently by Tolstoy also reaches us from Paris.[2] There is nothing fresh to be said about this remarkable man, but his extraordinary personality impresses itself upon all he writes, so that every fragment is welcome to those who regard him as the greatest teacher of our time.

We have received two very able essays, issued for the Rationalist Press Association. *Faith, its Freaks and Follies*,[3] by Charles T. Gorham, begins with a critical analysis of "faith," which does the writer credit; and if theologians had understood "faith" as well as Mr. Gorham does they might have been saved from many of the follies they have been guilty of. "Freaks," we fear, nothing can prevent.

The New Morality,[4] by Geoffrey Mortimer, is very much like the above, an excellent essay of its kind, and largely devoted to an exposure of the errors of orthodoxy—errors in the main which originated in the "Middle Ages," but which have a knack of surviving the strongest attacks. Both writers appear to be considerably indebted to Mr. Lecky. These essays contain nothing that should be regarded as offensive by a really sensible religious man.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

In these times of truckling to the spiritual leaders of denominational institutions, Mr. O'Donnell's book, *The Ruin of Education in Ireland*

[1] *What I Believe; On Life; What is Religion?* &c. By Leo Tolstoy. Christchurch, Hants: the Free Age Press.
[2] *Lettres Traduites du Russe.* Cte. Leon Tolstoï. Par J. W. Bienstock. Paris: P. V. Stock. 1902.
[3] *Faith: its Freaks and Follies.* By Charles T. Gorham. London: Watts & Co.
[4] *The New Morality.* By Geoffrey Mortimer. London: Watts & Co.

and The Irish Fanar [1] comes as a stimulating and refreshing draught of cool water to the thirsty traveller in the deserts of educational controversy. Written by a Roman Catholic layman it is nevertheless a bold and outspoken denunciation of clerical control of public education. In this country the Government proposes to hand over the national education to the so-called national church, whose only qualification up to now has been absolute and complete inability, either financially or efficiently, to educate those entrusted to its care. The same Government, under the leadership of Mr. A. J. Balfour, "devout, distinguished and dilettante, and raised by a relationship not forgetful of its own, above the informing drudgeries of statesmanship, has been making a sort of balloon voyage into a Catholic cloudland, from which he has brought back a philosopher's contrivance, constructed, he believes, on convincing calculations, but in reality from a blurred vision of an episcopal Eden, an Eden in which both the tree of knowledge and the time of sustentation would be committed to the care of mitred archangels." In other words, national education in Ireland is to be perpetuated and extended in the hands of an obscurantist priesthood, supported and in reality controlled by the Jesuits. "No Catholic nation of the world," writes Mr. O'Donnell, "neither the most recent nor the most archaic, neither Belgium nor Bavaria, nor Austria, has granted, nor ever will grant, the public subventions, which the curious confidence or the curious inexperience of the Irish Episcopate solicits from the Government of Great Britain." Priestly control of education has been nothing but a curse to education and progress in every country in the world. A national education, says Mr. O'Donnell, is the indispensable preparation and the only guarantee for a better future; and there can be no national education without lay supremacy in lay learning and with the spiritual office of the priest relieved from the misappropriation of secular finance and the misdirection of secular administration. Enormous sums have been, and are, subscribed by laymen to the cause of education in Ireland, but over their application they have not the slightest control or voice. Owing to entire absence of audit or accounts complete ignorance as to their application prevails. But it is obvious that the greater proportion has been diverted to objects far other than those for which they were contributed. With the numerous serious charges advanced by Mr. O'Donnell against the priesthood and the Jesuits we have not space to deal, and can only commend the very closest attention of the laity, both Catholic and non-Catholic, to them. They are weighty and well sustained, and if national education is to be saved, they must be not only considered in the study but combatted on the platform and defeated in the polling booth.

[1] *The Ruin of Education in Ireland and The Irish Fanar.* By F. Hugh O'Donnell, M.A. London: David Nutt. 1902.

If there is anything unknown to Mr. Michael MacDonagh about Parliament it is safe to assume that it will not interest the British public. In his *Book of Parliament* Mr. MacDonagh has already dealt with the two Houses of Parliament in their legislative and historical aspects. In the volume before us, entitled *Parliament: Its Romance, its Comedy, its Pathos,*[1] he deals rather with its human interests. Having treated his subject collectively, he now describes for us the individuals, together with their most prominent characteristics, of which the three bodies of Parliament is composed. As a press man in the gallery of the House of Commons, Mr. MacDonagh has had splendid opportunities for studying his subject first hand. As a journalist with a facile pen and a lucid exposition he has used to the full the advantages of his position. The book is in the form of a number of descriptive articles, all of which have previously appeared in the magazines and reviews. Commencing with the King and his prerogatives and disabilities, Mr. MacDonagh takes the reader through many of the phases in the life of Parliament. Under the title of the "Great Seal of England," for instance, there is much to enlighten and entertain the average reader, In "The Current Coin of the Politicians," the origin of many political catch phrases are traced. Although there is not much that is strikingly original, yet we know no work of a popular nature which contains so much that is interesting, told in a particularly easy and pleasant manner.

Political novels are rarely successful, and *The Political Freshman,*[2] by Mr. Bushrod Washington James, only just escapes from being included in the list of failures. With the political aspirations of the author, as set forth in the young reformer, Fairman, we have every sympathy. And we read with interest the development of this enthusiastic politician from his entrance into the political arena as a public speaker to his election to the Senate. Young Fairman makes his entry through the medium of public lectures, an institution peculiarly American, into which we are glad to have some insight. The love portion of the story is, however, lamentably weak. Miss Highe is an impossible creation, and her intrigues are as improbable as they are silly. No American lady, we feel convinced, could be half so foolish. Young Fairman also is too immaculate. If we were not assured in every chapter that he was not a prig, we should have felt compelled to assert that he was. Never having been present at the debates in the House of Representatives, or of the Senate, we do not like to accuse Mr. James of inaccuracy in his description, but if this is in fact correct, then these debates must be most extraordinary affairs.

[1] *Parliament: Its Romance, its Comedy, its Pathos.* By Michael MacDonagh. Westminster: P. S. King & Son.

[2] *The Political Freshman.* By Bushrod Washington James. Philadelphia, Pa: Bushrod Library. 1902.

As we have said, the book is not without interest, especially for English readers, but as a work of art it is hopeless.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

ALL who are interested in mountaineering, whether actual or only academic, will give a warm welcome to *The Alps in* 1864: *A Private Journal*,[1] by the late Mr. A. W. Moore. Although about one hundred copies of this Journal were printed, it was never published. The present volume consists of the original journal as printed with notes by the editor, Mr. Alex. B. W. Kennedy, a member of the Alpine Club. In the preparation of these notes Mr. Kennedy has availed himself of numerous manuscripts of later journals left by Mr. Moore, recording his later climbs. Alpine climbers will readily perceive the immense additional value given to the original journal, not only by Mr. Moore's later experiences, but by those of Mr. Kennedy himself and of other well-known mountaineers. Few have taken part in so many first ascents as Moore, and few appear to have had so unerring a topographical instinct. A man of great personal attraction, Moore was remarkable for independence of thought and character, and, as his expeditions proved, of grit and determination. He was also one of the few writers capable of describing clearly and accurately complicated topographical puzzles. Consequently his *Journal*, as the editor of the *Alpine Journal* said at the time of his death, is "one of the most vivid and fascinating books of Alpine travel which have ever been written." He died at Monte Carlo in February 1887, just after his appointment to the post of Political and Secret Secretary at the India Office. The real cause of his premature death his friends attribute to overwork. The following names from the list of maps indicate the scope of Moore's labours. The Range of the Meige and Ecrins, Glacier and Col de la Pilatte, Mont Blanc, the Glacier D'Argentière, the Glaciers of Moiry and Ferpècle, the Saas Grat, the Turtman and Bies Glaciers, the Moming Glacier, the Aletschhorn and the Wettenhörner. The sketch-maps are facsimiles of those by Moore. The illustrations are beautifully got up. Many of them are from photographs taken specially for this work either by Mr. Kennedy or his friends. Mr. Kennedy is to be heartily congratulated upon the successful result of his exertions, and our mede of praise must be unstintingly extended to the publisher, Mr. David Douglas, himself an enthusiast in mountaineering.

[1] *The Alps in 1864: A Private Journal.* By A. W. Moore. Edited by Alex. B. W. Kennedy, LL.D., F.R.S., Member of the Alpine Club. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1902.

Une Saison en Nouvelle-Zalande[1] is a tourist's account of his journey. The author visited the principal cities from Auckland to Dunedin, and has set down in a very pleasing and readable volume his impressions of the people and the natural beauties of our Antipodes. The bare narrative of the journey is relieved with both historical and geographical details, and illustrated by a map.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

In *Bolingbroke and his Times*[2] Mr. Walter Sichel has gathered together with indefatigable industry a vast array of facts, which is evidently the outcome of many years of painstaking research. Unfortunately he lacks the art of marshalling them in a manner that will convey to his readers a vivid and complete picture of his hero's complex personality. That he can write well when he can so far emancipate himself from documents as to generalise, is shown by his description of James Francis Edward Stuart and his semi-burlesque Court. *The Sequel* begins with Bolingbroke's journey to Paris in March 1715, and ends with his death in 1751. Mr. Sichel enters into an elaborate defence of Bolingbroke's political and philosophical views, and vindicates him from the charge of theological rationalism brought against him by Leslie Stephen. Bolingbroke suggested to Pope his *Imitations from Horace*, and supplied him with materials for his *Essay on Man*. Burke was saturated "with the ideas, opinions, and language of one whom he was taught to slur and condemn." Of Disraeli the Younger, Mr. Sichel writes: "His admiration for Bolingbroke displayed in his earlier novels is familiar. . . . Many of his telling phrases . . . are derived from Bolingbroke. His constitutional theories, originally derided as fantastic, are Bolingbroke's; so were his foreign and fiscal policies. His attitude towards the Ministry during the muddles of the Crimea, denouncing the war but supporting the supplies by which alone England's honour could be vindicated, was that of Bolingbroke and the 'Patriots of 1729.'" *The Idea of a Patriot King*—an essay which is said to have influenced George III., the first Hanoverian who was English—" is that he is to be the interpreter as well as the director of the nation; he must be no partisan, but will distinguish the voice of his people from the clamour of a faction." Mr. Sichel's account of the *Craftsman* is a good piece of work, and he has laid us under a debt of gratitude by his selection from the *Correspondence of Lord Bolingbroke* with his friends and family, especially with his

[1] *Une Saison en Nouvelle-Zelande.* Par Gaston de Segar. Paris: Librairie Plon.

[2] *Bolingbroke and his Times: The Sequel.* By Walter Sichel. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1902.

beloved half-sister Henrietta, which extends over a period of thirty-six years. This volume throws many side-lights on English society in the eighteenth century.

As its name indicates, *Histoire des Relations de la Chine avec les Puissance Occidentales*, 1860–1900,[1] is purely historical, in no wise political or contentious, the author's opinions being suppressed in favour of historical narrative. The work is well written, and the carefulness of its references will ensure its place as an authority. Every proper name quoted is accompanied with biographical details, and every document referred to is substantiated by reference. The T'ai-Ping rebellion, the career of Gordon, and the Tien-Tsin massacre are the subjects of special chapters.

THE DRAMA.

OF recent plays, one dealing with Ancient Tragedy, and another with Modern Comedy, the same want of grip is observable in either.

We were of the number of those, not few indeed, whose indignation was aroused by the very title of *Paolo and Francesca*.[2] To spin ten lines of priceless poetry into some hundreds of homespun was an audacity of which only the very young or the very ignorant could be guilty. Into which of these categories we ought to place Mr. Stephen Phillips we will not attempt to decide. But we are not concerned here with Mr. Phillips as poet, of which, indeed, the less said the better. Taking his play purely as drama, and forgetting Dante if we can, there is nothing that arrests, little even that interests, and, frankly, not a little that merely wearies. The story, *qud* story, is upon a peculiarly distasteful theme, the "old man amorous," a personage difficult to treat with sympathy, and who more naturally lends himself to the requirements of farce than of tragedy. Mr. Phillips dimly perceives this, and attempts to invest the character of Giovanni with dignity as a warrior, and to give it a sort of grandeur of brotherly confidence. There is the making of a tragedy so far, and the play might have been a fine one if worked out on such broad simple lines. The outward events, however—the young convent bride bought as the price of peace, and the proxy bridegroom—belong so definitely to a period that a strong historical sense is required to put the situation into focus. Conscious, it would seem, of weakness in this direction, Mr. Phillips weakens the situa-

[1] *Histoire des Relations de la Chine avec les Puissance Occidentales, 1860–1900.* Par Henri Cordier. Paris: Felix Alcan, Editeur.

[2] *Paolo and Francesca.* By Stephen Phillips. At the St. James's Theatre.

tion still further by the introduction of an extraneous and perfectly irrelevant interest, that of the childless Lucrezia. This figure belongs to the class of tragic women who appeal more especially to us moderns. She is, though nominally a widow, actually the modern spinster, a hungry-hearted creature, such as the Middle Ages noted not at all. Thus she is doubly irrelevant, for the whole picture is put out of focus by her presence, and, besides, whatever sympathy is invoked on her behalf is so much withdrawn from the young lovers whose solitary eminence as lovers in a loveless world is the essential fact that has to be pourtrayed. Even granting, what almost appears to have been the case, that the author found himself so absorbed in his idea of Lucrezia that he was willing to develop her at the expense of his ostensible theme, he has not succeeded in drawing a portrait of a living woman. The bitterness of her jealousy of Francesca, as the beloved of Giovanni, and as a possible mother of children, could never have been overcome by a single pleading attitude. If such a change were to come about, it would be the result of an irresistible drawing to the younger woman from the first, a sort of love at first sight, such as women can experience for women as well as for men. But no such feeling is indicated, though Miss Robins' fine rendering gives the part all the vitality that the author's conception permitted. Lucrezia remains a being without real existence, and her last hyperbolical utterance—that she has at length "conceived a child"—impresses one only as a rather unpleasant metaphor. The other irrelevancies—the miserable travesty of the "Romeo and Juliet" apothecary, and the wearisome "girl-I-left-behind-me" scene, are even worse. In short, wherever Mr. Phillips seeks to invent the threadbare quality of his imagination is too pitifully evident. When he sticks to his Dante, the sole source of his inspiration, he partially succeeds. His intellect, and his *Wesen* as a man of culture, enable him to feel, and in a measure to express, the pathos of the lovers reading the old love story. He gives the reading scene just as it stands in the original, and it can hardly fail to move. In like manner, he has grasped the significance of Dante's vision of the lovers in hell, and their last appearance as they go boldly to meet that awful doom ["How can we be punished, we two together?"] has the true note of heroic tragedy. Outside these two supreme moments the play as a play is a thing of nought. As a stage performance, on the other hand, it is beyond praise. Mr. Alexander finds in Giovanni a part that he suits and that suits him. We have never liked him so well since the old times when he played Macduff to Sir Henry Irving's Macbeth. It is a real delight, too, to see Miss Elizabeth Robins again on the stage. Her Lucrezia is finely and consistently conceived, and—what is harder—she resists the temptation to make the part too prominent. Paolo (Mr. Ainley) is emphatically "Il Bello"; his appearance and that

of Miss Millard gives the due pathos and interest to their parts. The minor characters, too, are carefully and adequately taken. Mr. Lyall Swete's training as a member of Mr. Benson's company serves him in good stead for the effective performance of a commonplace middle-aged soldier, and Miss Lilian Brathwaite, also one of the former ornaments of the same troupe, is surprisingly good in the part of the saucy handmaiden, Nita. There is promise in the play, and if Mr. Phillips would give himself to writing unambitiously of what he knows and feels—but *verbum sap.* The artist is born, not made. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Phillips will turn out to be a dramatist, if not a poet.

At the opposite end of the dramatic scale is an attempt in serious comedy—or is it intended for farce?—in *Pilkerton's Peerage.*[1] One is accustomed to think of Mr. Hope as a master of airy persiflage, combined with a delicate sense of a certain sort of good breeding. Can it be that the stage is the inevitable coarsener of such qualities? Certainly if we had not been credibly informed by the programme that the words were the words of "Hope," we might not impossibly have imagined that Mr. Sydney Grundy, or another, had been their father. The light touch, the delicate wit, are conspicuous by their absence. Instead, we have rather dull, almost antiquated, jests about jobbery, and the thinnest of thin plots, of which a most cynical love affair is the principal ingredient. Seldom has a comedy left us with such a feeling of deep melancholy. One is wrong, perhaps, to take it *au sérieux;* but one seems to discern the cloven hoof of the century in a play in which not a single character has a worthy motive or a whole-hearted sentiment. The Hon. Lucius Vandean's sense of honour forbids him indeed to make love to the daughter of his host against the will of her papa. But his honour permits him to jockey that same papa into a peerage, and generally to carry on an unblushing course of political bribery, and to accept with a leer the exclamation of his lady-love, "You are so simple!" Does Mr. Hope intend a fierce satire against the Conservative Government? If so, we are disposed to forgive him. But then, to give the proper effect to such satire, there should be one honest man to be found somewhere. The only personage who invokes real sympathy is the stupid and unattractive M.P., Mr. Bascom, who prefers his good post, with £1500 per annum, and the chance of marrying "such a girl!" to his seat in the House, and the doubtful patronage of a thoroughly corrupt Prime Minister. The two women, an impossible (in the twentieth century) *ingénue*, the daughter of Pilkerton, and a tiresome "silly widow" type of person, obviously written up to Miss Eva Moore's peculiar predilections as an actress, are even less interesting than the men. Mr. Esmond contrives to give a certain delicacy to the Earl of Addisworth, a gay and casual

[1] *Pilkerton's Peerage.* By Anthony Hope. At the Garrick Theatre.

young man, more after the ordinary "Hope" pattern than the rest. The play is redeemed, however, as drama, by the skilful writing of the last act. To the end it seems doubtful whether Pilkerton will get his peerage, and though one is emotionally indifferent, one has a certain curiosity as to how the thing is going to be worked out. Mr. Edmund Maurice does the Prime Minister to the life, and Mr. Esmond, as aforesaid, plays with distinction. Otherwise the acting is not remarkable.

The long-promised, and frequently deferred, *Lady from the Sea* [1] was, after all, something of a disappointment. Whether from a want of sympathy in the audience, or from a real defect in the play, or possibly from a total misunderstanding of one's Ibsen, the thing struck us as strangely old-fashioned. The woman question, treated here in so strange and fantastic a manner, was a vital problem in 1888 (the date of the writing of the play). Now it is as dead as Marley's ghost—for the time. As interpreted by English actors, there is, moreover, a certain jarring inconsistency between the outward framework of the actual and the strain of superhuman romance that runs through the piece. The mysterious Stranger, like the Rat-wife in *Little Eyolf*, has scarcely an earthly existence, and yet the rest of the play is on the scale of the most commonplace, almost vulgar actualities. To produce the right effect, Ellida —who alone is conscious of the "other worldly" one—should show herself definitely withdrawn from actual surroundings and incapable of entering into any of the ordinary details of daily life, and at the same time she should give to the part a poetical charm. She should be above all things attractive—as a woman attractive to men, but also, as Ibsen indicates, able to fascinate her own sex, in the person of Hilda, besides. Ellida is not a revolting woman, but a creature of absolute impulse. She yields to her passion for the sea, and the things of the sea, and, for the moment, to the Stranger, who seems the embodiment of all that the sea stands for in her emotional being. Just as impulsively she turns to Wangel, who represents the protective element that a woman of her temperament instinctively makes for. Afterwards, in trying to explain herself to him, and to herself, she lets fall observations about "freedom" and bargaining, which are full again of a certain instinctive wisdom, such as poets, not ordinary men, speak. She has never thought of the question of sex, as the intellectual woman thinks, and for this reason: an intellectual actress, like Miss Achurch, however able her interpretation may be, fails to represent Ibsen's Ellida. It is a tremendous part, and one is grateful for the opportunity of seeing it even attempted. Miss Achurch's rendering was as fine as it could be, in its way, and one regrets more than ever that this actress is not

[1] *The Lady from the Sea.* By Henrik Ibsen. Produced by the Stage Society at the Royalty Theatre on May 4.

constantly before the public in parts (and there ought to be many) in which she could do herself justice. Her natural easy *method* is the right one, and if we seem hypercritical it is from no want of appreciation of her power. Mr. Norman McKinnel was a wholly admirable Dr. Wangel, and the scenes between him and Miss Adhurch were a rare artistic treat. Mr. Laurence Irving succeeded in imparting a certain weirdness to the difficult part of the Stranger, but he was scarcely "alluring," and this again is of the essence of the part. The other players, particularly Mr. Arthur Royston, as the young sculptor, Lyngstrand, were on a more than ordinary level of excellence. One felt, as frequently in these performances, a freshness and energy throughout, that ought to go far towards giving the Stage Society at least a fourth year of successful existence.

Dido [1] is Marie Itzerott's second excursion into the region of poetic drama, her *Anglaia* having met with a most encouraging reception by press and public alike on its first representation in Germany, which took place about two years ago. The play consists of four acts, which, however, are somewhat overweighted by a prologue of no less than seven scenes. The latter opens with Dido's awakening to a sense of the joys of life, after her long period of mourning for the murdered Sickarus, and bidding her favourite slave, Elissa, remove her mourning raiment and bring her vesture glittering as the sun; she is weary of fruitless grief.

Whereupon Elissa replies:

> "Thou shouldst
> Now give thy heart to love. A love that's new
> Is heady as new wine."

A Tyrian dealer, pursued by two soldiers with drawn daggers, claims Dido's protection. His offence is that of having praised the late king's generosity, the penalty for which is death. Disgusted and dismayed at Pygmalion's tyranny, she promises to lead her faithful subjects to a new kingdom:

> "A world I'll build
> And conjure out of nought a kingdom new,
> And from my womb shall spring a race of kings.
> I will be mother of a million sons."

Abylyr, once her suitor, but now Chief Counsellor of King Pygmalion, promises to furnish ships and treasures for the purpose, provided that she will swear never to give to another what she had once refused to him. Dido thereupon takes the required oath:

> "By that pale ghost which I love evermore."

The first act begins in the open hall of King Hiarbas of Numidia, from which can be discerned the towers of Carthage gleaming in

[1] *Dido.* Drama in vier Aufzügen mit einem Vorspiel. Von Marie Itzerott. Oldenburg und Leipzig: Schulzesch› Hof-Buchhandlung und Hof-Buchdruckerei. A. Schwartz.

the distance. A citizen reports that, on the previous day, Carthaginian warriors had carried off several of the most beautiful women of that country to be their wives. Hiarbas, returning from a long campaign, is alarmed at seeing a flourishing rival kingdom so near to his own, and can hardly believe the evidence of his senses. On hearing of the outrage, he exclaims:

> "Woe worth the land
> That can its women-folk no longer shield!"

He is for declaring war at once with Carthage, but the flower of his army tarries still abroad. Then it suddenly dawns upon him that Dido is a woman to be wooed:

> "Is Dido not the same as other dames?"

Once won, then Carthage becomes his "without a sword-cut or a blood-drop shed."

In the second act the scene shifts to Dido's palace; a herald announces the approach of Hiarbas in person to demand the return of the captives, more particularly Zachaeus's beautiful slave, Melitta. Dido's counsellors advise her to comply with the king's request, their country being unprepared for war. Melitta, summoned to the conference, implores Dido not to separate her from her captor, Calpas. To Hiarbas, who tries in vain to move her by evoking memories of her home, she answers:

> "Here lies my native land. The land once mine
> Vanished amidst the darkness yester-night,
> And what was then not mine now fills my life."

Hiarbas promises to release Melitta on condition that he may be allowed to choose the most beautiful woman in Carthage. His choice falls on Dido, but neither Abylyr nor the Council will hear of it. Dido's passionate soliloquy is followed by a dialogue with Elissa, who points out to her mistress that Carthage must fall if she wed Hiarbas. In the third act Abylyr swears to hinder this marriage, even if he should have to employ force; whereupon Dido bids him and Sarak leave the kingdom, and announces her intention of being solemnly crowned on the morrow. Elissa overhears Abylyr and Sarak plotting the queen's death. The fourth act opens with a magnificent chorus of priests in the Temple of Astarte at early dawn. The queen enters, but soon the din of civil war is heard from the streets; two women approach Dido, and beg her to prevent their husbands being slain. Dido prays to Astarte:

> "Now make me brave
> And strong and calm, Astarte, goddess dread;
> Accept my beating heart as offering meet,
> And then dissolve in thy pure altar-flames
> The very inmost essence of my soul."

Then Hiarbas rushes in with drawn sword to protect the queen, whose love he at length returns,

> "Come,
> Belovèd, come. What purpose drew me hither
> Is now forgotten. With mine own heart's blood
> I will defend thee—Come, O come, dear wife."

Dido tears herself away from Hiarbas, and then, amid the din of arms and the wailing of voices, she gazes at the blazing pyre, and, after hesitating an instant, casts herself thereon, crying out:

> "Hence to the Land of the Sun!
> Take me, eternal flames."

Thus ends, most dramatically, a drama of no mean merit. Classical scholars will be scandalised, no doubt, at the startling liberties which the author has taken with the legend; but, after all, who but a soulless pedant would let such a debatable abuse of poetic licence mar his enjoyment of Marie Itzerott's exquisite verse?

BELLES LETTRES.

WHEN two such distinguished scholars and experienced tutors as Messrs. A. H. Allcroft and B. J. Hayes collaborate in the annotation of a classical text, the result of their labours can hardly be other than scholarly and practical. Their edition of *Livy: Book XXI*,[1] possesses both these qualities in a marked degree. The notes are concise and to the point; there is a very comprehensive Index of Proper Names; moreover, two maps, the one showing Hannibal's route over the Alps, the other his march from New Carthage to Lake Trasimenus. The Introduction, which consists of twenty-six pages, contains much historical information in a summarised form. It will be found invaluable by students, especially by those preparing for the London Matriculation in 1903.

It is now a hundred and thirty-one years since the first edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,[2] prepared by "A Society of Gentlemen in Scotland," appeared. It consisted of three vols. quarto, containing 2670 pages, and 160 copper plates. From this small beginning the work has, by gradual evolution, increased in size and importance, until the ninth edition (1875–1889), when completed by the eleven vols. of the Supplement, will include about 31,000 pages and more

[1] *Livy: Book XXI.* Edited by A. H. Allcroft, M.A., Oxon., and B. J. Hayes, M.A. Lond. and Camb. London: W. B. Clive, University Tutorial Press.

[2] *The New Volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica.* Vol. i., being vol. xxv. of the completed work. Edinburgh and London: Adam and Charles Black. The *Times*, Printing House Square, London.

than 12,000 plates, maps, and other illustrations, the whole practically constituting the tenth edition. To quote from the editor's Preface to the New Volumes: "Within these twenty years. . . . there have been astounding changes in all departments: political, social, economic, religious, scientific, literary, and artistic. Political frontiers have been altered by wars and conventions; the British Empire has vastly increased in vitality as well as in extent; America . . . has become a world-power as well as an industrial factor of the first importance. . . . Preventive medicine and aseptic surgery have come into existence and been matured; literary and artistic production has increased with almost unexampled rapidity; . . . great men and women have passed away, leaving their lives to the enlightenment of posterity, and new personalities of commanding importance have come to the front." One very noticeable innovation is the inclusion of certain lives of living men and women "whose positions have become so fixed that . . . there is no reason to believe that the general character and purpose of their work will materially change." Another feature, rendered imperative by the fact that new classes of readers have been stimulated to practical research by the spread of education and the great keenness of competition between English and foreign manufacturers, is the large amount of space accorded to practical details in treating scientific developments. The editors have fully recognised the utility of informative illustration, as distinguished from mere pictures, an accurate example of which, occupying a few square inches of space, often conveys a clearer impression than a page of description. A new and comprehensive index, built on modern lines and containing more than 600,000 entries, will facilitate the use of a work such as this, which consists of general treatises rather than of brief and fragmentary articles, treating, after the manner of a dictionary, each subdivision of a subject under a separate heading. The cosmopolitan character of the staff of contributors is worthy of all praise, absolutely no discrimination being made between British and foreign writers, and in respect especially of American contributors, the result has greatly added to the comprehensiveness of a work which, when completed, will dwarf into comparative insignificance the splendid encyclopædias of Germany and France. The first volume of the *Supplement* begins with Aachen and ends with Australia. Its cosmopolitan character may be estimated by reference to the biographies contained in it: H. F. Amiel, Hans Andersen, Ashbjörnsen and Moe, Auerbach, Augier, Matthew Arnold—a study by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton—and a short notice of Sir Edwin Arnold. Under Art we have articles on Art Galleries, Art Sales, Art Societies, Art Teaching, and Arts and Crafts. Apart from Scientific Discovery and Invention, lengthy articles on Affreightments, Adulterations, and Arbitration, the most important articles are those dealing with the expansion of the British Empire,

and Political Geography generally. Why is no mention made of Aristotle's Ἀθηναίων Πολιτεία, the publication of which by Mr. Kenyon in 1891 excited so much attention, whereas the *Apology of Aristides* receives adequate treatment at the hands of Canon J. A. Robinson?

In his "prefatory" to *Views and Reviews*,[1] Mr. W. E. Henley writes thus: "I may claim to have read few books into my pictures, to have done my best to keep my painting more or less unlettered, to have proffered my conclusions, such as they are, fairly well purged of sentiment." He has vials of wrath to outpour "upon the present generation—which delights to confuse one art with another: which must have descriptive music, and will only take an interest in pictures that are disguised literature." His gravest indictment against Philip, called "Philip of Spain," is that "he was always less interested in paint than in character and incident." Again, Rossetti "habitually exacted of paint the effect of words," and determined "to have colour at any cost in verse and poetry at any cost in colour." Despite Mr. Henley's insistence on "a feeling for paint," that the painter should see "life form, colour, romance, solely in the terms of paint," he is ofttimes literary, *malgré lui*, in his criticisms on art. He calls Corot "the Mozart of Landscape," and says of Israels that he "is neither Millet nor Dickens, still less is he Shakespeare" . . . "he is not *a great poet like Millet*." Of R. A. M. Stevenson, he writes: "He had a kind of technical interest in Berlioz, as *a great artist in orchestral colouring and the romance of instrumentation*." Who can fail to perceive—Mr. Henley, least, perhaps, of all, although it runs counter to his amazing theory—that the arts stand in close relationship one to the other and admit of mutual interpretation? "A Note on Romanticism" is a model of erudite writing, and, apart from certain occasional theoretical eccentricities which, if persisted in, would limit the functions of the art critic to discussions on technique—scarcely any praise would seem too high to award to his terse and pregnant criticisms of the French, Dutch, and English painters, for the most part of the last century.

In *A Thames Camp*,[2] Mrs. Mabel Barnes-Grundy has done for the river what William Black did for the road, in *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*. We find much the same delightful *partie carrée*: a young married couple, the wife's bright unconventional sister, "Billy-the-Gardener," and an eligible suitor who, quite conventionally, proposes to the latter until he is accepted. The key-note of this idyl of the Thames Valley may be found in those words of Richard Jefferies: "Let us always be out of doors, among trees and grass, and rain and sun and wind. Let us get out of these

[1] *Views and Reviews: Essays in Appreciation.* By W. E. Henley. II. *Art.* London: David Nutt. 1902.

[2] *A Thames Camp.* By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.

narrow modern indoor days into the sunshine and pure wind. A something that the Ancients called Divine can be found and felt there still." There is an air of refined Bohemianism about this breezy book, a bubbling sense of the joy of living, and withal a sadder, deeper note at times, as for instance: "I think there is nothing more beautiful than the scent of rain-washed lilac. Just to lay your cheek against the wet and—closing your eyes—inhale its exquisite fragrance seems to me like a bit of heaven. And when I lay me down to die, I would like some kind friend . . . just to lay a bough of dewy lilac—if it be possible to get—on my pillow and another in my hands, and leave the rest to the Lord, for surely the scent of wet lilac is one of the treasures of the Kingdom of God, and would help and comfort one more in the dark, lonely crossing of the Valley, than any prayer made by man."

Bilingual Teaching in Belgian Schools [1] is the title given by Mr. T. R. Dawes to the Report of two visits, comprising thirteen weeks, to Belgium in 1889 as Gilchrist Travelling Student. Through the good offices of the Belgian Minister of Education he was enabled to inspect educational institutions of every order, from the primary school to the university, the only schools unvisited by him being the village schools and those maintained by the Catholic clergy with the aid of subsidies from the State. The clergy now warmly encourage the study of Flemish—a language which for two centuries they had proscribed from hatred of the heretical works published in it. Flemish, once regarded with contempt, has now ousted French as the language of the Law Courts. Mr. Dawes hopes that his "report may have the same effect in developing the teaching of Modern Languages according to the best methods, and of showing that the utilisation for educational purposes of the native language of a country—though this language may not be widely used outside its borders—tends to aid the acquisition of other Modern Languages." The second language should be taught by the natural or direct method, *i.e.*, without having recourse to translation, save when it is necessary to establish a close and direct communication between words and ideas.

The Story of Westminster Abbey [2] is told in a delightful manner, as might be expected from so accomplished a writer as Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt. In a bright and modest introduction the author disarms the criticism which diffidence alone could cause her to dread, by admitting that "many events have of necessity been crowded into a few lines when a few chapters would not have done them justice, while I plead guilty to having dwelt at greater length on some

[1] *Bilingual Teaching in Belgian Schools.* By T. R. Dawes, M.A., Lond., Headmaster of the Pembroke County School. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1902.

[2] *The Story of Westminster Abbey, being some Account of that Ancient Foundation, its Builders, and those who Sleep therein.* By Violet Brooke-Hunt. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1902.

names than is perhaps warranted by their actual position in history. Broadly speaking, my desire has been, firstly, to consider the Abbey as including the Palace of Westminster, and to weave men and events connected with both into the story; secondly, to try and make clear how wonderfully representative, how all-embracing, is this glorious old church, with its continual reminder to us that though former things may pass away, new things for ever spring up to fill the empty places." We like the way in which Miss Brooke-Hunt has interwoven passages from old-world poets and chroniclers into the text of her story. The book is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with "The Kings and Queens in the Abbey"; the second takes us "Among the Monuments."

Bearing in mind the prodigious annual output of trashy novels, it is strange that we never come across a volume of short stories—surely the most attractive literary recreation that can be found for jaded brains—by an unknown writer. Now and then, of course, a novelist of established reputation publishes a collection of short stories, but so inferior, as a rule, are such productions, when compared with his more ambitious works, that we hesitate whether to class them as "pot-boilers" or to conclude that their author is employing a medium with which he is hardly familiar. Ouida, whose *Frescoes* are veritable gems, is the only instance to the contrary that occurs to us for the moment. In *Sir Theodore's Guest and other Stories*,[1] by Grant Allen, we like the title-story least of all. Wherein lies the humour of representing an archbishop, who had previously been headmaster of Rugby, as indulging in a freak so wantonly destructive to his host's property that only the veriest Hooligan could have conceived and executed it? *The Next Presentation* describes the poisoning of an aged incumbent under circumstances of almost inconceivable atrocity. *His Last Chance* is a powerful story of thrilling interest, as is also *A Woman's Hand;* indeed, the latter, and *Luigi and the Salvationist*, are the only tales which cannot be classed as morbid.

Thanks to the patient labours of her accomplished translator, Miss A. S. C. Wallis's novels are now almost as widely read in England as those of her illustrious countrymen, Maarten Maartens. As both *In Troubled Times* and *Royal Favour*[2] have already passed through several English editions, any detailed criticism of them would seem superfluous. Five years elapsed between the publication of these novels, during which period Miss Wallis unquestionably achieved a greater mastery of her art; her style gained a vigour and terseness which was lacking in her first book, *In Troubled Times*

[1] *Sir Theodore's Guest and other Stories.* By Grant Allen. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. 1902.

[2] *In Troubled Times.* Translated from the Dutch of A. S. C. Wallis by E. J. Irving. New Edition. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902. *Royal Favour.* By A. S. C. Wallis. Translated from the Dutch by E. J. Irving. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

—a marvellous performance, only paralleled in the case of the Brontés, for a girl of twenty. Although her sympathies are evidently on the side of the Reformers in this story of the Netherlands during the government of Margaret of Parma and the Duke of Alva, Miss Wallis strives, though with indifferent success, to treat with impartiality that struggle wherein politics and religion were inextricably confused. *Royal Favour* is not so much an historical study of Eric XIV. of Sweden's ruthless Chancellor, Göran Person, as an heroic prose poem. Both novels belong to the subjective historical school, and the method of psychological analysis is employed in both. The printing of Swedish proper names is not always accurate, *e.g.*, Smäland for Småland, and the modern spelling Lejonhufvud is certainly preferable to Lejonhuf wud.

The Searchers,[1] by Margaretta Byrde, is a religious novel in the best sense of the term, the key-note to which is struck in the lines from Browning, quoted on the title-page, which give utterance to the poet's craving for "a living Christ, a Christ in the world, a Christ in the individual life, a Christ for ever at the right hand of God, whose presence everywhere was the answer to all problems, the meaning of all experience, the hope of a groping, suffering, failing, yet ever-aspiring humanity." The Rev. Hope Godwin is neither a prig, a pedant, nor a milksop, but a preacher of nebulous theological views, and deeply imbued with the missionary spirit, whose magnetic personality attracts the better natures of all with whom he comes into contact. He is heavily handicapped in his ministry by a misogynistic father, whose drink-besotted brain conceives the final tragedy; but is encouraged by his sister Hesper, glib of tongue and quick at repartee. Then we have Spring Lindisfarne, the lady journalist, who at first seems destined to be the heroine; her uncle, Major Gamaliel K. Spring, with his fund of dry humour and decidedly American views on divorce; her easy-going artist-lover, Dick Benson, who eventually marries Eve Brayton, a beauty with a past. Judged as a first novel, *The Searchers* is a remarkable achievement. Strong in characterisation, subtle in psychological insight, it is marred, however, by looseness of construction and complexity of plot. Some day, no doubt, Margaretta Byrde—we cannot help suspecting that this is a pseudonym—will learn the art of economising her material, out of the superabundance of which an experienced novel writer could easily, in this instance, have made three or even four stories. *The Searchers* exhibits great but immature power, and is full of promise in the near future.

The seventh issue of *One and All Gardening*, 1902,[2] edited by

[1] *The Searchers: A Story in Four Books.* By Margaretta Byrde. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902.

[2] *One and All Gardening, 1902; and Popular Annual for Amateurs, Allotment-Holders, and Working Gardeners.* Edited by Edward Owen Greening. London: The Agricultural and Horticultural Association, Ltd., 92 Long Acre, London.

Mr. E. O. Greening, contains 200 pages profusely illustrated. Its most notable features are the "Garden of Fancy," by the editor; the "Queen of Flowers, the Rose," by T. V. Sanders; the "Culture of Peas," by H. T. Wright; and the "Potato," by S. B. Dicks. The work deserves to be carefully studied by all interested in gardening.

In *A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe from the Earliest Texts to the Present Day*,[1] of which the first volume is now before us, Professor Saintsbury has planned out a work so bold in conception and necessitating so prodigious an extent of reading that the mere thought of it is enough to appal the veriest glutton of books. The criticism with which Professor Saintsbury deals is "that function of the judgment which busies itself with the goodness or badness, the success or ill-success, of literature from the purely literary point of view. We shall meddle little with the mere transcendental æsthetic, with those ambitious theories of beauty and of artistic pleasure in general, which, fascinating and noble as they appear, have too often proved cloud-Junos. The business of interpretation . . . will have to be glanced at, as we come to modern times, with increasing frequency. The criticism or modified rhetoric is pretty much the same thing as the reasoned exercise of literary taste—the attempt, by examination of literature, to find out what it is that makes literature pleasant, and therefore good—the discovery, classification, and as far as possible tracing to their sources, of the qualities of poetry and prose, of styled metre, the classification of literary kinds, &c." It is said that the three functions of criticism in its widest sense are to interpret, to verify or sanction, and to judge, the last being its highest and purest office. Criticism is in part a limitation, in part an extension of Rhetoric. The first recorded criticism began in Greece, in connection with the Homeric poems, and as religion, philosophy, literature and art of all kinds were there inextricably connected and blended, it was probably allegoric in method. In the *Phædrus* and the *Republic* Plato's description of poetry proves that he was a critic of a very high order. Greek criticism ends with John of Sicily; Latin begins with Cicero and ends with Martianus Capella, a writer of the fifth century. Bede is the first name which meets us in mediæval criticism; but Dante, whose *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ* Professor Saintsbury has carefully analysed and appreciated, is undoubtedly the most remarkable in genius and range. No short notice could do more than the scantiest justice to a work which probably no other English man of letters could have undertaken with so scholarly an equipment and achieved with such exemplary patience and thoroughness as Professor Saintsbury has done.

[1] *A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe from the Earliest Texts to the Present Day.* By George Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. In three vols. Vol. i. Classical and Mediæval Criticism. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

POETRY.

PRETTY as *A Tale of True Love*[1] is, it would have been more convincing if Mr. Alfred Austin had told us why its heroine, after renouncing her aristocratic but impoverished lover, became the "selfish bride and paralysing wife" of the presumably rich man to whom he had let his dilapidated ancestral mansion. Cynics might say that the lady had done remarkably well for herself in securing the most eligible *parti* in the neighbourhood. *In the Forum* is finely conceived and executed; the following are its concluding stanzas:

"Build as man may, time gnaws and peers
Through marble fissures, granite rents;
Only Imagination rears
Imperishable monuments.

"Let Gaul and Goth pollute the shrine,
Level the altar, fire the fane:
There is no razing the divine;
The Gods return, the Gods remain."

The lyrical beauty of the lovers' colloquies in the classical idyl, *Polyphemus*, is enhanced by its setting of blank verse. Very pretty are the opening lines of *Beatrice:*

"She came into the April air,
And passed across the silvery lawn;
Blithe was her voice, her brow was bare,
And rippled from her radiant hair
The glow and glory of the dawn,—"

which serve as a soft Spring prelude to the solemn Winter symphony, when

"... though her gaze hath feebler grown,
Nor knows she what the children sing,
She sees the Lamb before the Throne,
And hears the Angels canticling."

The influence of Swinburne is noticeable throughout *The Crossing of the Century*, which begins thus:

"How shall we comfort the dying Year?
Beg him to linger, or bid him go?
The light in his eyes burns dim and low,
His hands are clammy, his pulse beats slow,
He wanders and mumbles, but doth not hear.
The lanes are sodden, the leaf-drifts sere,

"And the wrack is weaving his shroud of white.
Do you not see he is weary quite
Of the languor of living, and longs for night?
Lo! He is gone! Now lower him down
In the snug-warm earth, 'neath the clods of brown
And the buds of the winter aconite."

[1] *A Tale of True Love and Other Poems.* By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. London: Macmillan & Co.

Of the minor pieces the palm must certainly be awarded to the powerful sonnet addressed *To Robert Louis Stevenson.* Mr. Alfred Austin's latest volume of graceful and artistic verse shows a distinct advance on its more immediate predecessors.

In his preface to *The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus,*[1] Mr. Edwyn Robert Bevan says that "the effect of a foreign original can only be given by a style which suggests that which most nearly corresponds to it in our own literature. . . . It follows that the style which best reproduces the effect of the Greek drama in English, would be one whose basis was that of the Elizabethan dramatists, but which was purged of Elizabethan eccentricities, with more of elemental breadth and simplicity by approximation to the language of the Bible, and in the specially sonorous and elaborate passages sounding of Milton . . . the Hebraic and Miltonic would be more pronounced in Æschylus than in Euripides, and in the same poet they would assert themselves in varying degrees. . . . It is only by fusing these different elements that the effect of the Greek drama can be given." With these canons of translation the Reviewer cordially agrees, and from them few, in his opinion, are likely to dissent. Mr. Bevan is happiest in his version of the choruses. Take, for instance, that beginning with Στένω σε τᾶς οὐλομένας τύχας, Προμηθεῦ:

"I wail, Prometheus, *Woe* for thy plague appalling:
And mine eyes are fountains of tears that incessant falling
Make wet my cheek with their springs.
For by laws of his own pleasure
Zeus rules, and bitter measure
In his pride of heart he dealeth
To them that of old were kings.

"And heaven with a cry from the utmost land is rended
For the worship that erst was thing and thy brethren's splendid
In the glory of ancient time.
Yea, for these thy tribulations
All mankind mourns, the nations
That have got their homes in Asia,
That are set in a holy clime."

Even if exception be taken to the rendering of Ἀσίας ἕδος νέμονται in the penultimate line, all must admit that the version is vigorous, poetical, and as literal as the conditions admit. The present is an age of literary activity unparalleled since that of Elizabeth, though inferior to the latter in creative achievement in the domain of poetry. The marvellous development of the historic imagination has quickened the faculty of eclectic reproduction, which, if applied to translations from the masterpieces of Greece and Rome, might preserve the literature of next generation of Englishmen from many of the evils with which it is menaced by the encroachments of the democracy.

[1] *The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus.* Rendered into English verse by Edwyn Robert Bevan. London: David Nutt. 1902.

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THE PEACE OF VEREENIGING.

BY a curious coincidence the news of peace in South Africa reached this country on the centenary of the rejoicings for the peace of Amiens. It is a fortunate thing for South Africa that the same remark may hold good of the two treaties. As was said at the time, the peace of 1802 was one of which every one was glad but no one was proud. It is true that the Boers by a formal document own themselves conquered and that they yield up a precarious independence. In reality, they obtain the object for which they fought, for, if the Treaty be faithfully carried out, it will, in the end, remove every pretext for imperial interference with the internal affairs of South Africa, and will thus bind South Africa firmly to the British Crown. Canada and Australia are loyal because they are practically independent states. If South Africa be left to manage its own concerns, it will have, like them, no pretext for disaffection.

We had stated by the voice of our most authoritative Cabinet Ministers that we would accept nothing from the Boers but an unconditional surrender. We have come to an agreement with them, and, moreover, to an agreement which has been sanctioned by the Boer Parliament specially elected for the purpose. If they have given up an independence, which, in the last resort, has always depended upon the fact that the sea power of England commands every road from Europe to South Africa, they receive the promise of self-government at a future date. If it is left to the English Government to fix that date, the Boers, on the other hand, secure that self-government unfettered by any pledges. They have not bound themselves to enter into any relations, whether federal, customs, or otherwise, with the remaining colonies and territories in

British South Africa; their landed property is restored to them free of any war tax, whilst the mines are declared to be liable to special taxation; they receive a sum of £3,000,000 free to restart them in life, with a promise of a loan, unlimited in amount, at 3 per cent., which will enable them to free themselves from their bondage to the Uitlanders who have advanced money on their holdings; they see a position assured to their language which closely resembles the conditions allowed in the British Isles themselves to Welsh. Finally, by handing all questions connected with the settlement of the political rights of the natives over to the Colonial Parliaments, when established, the Imperial Power, as Mr. J. B. Robinson has pointed out, removes from its shoulders a weight, too grievous to be borne, which has been the cause during the past century of nearly every trouble between the Dutch and English races. In addition an agreement with the Portuguese Government assures to Pretoria and the Randt the full advantage which accrues to them from their geographical position relative to Lourenço Marques, so far as the rates of railway carriage are concerned; whilst an understanding, not the less binding because informal, relieves the Cape if not the Natal rebels from any real fear of punishment. On paper we are the victors, in fact we are the vanquished, but if ever a country has shown its political wisdom by conquering through its concessions to the conquered, England is that country. Yet, by this policy, which so closely resembles that by which Prince Bismarck won South Germany to the cause of the unity of Germany under a Protestant and a Prussian emperor, we are the gainers. It was the only course by which we could avoid the creation of a new Ireland in South Africa. It was the only policy which may yet make the rifles of the Boers as strong supports of the British Empire as the lances of the Bavarian Uhlans proved to Germany in the war of 1870. It is the reed not the oak which survives the hurricane unbroken.

> "Null' altra pianta, che facesse fronda
> O che 'ndurasse, vi puote aver vita;
> Però ch'alle percosse non seconda"

is true of the British Empire in South Africa. If Lord Kitchener's policy triumphs, it will triumph because it represents a sacrifice of our pride to our common sense.

In no particular is this more conspicuously seen than in our treatment of the question of the rebels. We leave their fate in the hands of their fellow citizens of Natal and of the Cape Colony, or, in other words, to a great extent in the hands of their own kinsfolk. As it is almost certain that when self-government is resumed at the Cape, a Bond Ministry will take office, their punishment is but little likely to be too severe. Natal, in the end, will follow the example of the Cape.

As regards our land policy, it is that by which we secured and retain the goodwill of Wales and of Scotland; it is the reverse of that by which we called the "Irish Question" into being.

Although Wales after the Civil War might justly have been treated as a conquered country, we allowed the soil to remain in the possession of the great Welsh houses who had held the land since Wales was Christian, we respected, in point of fact if not in theory, the religion of the country, although that religion, whether Catholic or Episcopalian, was identical with those which were persecuted in England by the Parliament at Westminster; and we allowed, and indeed encouraged, the translation of the Scriptures into the Welsh language. A century earlier we had united Wales with England, for the union of Wales with England by the Act of Union in 1535 is as real a fact as is the Union with Scotland in 1707, and had given her our law, our Parliamentary representation, and our police. If we substituted feudal tenures of land for the old tribal system, we at least left the land in the hands of the chiefs of the old race. Nearly every historic estate in Carmarthenshire or Glamorganshire, both amongst the firmest supports of Charles I., is held by the direct descendants of the old Welsh kings and nobles.

In Ireland, where undoubtedly we had received far greater provocation, we pursued exactly the opposite policy. From the time of Elizabeth to that of William III. we confiscated the land, we abolished the tribal tenure, and in its place gave over the soil to landlords sent from abroad to garrison a conquered country as a militia, alien in language, in religion, and in blood. We drove the natives from the rich soil of the valleys into the mountain bogs, and settled their holdings with yeomen from England and Scotland, Huguenot refugees from France, finally, with German Protestants exiled from the Palatinate. We proscribed the Roman Catholic religion for three centuries, overthrew the Brehon Law, and sought to stamp out the Irish language. An Irish Parliament, elected by brute force, refused to sanction that Treaty of Limerick under which the last champions of Irish independence had consented, in 1691, to lay down their arms. It would now be difficult to find even a single proprietor of the old Irish race in Tipperary, Cork, or Kerry. The aristocracy of the south of Ireland are the descendants of the Norman and of the Saxon. Strange as it may seem to those who look on the Ireland and the Wales of the present day, it was the wealth of Ireland which, in the seventeenth century, proved her ruin, and the poverty of Wales which proved her salvation. Cromwell, albeit by descent a man of Morganwg, recked naught of the riches which lay hid in the mud-flats before Cardiff, or beneath the bleak highlands which shut in the rich Vale of Glamorgan. He contented himself with sending the Welsh landlords before the Committee of Compounding to atone for their delinquencies by fines, which their

stubborn refusal to pay rendered, in the end, impossible of collection; but he left the Rices to rule at Dynevor, the Stradlings at St. Donat's, and the Kemeys at Cefn Mably, and at this day Wales vies with England in loyalty to a Crown worn by Edward VII. in right of his descent from the Tudors, Earls of Pembroke. There is no Welsh question.

Cromwell, however, unhappily for Ireland, well knew its latent wealth. He never really got beyond the prejudices of his youth, and to the men of Cromwell's youth Ireland bulked as large, as a field for colonisation, as do Manitoba or South Africa in the eyes of the men of the present day. Half the great merchants on the London 'Change, half the great squires who then made the counties west of Devizes Downs the richest portion of England, owed their wealth to their Irish investments. The great Earl of Cork, who had landed at Dublin as a boy with but thirty gold pieces in his pocket, had covered Munster with his iron-foundries and his cornfields. Before his death, in 1643, he could spend £1200 a month on the allowances of his four younger sons, and the town of Bandon Bridge, which he had founded as a garrison at his own expense to keep down the Desmonds, was as large as Londonderry, which had absorbed the capital of the twelve Great Companies of London. It is little wonder, then, that after every conquest of Ireland, from Elizabeth to William III., the eagles gathered round their prey, that a policy of force was substituted for a policy of conciliation, that English agriculturists and English manufacturers refused Ireland those equal rights which would have made her their rival, and that her fields were divided amongst military colonists. We have the Irish question with us to-day, and Irish brigades fought under the *Vierkleur* against Irish regiments in Natal.

Had Lord Kitchener listened to the counsels of the South African loyalists, it would have been, indeed, easy for him to call up another Ireland in South Africa. He had but to allow the banks to foreclose on their mortgages and to refuse a grant for the reconstruction of the devastated farms, and the Boers would have been cast out to wander over the earth as beggars whose land had passed into the hands of the greedy capitalists of Johannesburg. Lord Kitchener has proved himself to be a man even greater than Cromwell. Cromwell spared Wales because he did not know her riches; Lord Kitchener has heard more than enough of the latent wealth of our two new colonies.

His refusal to allow the Boers to be expelled from their holdings will remove one great temptation from the path of the Imperial Government. Nearly every scheme for the settlement of South Africa after the war had proceeded upon the assumption that vast areas of derelict, perhaps of confiscated, land would be available for settlement by State-aided British colonists, and that these

colonists, if organised as military settlements, would form an important element in holding down our new territories. The advocates of this policy ignored the fact that such military settlements, when established amongst civilised white populations in a country even partially occupied, have nearly always been failures. The German Government has for years tried the policy of buying up estates amongst the Poles of Posen in order to replace them with German settlers. The result has simply been the exacerbation of Polish national feelings. The military settlements of Russia and of Austria-Hungary succeded because the settlers were sent to occupy an unpeopled desert. The military settlements in Ireland failed where purely military—Ulster was not—partly from economic reasons, because the military settlers could not afford to outbid the rents offered by the Irish population, and so gradually became ousted from their holdings, partly because, through intermarriage with the women of the country, their children had become more Catholic and more Irish than the Irish themselves. Many a son of a saint who had cut down the Cavaliers like dogs at Drogheda fought under King James' banner against the defenders of Derry; many a son of a soldier, who had settled in the Transvaal during the former English occupation, fought against his father's old regiment during the late war. Such military colonies, when not costly failures owing to the inexperience and extravagance of their settlers, are usually a standing source of racial ill-will. The German Government wisely resisted the temptation to establish them in Alsace-Lorraine; the colonies of Alsatian and Lorrainer refugees in Algeria do much to keep up the bad feeling between the French and the Arabs. Their expense, if their establishment had been conducted on the plan drawn up by the late Mr. Rhodes, would have been enormous, amounting to £4000 per family, and the area on which they could have been settled would, according to the same authority, have been very limited, for only 4000 farms in the two Republics are suitable for occupation all the year round. Climatic reasons, in South Africa as in Spain, force the pastoralist to migrate with the seasons. Again, experience has proved that it would have been difficult to procure the right class of settler in sufficient numbers. Few of the Imperial Yeomanry desired to remain as agriculturists on the veldt. Until irrigation has been provided, no English soldier would have the capital (£150 as a minimum) or the experience to enable him to utilise the extent of ground which, in an unirrigated country, would be required for his support, and our great colonies greatly object to be stripped of their bone and sinew for the benefit of South Africa.

That grave difficulties would have arisen with the natives had the Boer element been detached from the soil is more than probable. The Boer system of administration was cheap because it was patri-

archal and ruled the native through fear not love. Our system would have been costly, yet ineffective, because it must have been carried out through a police imbued with English traditions, who have not been trained from their cradles to deal with the native. Whether the experiment of handing over the coloured man to be dealt with by the Colonial parliaments will, in the end, succeed, unless after a Native war, is, however, a doubtful question. Friction over disarmament forced the Imperial Government to take back Basutoland after handing it over to the Cape, and disarmament is likely to be a more crucial question than ever after the present war. It was equally inevitable that the Boers, and indeed all white Africanders, should object to political rights being bestowed on the natives without the consent of the white South Africans, whilst our permission to the Boers to retain their arms was rendered necessary by the fact that it would have been impossible to close the frontiers of German and Portuguese South Africa against smugglers and gun-runners. By an express convention, indeed, there is no line of Customs-houses between the Province of Mozambique and the Transvaal, which Mozambique produce enters free, because it would have proved impossible to keep up a frontier guard, save at an expense not warranted by the amount of trade.

We have also shown great wisdom in refusing to couple the grant of self-government with conditions as to the federation of South Africa. At present the majority of its white population is Dutch, and in a Federal Parliament there would necessarily be a Dutch majority, to the grave discontent of Natal and Rhodesia. A Customs Union may likewise have been found to be inadvisable, before the signature of the Anglo-Portuguese agreement of June 11, because the supply of labour on which the welfare of the Randt mines depends is mainly from Mozambique. The arrangement, indeed, stipulates that the Convention of 1875 shall not be an obstacle to the Customs Union of South Africa, which apparently Mozambique is to be at liberty to join. Luxemburg, politically an independent State, forms part of the German Zollverein. It is, however, the fact, and a fact which cannot be too often repeated, that our policy is on the lines followed by Prince Bismarck in his dealings with Bavaria. The treaty of peace between that Power and Prussia in 1866 included provisions for the payment of an indemnity of war, and for the restoration of the Zollverein which had existed since 1833. In February 1867 South Germany, by secret military conventions, placed her forces at the disposal of the North; in 1870, Bavarian Uhlans, under the command of the Prussian Kronprinz, led the way for the Prussian eagles to Versailles, and in 1871 the King of Bavaria proclaimed the restoration of the German Empire under a Protestant and a Hohenzollern in the Throne-room of Louis XIV. "Who goes slowly, goes far," and Bismarck won

the heart of Bavaria by his imagination and by his diplomatic talent.

We may claim the same praise for Lord Kitchener. He has won his victory by his tact and by his imagination. The tact by which he averted all trouble with Major Marchand at Fashoda, and the imagination which, in the hour of victory, led him to ask for subscriptions for his Soudan College, have not failed him in South Africa, where his measures with regard to religious teaching in the schools, whilst reconciling the claims of the Doppers with those of the Dutch Reformed Church, show a wisdom far greater than that of our own Education Bill. His recognition of the right of the blacks to education proves real foresight. Who can say how much the Empire owes to his cordial greeting of the Boer delegates or to the imagination which showed him the qualities of the rough fighters of the veldt? It was an advantage to the Empire that he had spent his childhood in an Ireland still blasted by her great famine, for it was in Ireland, doubtless, that he learnt to know what the love of the peasant for his plot of mother earth means; it was in the Brittany beside whose mobilists he fought in the Franco-German war, that he learnt to love the soldier, uncouth though he be, who can go into battle with his hymn to the Virgin on his lips, and the blessing of his priest still ringing in his ears. He, who has learnt to love and know the pilgrims whose rude Celtic chants ring out around the shrine of Saint Anne at Auray, can admire the rough peasants who throng to the "Nachtmaal," at Uitenhage, and who sing the Psalms of David in their own Dutch tongue around the camp-fires on the Tugela. "To know all is to understand all, and to understand all is to forgive all," is a saying which is as true of peoples as it is of individuals, and the first step to such knowledge is when a man learns to know and love the man of an alien blood. It is fortunate that the trainings of his childhood and of his boyhood has given Lord Kitchener this knowledge and this insight, for it is his knowledge of the Celt which gave him the key to unlock alike the heart of the Soudanese dervish and of the Boer saint. It is on this insight that he has founded his settlement of South Africa, a settlement on which may yet rise up a dominion as loyal to the Crown of England as are a Welsh Carmarthenshire or a Gaelic Inverness. If this be the case we shall have, indeed, won our battle by yielding, and may justly claim the blessing which is promised to the meek.

HUBERT READE.

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY ON WAR.

War is an inexhaustible subject. Much has been said concerning it, and although much still remains to be said, yet it is with extreme diffidence that one approaches anew so vast a theme.

First let us consider the great antiquity of war. It is the paramount fact in all human records, and can be traced back age after age, through all the races of man until it is lost in the obscurity of prehistoric times. From the days of ancient Israel, and those of Greece and Rome, from the time when it deluged the Middle Ages, right down to the present day, war has been the dominant note in the history of mankind. In the twilight of fable man engaged in strife with his fellow man, and still do wars and rumours of wars fill the world afar, and resound between nation and nation in this age called civilised, and this century called the twentieth of Christianity. Man, the acme of creation, having attained the highest perfection yet reached—man, as such, still wars with man. If we recognise these facts and then recollect how, in the world of nature, struggle for existence is the rule of life, does it not seem that the spirit of mutual strife is an anachronistic survival of those days when man was more akin to the beasts that perish? We know how man, as he evolved from the lower to the higher types, has cast aside the imperfections of his former state, but we have yet to see man cast aside that spirit which is not only willing for war but eager for it. The fact that war almost monopolises the records of the past is itself sufficient proof of the magnitude of the subject; and its importance is equally obvious. We admit that in bygone times progress may have followed in the wake of war, but to-day, as society is now constituted, the converse seems more correct; that war is necessarily the negation of progress. If this be so then there is danger to the peaceful progress of the world in the present-day ruinous race for supremacy in armaments, foreboding an Armageddon in the days to come.

The present being so different from the past we cannot now claim for war the services she rendered then. The past was an age of conflict, the present is one of competition; the past was an age of physique, the present is one of mind; and as war was well suited to the past, peace is the need of the present. In the past progress was through war, in the future progress will be through peace.

Hitherto the human faculties have been developed by the discipline of physical conflict, but henceforth we must look for further development in commercial competition.

War has so many sides, is of such magnitude and importance, and there are so many possible methods of treatment that one who sets himself to give the subject some consideration, however slight, is faced by many difficulties at the outset.

Carlyle treated war philosophically; John Bright more or less economically, and Tolstoi ethically.

No view of war can be correct unless it comprehends all these various aspects. One side of the question still remains to be fully emphasised and that is the teaching of history on war. The object of this article is not to attempt to supply that need but merely to indicate it in the hope of suggesting lines of possible research.

In taking up an attitude somewhat hostile to war it behoves us not to neglect what has been urged in its favour. Bagehot, in his *Physics and Politics*, has said that the struggle for existence, from the earliest down to the present time, has resulted in the survival of the fittest physically, and that this is the best thing for the human race in the long run, since those most fit physically will eventually tend to become most fit otherwise. How far does the doctrine of the survival of the fittest apply to the present day when urged in extenuation of modern wars or even when urged in favour of a rigid individualism in politics? We think it has yet to be proved, especially with regard to the present and the possibilities of the future, that the survival of the physically fittest necessarily implies the survival of the highest type of character. The Darwinian law may operate in favour of the sharpest and most cunning, but does it imply or guarantee the best development of the moral sense? The moral nature of man being distinct from, and without any organic connection with, his physical nature, the development of the latter does not involve a probable development of the former.

When the differences between men were less marked the survival of the physically fittest may have been the very best thing for the human race, but can we be certain that it applies with equal force to-day? A healthy savage may be immeasurably superior to a white man physically without ever becoming so morally. It is difficult to feel sure that Negroes or Chinamen, having sound physiques, will ever eventually develop the mental and moral capacities of Europeans.[1] It would be of interest to consider this question in relation to the Yellow Peril, but space forbids.

Herbert Spencer in one of his works says:

"We must recognise the truth that the struggles for existence between societies have been instrumental to their evolution. Neither the consoli-

[1] Of course the Greeks and Romans may have said the same concerning the Goths, but we must not forget that the latter were really of the same race as the former.

dation and the reconsolidation of small groups into large ones; nor the organisation of such compound and doubly compound groups; nor the concomitant developments of those aids to a higher life which civilisation has brought; would have been possible without inter-tribal and international conflicts. . . . Inconceivable as have been the horrors caused by this universal antagonism which, beginning with the chronic hostilities of small hordes tens of thousands of years ago, has ended in occasional vast battles of immense nations, we must nevertheless admit that without it the world would still have been inhabited only by men of feeble types, sheltering in caves and living on wild food."

With regard to war in the past we may be prepared to admit the truth of the foregoing statements, but can we believe they hold good when applied to war to-day? Herbert Spencer himself denies the truth of his logic with regard to the future; for he goes on to say that "the inter-social struggle for existence which has been indispensable in evolving societies will not necessarily play in the future a part like that which it has played in the past"; that "the possibilities of a high social state, political as well as general, fundamentally depends on the cessation of war"; and that "permanent peace will of necessity be followed by social ameliorations of every kind."

When nation really fought nation, when the majority of the units were personally engaged, when the struggle was hand to hand, the whole people reaped what benefits war had to confer. But when the battles are fought by standing armies, as they are to-day, the effect on the nation is quite different, and war loses whatever virtue it might otherwise have possessed. The greatest laurel claimed for war is that it has been a potent factor in the evolution of the race, and it has undoubtedly rendered this service up to a certain point, but not beyond it. In proportion as the inhabitants of a nation have ceased to fight for themselves, and have paid others to do so instead, war has ceased to be a prominent factor in social evolution. This is illustrated in history by the decline which overtook those countries that engaged mercenary troops to fight their battles. No one would claim that the spectators at our league football matches are physically benefited by the game. Instead of playing themselves for the sake of pastime or exercise they have abandoned the game to professionals, and content themselves with looking on. A similar transition has taken place with regard to war. Perhaps this point will be illustrated by quoting some passages from Ruskin on the subject. He says:

"Whatever virtue or goodliness there may be in this game of war, rightly played, there is none when you play it with a multitude of human pawns . . . for the final testing you must make the issue of battle strictly dependent on fineness of frame and firmness of hand. You must not make it the question which of the combatants has the longest gun, or which has got behind the biggest tree, or which has the wind in his face, or which has gunpowder made by the best chemists, or iron smelted with

the best coal, or the angriest mob at his back. Decide your battle, whether of nations or individuals, on those terms—and you have only multiplied confusion, and added slaughter to iniquity."

It has been urged by many that an acquaintance with war gives strenuousness of character. This may be true, but it has been greatly exaggerated. The practice of war as witnessed in history does not seem to supply us with the results which this theory demands. Probably no countries have been more deluged in blood than have Italy and the Netherlands; both of which, at different times, served as the cockpits of Europe. If ever a people, one generation after another, saw war in all its grandeur and grimness surely it was the inhabitants of those countries; yet after such a cumulative experience one does not discern any peculiarly striking characteristic in either the Italians or the Duch to-day. If it be true that an acquaintance with war stimulates the heroic virtues, in nations as in individuals, we are surely justified in expecting both these peoples to be distinctly above the average of mankind. But they are not.

Although war is such a conspicuous fact in history it has been most ineptly treated by historians. It has been over-emphasised, inordinately eulogised, and magnified beyond all proportion. Many historians seem to have lost sight of its true significance, especially in its relation to other facts, and have allowed themselves to be blinded by the dazzling brilliance of mere military narrative. The causes and effects of wars have been too often obscured by a mass of minor details. Some historians have treated the wars of the past too much like newspaper correspondents chronicling the wars of the present. They have simply accumulated incidents, however irrelevant and unimportant, strung them together in a more or less connected manner and called the result history—which it is not. In English history John Richard Green was perhaps the first man to give war its proper place. In the preface of his *Short History of the English People*, he says:

"I have preferred to pass lightly and briefly over the details of foreign wars and diplomacies, the personal adventures of kings and nobles, the pomp of courts, or the intrigues of favourites, and to dwell at length on the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual, and social advance in which we read the history of the nation itself. It is with this purpose that I have devoted more space to Chaucer than to Cressy, to Caxton than to the petty strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian, to the Poor-law of Elizabeth than to her victory at Cadiz, to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the Young Pretender. Whatever the worth of the present work may be, I have striven throughout that it should never sink into a 'drum and trumpet history.' It is the reproach of historians that they have too often turned history into a mere record of the butchery of men by their fellow men."

What John Richard Green has done with the history of England it still remains for some genius to do with the whole history of

Europe. The majority of the works on the subject in our own language are supremely illustrative of the worthlessness, from a true historical point of view, of detailed descriptions of oscillating triumphs. They reveal to us the sophistry of history which consists in a pedantic narration of facts—facts—facts—barren in themselves, insignificant and of no vital import either internationally or to the nations concerned. Of what consequence is it to know that in some minor skirmish between two third- or fourth-rate powers, so many cavalry and infantry were engaged on either side; that the right and the left were commanded by so-and-so; that the order of battle was first thus and then thus; that the centre retreated, the flanks advanced, and after so many hours fighting the battle ceased, the issue being uncertain; a useless treaty agreed to, such and such villages—too insignificant to be marked on an ordinary atlas—were exchanged; that the net result therefrom was nil, things being restored to the *status quo ante bellum*, or else the same insensate folly abortively repeated and duly narrated by the so-called historian?

Let us not be misunderstood. We believe that there is urgent necessity for a faithful and detailed record of military campaigns. Generals in all ages have been indebted to the experience gained from the past; and such must ever be the case. Many of Napoleon's greatest achievements were merely successful imitations or combinations of stratagems formerly used by Turenne, Marlborough, and others. We should like to see the purely military facts separated, as far as possible, from the sequence of political events. When the two are combined the military details are too meagre to be of any service in themselves, and only tend to obscure political history.

It is a truism that history repeats itself, but in nothing is this more correct than in the teaching of history upon the subject of war. Despite difference of circumstance, race, and epoch, the same causes have led to, and the same effects have resulted from, war. It is equally true that the merits and demerits of a war can only be estimated at a period remote from the event. The Emperor Hadrian has been condemned for checking the Asiatic expansion of Trajan, but history testifies to the wisdom of his policy. Had Rome possessed more rulers whose aim was to consolidate and to organise rather than to promote expansion, the Empire would have had a less inglorious end. The Byzantine Empire under Justinian appeared dazzling in its splendour and strength: the frontier was extended towards Persia; Africa was reconquered; Italy once more subdued; parts of Spain regained; and the Avars held at bay. It looked as though the ancient glory of empire was about to revive with new might. But this was only the external view; the internal was quite different. Within, the Empire was rapidly and visibly declining; the people were first enervated by luxury and then im-

poverished by heavy and successive taxation. The regained provinces and the extended frontiers of Justinian only served to hasten the fall of the Empire under his successors. It is quite possible that Constantinople never would have fallen to the Turk had the Eastern Emperors pursued less ambitious or less selfish policies; but a dazzling and hazardous foreign policy has been ever more attractive than domestic reform. Nations have fought, and have fought even to exhaustion, in pursuit of an impossible ideal. Witness Germany sacrificing through a thousand years her national unity upon the altar of the holy Roman Empire.

History with no uncertain voice seems to emphasise the futility and the abortiveness of aggressive war. The policies of Richelieu and Louis XIV. were certainly glorious, and succeeded in giving France a temporary period of brilliancy and power in Europe. But their objects melted away, and left no solid nor lasting gain, but only helped to produce the Revolution. Like so many other historical catastrophes this one might well have been avoided if only the kings of France had substituted domestic reform for foreign aggression. Throughout her history France has ever stood in need of statesmen like Sully, Colbert, and Turgot; but of such no nation ever possessed fewer, and no nation ever heeded less the few she did possess. War ministers and warrior kings France has brought forth in abundance. But in what is she benefited by them to-day? Had Colbert had his way he might have done much to mitigate, if not to prevent, the tragedy of 1789. So fast as he harboured the resources of the country so fast did Louis, and his popular war minister Louvois, spend them. Yet Colbert became so unpopular that at his death he had to be buried in the dead of night for fear of violence from the mob, whose ideal was Louvois. What irony is this! Than Colbert no man did more for the welfare of France; than Louvois no man did less.

All the great military triumphs of Napoleon have vanished, and for them France is not the richer but the poorer. She has paid the price for these prodigies of valour in political instability. Her short-lived glory was dearly bought. Her Empire, won by the sword, perished by the sword and left nothing whereof to boast but a name. Even when Napoleon was at the very pinnacle of power; when France was intoxicated by her domination of Europe, the economic condition of the country was so bad that grass grew in the streets of Marseilles and Bordeaux.[1] Nevertheless men have always been ready to fall down and worship any golden image. Doubtless Napoleon thought less of his domestic affairs than he did of his foreign policies; yet, although his phenomenal conquests have

[1] It is said that the stature of the average Frenchman of to-day is shorter by at least one inch than it was before the Napoleonic wars. The men with the best physiques were needed in the army; and the majority of them perished, leaving the weaker ones at home to procreate the race.

completely passed away, his civil administration has endured even unto this day. Napoleon's Code and the systems of local government and church government, of finance, judicature, and education which he initiated have all more or less defied time; whereas he himself survived all the results from his military triumphs. We do not infer from the foregoing that all wars are as futile as they; on the contrary, we recognise that many have been quite the reverse, though in number they are considerably fewer.

Whether a war has been beneficial or baneful in its effect will usually, though not invariably, correspond to whether it has been a war of ideals or one of ambition. Civil wars, for instance, though the most deplorable are often the most fruitful of good for the very reason that they are generally conflicts for ideals: like the civil war of England in the seventeenth century or the civil war of America. But if civil wars are not wars of ideals then they are the most destructive and retrogressive of all—as illustrated by the wars of the roses in England and the civil wars of France. The same distinction in a great measure applies to wars in which one combatant is an imperfectly organised community, such as those waged by the Swiss, Dutch, Americans, and the Greeks for their independence; the war for Italian unity and the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. So far as the rest of Europe was concerned the wars waged to overthrow Louis XIV. and Napoleon were eminently successful; but to judge those struggles from such a standpoint is to place ourselves in a false position and to arrive at a wrong conclusion. We must distinguish between the offensive and the defensive and be careful to judge a war always by its effects upon the aggressor.

The influence of war upon nations is illustrated, perhaps, as well by contrasting the history of England with that of the Continental countries as in any other way. Why is England so great to-day? And by what means has she attained such greatness? Compared with the other great nations, England, throughout her history, seems to have been the least at war. She has worked out her own salvation by concentrating her attention more upon internal than upon external affairs. The wars she has waged have been, on the whole, more judicious and less reckless or internecine than those of the rest of Europe. All along, England has conserved her energy, instead of dissipating it; and herein lies the secret of her immeasurable power. Whilst the Continent of Europe was being wasted by the feuds of Guelfs and Ghibellines and exhausted by the Crusades, we were gaining Magna Charta; whilst Germany was in the throes of the Great Interregnum, we were struggling for a Parliament under Simon de Montfort; whilst Europe was being overrun by *condottieri*, we were trying a constitutional experiment under the Lancastrian dynasty; whilst the Continental nations were being convulsed with the Thirty Years' War and the Fronde, we

were struggling for political liberty in the Puritan Revolution; and finally, whilst France was perishing to the sound of *Te Deums*, our constitutional struggles were culminating in that era marked by the expulsion of the Stuarts. Although during all this time England was *primâ facie* pursuing a Little Englander policy, nevertheless that policy contained within itself the seeds of the mightiest Empire ever yet seen.

The commercial activity of the world had its inception upon the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile, with Greece it passed to the Ægean, with Carthage and Rome it passed to the Mediterranean, and after the discovery of America the scene of commercial struggle passed from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and the places of Venice and Genoa were taken by the five western powers. Portugal was submerged beneath the power of Spain, and in 1588 Spain was overthrown by England. Next we supplanted Holland, and then in 1688 we began that struggle with France which ended in her collapse and our supremacy.[1] France failed through aiming at military supremacy in Europe at the same time as she was striving for trans-oceanic supremacy in America, and in India, and paramountcy upon the seas. The history of England shows how instead of wasting her substance in riotous living she has stayed at home, as it were, and developed those political institutions which have since served as a model for all the civilised world. For this reason alone, if for no other, the British, along with the Greeks and the Romans, will ever be revered as long as the human race continues. Mommsen, in his *History of Rome*, says that

"the universal empire of Rome, far from appearing as a gigantic plan contrived and carried out by an insatiable thirst for territorial aggrandisement, appears to have been a result which forced itself on the Roman government without, and even in opposition to, its wish. . . . The Romans always asserted that they did not pursue a policy of conquest, and that they were always the assailed rather than the assailants: and this was something more, at any rate, than a mere phrase."

As it was with Rome so has it been with England. We waited for our Empire to grow up, as it were, inevitably around us instead of expending ourselves in a premature grasp for universal dominion. Thus history teaches that the indirect road to power is safer and surer than the direct one, and that as he who aims at happiness misses his mark, so also that nation which aims merely at Empire likewise misses it. A nation which has the patience by a wise and consistent domestic policy to develop to the uttermost the physical and moral well-being of its members must finally be the dominating

[1] It is of considerable historical interest to notice how the three great maritime and colonial empires of modern times have been opposed by the Dutch. First came the struggle with Spain led by William the Silent; then that with France led by William of Orange—both of which were successful—and lastly their descendants the Boers, have been struggling with the English.

power in the world. Nevertheless, nearly all nations, at one time or another, have preferred to turn aside at a siren's bidding in pursuit of a gossamer glory.

It may be urged further as an indictment against historians that they are exceedingly partial in the distribution of praise. Warrior kings and generals have always met with a full measure of attention, even if they have proved but brilliant failures bringing woe in the wake of their triumphal processions. Whilst for them the cup of their glory has been filled full to the brim and running over, it has too often fallen to the lot of their unhappy successors to drink the bitter dregs. The glamorous renown of bellicose heroes is due often as much to pacific predecessors, who have harboured the resources of their countries, as it is to their own military genius. History teems with examples of how economic development under pacific rule has pioneered the way for the soldier hero, who after expending these hard-gotten gains for nought, allocates all the glory unto himself and departs, leaving disaster behind. The more peaceful and less significant reigns of Henry II., Conrad II., and Henry III., may have contributed more to the welfare of Germany than did the succeeding military glory or the personal activity of Barbarossa; yet the latter monopolises the place of honour in spite of the prostrate condition in which he left the kingdom to his son Henry VI. The constitutional reforms of our Henry II. made possible the military extravagances of Richard Cœur de Lion, for whose heroic virtues England paid the penalty under King John. Without the constructive policy of Gustavus Vasa it is doubtful whether Gustavus Adolphus could ever have had such a conquering career. It was the domestic administration of Henry IV. and Sully which enabled Louis XIV. to pose before the world as Le Grand Monarque; nevertheless, in spite of this so-called golden age of Louis XIV., his legacy to France was none other than the misery which followed under Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Sweden never would have endured the evil of an absentee king had she not previously been benefited by domestic reorganisation under Charles XI.; and it was this fact alone which enabled Charles XII. to plunge into his mad career of military prodigies; but after this phenomenal king came the partition of the Swedish dominions. Similarly, Frederick William I. of Prussia led the way for Frederick the Great. Wellington's is a great name in English history, and has rightly received considerable eulogy; yet it may be that he has received some of the praise which is due to others as well as that which he earned for himself. We very much doubt whether England could have stood the strain of the Napoleonic wars, especially when we recollect the distress that followed from 1815 to 1822, if she had not previously enjoyed the pacific administration of Walpole. Let us then render honour to whom honour is due, and guard against distributing excessive and

disproportionate praise. The above incidents conclusively prove that without a good previous home policy no successful foreign one would be possible. Both Richelieu and Napoleon had to carry out reforms at home before pursuing aggression abroad, and even under these conditions military ambitions have proved too often absolutely futile, and have not infrequently re-introduced disorder into the nation.

After all, how transient is the glory of the soldier when compared with that of the poet or philosopher! In spite of the antiquity of war the names of the world's great generals can be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. No opening is better for mediocrity than the profession of arms, and nowhere amongst the annals of mankind is mediocrity more profuse or more perpetuated in memory. Of all labour in this world that of the soldier is the least permanent and the most unenduring, but of all labour it is that which is extolled the most. The votaries of Mars have been encircled by an imaginary halo of sentimental glory, and have received deferential and undiscriminating homage far too long. No platitude in our language is more true than that which says that the pen is mightier than the sword. Whose work has influenced the modern world the more, that of Marlborough or that of Isaac Newton?

Nevertheless, we must acknowledge that if peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, so also peace hath her perils no less pronounced than war. A sense of complete security, generating luxury and pleasure, will often produce enervation of character. Yet to argue therefrom the necessity for a continuance of war is inconclusive logic. The most graphic indictment of the dangers of peace in our language is from the pen of John Ruskin.

"War," he says, "is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. . . . The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourished together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilisation, but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together: that on her lips, the words were—peace and sensuality—peace and selfishness—peace and death. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word and strength of thought in war; that they were nourished in war and wasted in peace; taught by war and deceived by peace; trained by war and betrayed by peace—in a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace."

That the above contains an element of truth cannot be denied, that that truth is greatly exaggerated all will admit. To save ourselves from such evils as are there portrayed the only logical conclusion seems to be to wage continuous war. Yet, surely there is truth in the words of Herbert Spencer, that "from war has been gained all that it had to give," and though civilisation has gained

much from the early conflicts of societies, "only further evils are to be looked for from the continuance of militancy in civilised nations." Even John Ruskin himself would hardly have recommended for practice such a panacea as this of continuous warfare, although he may seem to imply it in a rhetorical lecture delivered before a Royal military academy. What is true of the past is not necessarily correct for the present. All that Ruskin claims for war may have been true in the strenuous days of Thermopylæ, in the chivalrous times of Saladin, or in the romantic ages like those portrayed in Chevy Chase, but we doubt whether it is true now or likely to be in the future. In the bygone days there was glory of war in personal prowess, but now there remains only the ignominy of it in the unseen influence of the Stock Exchange. The times are different, and the old-world-time logic is not wholly true to-day.

Robert J. Sturdee.

1902.

MORAL OF THE LATE WAR.

It is deplorable that modern history is so little studied as it is in the present day. Were it not so almost universally ignored, the war that has at last come to an end would not have cost us hard upon a quarter of a billion of pounds sterling and three myriads of lost or at least spoilt and broken lives, nor would what was a peaceful, happy, smiling land less than three years ago be now a howling wilderness, nor the hearts of a religious and harmless people have been filled perhaps for ever with implacable hate and thirst for vengeance. Never prophesy unless you know. But by the study of history you *do* know. By it, to use the great poet's words,

> "old experience doth attain
> To something of prophetic strain."

By it I prophesied in my *Thoughts of a Lifetime* in 1886 our annexation of Egypt and Burmah. By it I prophesied in the *Westminster Gazette* in 1895 the fatal consequences of the abandonment of Parliamentary Reform by the late Rosebery Government, and by it I prophesied in the *Echo* in 1899 the desperate and long-protracted struggle that the Boers would make for their dearly beloved liberty. Had we studied the pages of Tacitus, we should have known how nobly their ancestors struggled for their freedom under Civilis against the overwhelming power of ancient Rome. Had we studied the pages of Schiller, Prescott, and Motley, we should have known how for eighty years their ancestors struggled for their independence against Spain, that was then what we are now, the greatest power in the whole world. They were burnt, they were hanged, they were drowned, they were slain on the field of battle, they were massacred in the taking of their towns, they were murderously made away with in every imaginable manner, men, women and children alike, quite indiscriminately, but they still held on till they won it at last at the Peace of Westphalia. Had we studied the pages of Michelet, James and Voltaire, we should have known what innumerable miseries of death, beggary, starvation, separation of parents from children, and exile, their Huguenot ancestors suffered at the hands of Louis XIV. rather than forsake the Protestant faith; and how their Dutch ancestors were prepared

to abandon all, all, all, and fly the world's whole width away to an Australasian self-banishment, when our Charles II. basely conspired with his fellow-tyrant, the aforesaid Louis, to enslave and subjugate them; and how they opened their dykes at last and made their land a standing pool, and so escaped the fate that seemed utterly inevitable almost by miracle. And as their ancestors have heroically withstood the three greatest sovereignties of their respective eras, even so now that we are become the greatest have they withstood us. And what have we gained? France intervened, with nothing to get, in our contest with our American colonies; it was therefore in the highest degree probable that Germany would have interfered in the late war, with everything to get, and as France and Russia would, no doubt, have been her allies, our utter ruin would have been inevitable, and England would have been another Rome.

But even as it is, what have we gained? The loss of a quarter of a billion of money, and three myriads of lives, thousands of families in mourning, a return to protection, a solitude which we mock with the name of peace, in Boeria, and a South African Ireland ten thousand times worse than Ireland ever was, even at its worst estate, and ten thousand times more deadly a peril to us in the time to come. A truly Pyrrhic victory—a truly dear-bought revenge for Majuba! All this I prophesied, because I clearly foreknew, and still I prophesy for the same all-sufficient reason. Just the same people that approved of the War of American Independence, just the same people that approved of the Opium War with China, just the same people that approved of the Crimean War, just the same people that sided with the South against the North in the great American Anti-Slavery War, have been all for the late war. And as public opinion has ruled most decidedly against them in all the other cases, so I prophesy with the utmost possible certainty will it rule against them in the days of our children, even if not in our own.

But let not the reader imagine that I am seeking in this essay to obtain an easy triumph over a political opponent. My object is a very different and an immeasurably higher one. As regards peace and war, it is a melancholy truth that whilst Conservative Ministries do wrong believing it to be right, and therefore should be beaten with few stripes, Liberal Ministries do wrong perfectly well knowing it to be so, and therefore should be beaten with many. Take two record instances—the Opium War with China and the Crimean War. The Opium War was the most infamous war that ever disgraced humanity. I cannot imagine a war more supremely infamous. Most historical students would perhaps say that the third Punic war should win the great Satan's prize; and certainly the cynical injustice of it makes one's blood boil; but in comparison with the Opium War it was a war of the very purest patriotism. How then

could it have been waged by a Liberal Government? Even so. Lord Melbourne sent out orders that the efforts of the Chinese Government to suppress a trade so utterly damnable should be seconded, or at least, implicitly submitted to; but, meanwhile, our superintendent sent to India for ships "to protect the lives and property of English subjects," and when the reply of the Home Government came, finding it not to his taste, threw it into the waste-paper basket, and instead of instantly recalling and cashiering him, the Home Government meekly submitted, and let the war go on, to the utter perdition of millions of Chinese, both soul and body, from then till now.[1] The Crimean War again. Never was, or well could be, a Government more theoretically devoted to peace than the Aberdeen Government, yet did it with drivelling, anile imbecility allow its ambassador at Constantinople to drift it into war. This was bad enough, but what follows is worse. The Turks won the battle of Guirgevo, and the Russian army was thereby compelled to beat a retreat; and thus the deliverance of the principalities being secured, it was obvious that the objects for which the Western Powers undertook the war had been already attained. If, then, England had been free from passion and craving for adventure, the war would have been virtually at an end on the day when the Russian army completed its retreat from the country of the Danube, and re-entered the Czar's dominions, How came it then to pass that, rejecting the peace, which seemed to be thus ensured by the mere course of events, a Liberal Government, professedly devoted to the cause of peace, instead of withdrawing its declaration of war and *un*withdrawing its ambassadors, determined to undertake the invasion of a Russian province (Kingslake's *Crimea*, vol. ii., pp. 221–2). How do I know that a Liberal Government would not have waged the late war? It would not have waged it of its own free will, I dare-say. Like a Jack-in-the-box, it would have wanted external pressure; but that is cold comfort for one that believes that the next time the pitcher goes to the well it will break; that the next straw will break the camel's back; that our next war will ruin us.

Now, how are we to prevent the ruin that, as things are now going, is the deadest of certainties? We have had enough of war for the next few years, but then will come a war with Russia, or a war over Portuguese East Africa,[2] whether a Liberal or a Conservative Government be in, it matters not the tenth part of a rotten farthing, unless—unless two things—unless Liberal Governments learn wisdom, or unless the English people does.

[1] I have taken the above from Macarthy's, but according to Miss Martineau's more complete account, Lord Palmerston left Captain Elliot's application to the Home Government unanswered for several months, and then allowed a great national crime to be committed rather than expose his own scandalous remissness to public censure.

[2] Hence the extreme bitterness of Portugal during the late war; its next door neighbour's house being on fire, its own was obviously in danger.

I decline to put the very smallest confidence in any Liberal Government unless it solemnly pledges itself on oath not to hold office in time of war under any circumstances whatsoever. And I utterly refuse to account any man a Liberal unless he holds with me that all war not in self-defence is wholesale murder. Parliamentary Reform *was*, prior to 1899, but peace or war *is* the one great question of questions now.

The history of the late reign, that of the late war especially, proves that modern history should be made a compulsory subject in all public examinations. The most elementary knowledge of modern history would have made the late war utterly impossible. Every schoolboy would have known that it was an utter anachronism. And that is quite the most singular feature of it. *It is the only anachronistic war I can call to mind throughout all history.* The trend of modern history has been with ever increasing force towards self-government—the free and independent government of each civilised state by itself—from the War of American Independence to the final establishment of republicanism in Cuba. The partition of Poland was an atrocious, and the annexation of Finland by Russia in 1812 a partial, violation of this law. But ever since the tremendous upheaval of the great French Revolution, the law has become absolute. Every intended rising, every foreign war in Europe, has had the fulfilment of it for its object. The law is still, I am aware, far from being completely carried out. We still, to our shame, hold Malta; and France, to her loss, holds Corsica; and Switzerland, Austria, and Turkey are what they are and will be till the death of Francis Joseph. But all will come early in the present century under the absolute control thereof, the British Empire in its morbid jealousy now of France and now of Russia, being the only disturbing influence. And even *it* has obeyed the last and greatest of political discoveries in the cession of the Ionian Isles to Greece and of Heligoland to Germany; but under the devilish influence of that worst of wholesale murderers, Napoleon III., it retarded its action some half century ago, and has most flagrantly violated it in the late war. And therefore as only the great defender of Sebastopol—Todleben—won an immortality of glory in the Crimean, so only the heroic sweep-runners—De Wet and Botha—have won it in the Transvaal War. Lord Kitchener, being much such sterling metal as the Iron Duke, has done all that he could, all that was humanly possible, but even he can hardly be said to have materially enhanced in the South the splendid reputation he had already won in the North of Africa. The noble reputation of those brave men and many like them will, by degrees, prevail over the insular prejudices of honest, though dull-witted, fairplay-loving John Bull, and make him ashamed of having regarded, in the brief madness of his rage, as dirty brutes and human vermin every bit as good Christians as

himself, and of quite as undegenerate Teuton blood, descended as they are from the bravest patriots and most constant martyrs that ever breathed, and proved in the late war every way worthy of them. And then he will by degrees admit that this war was indeed as anachronistic as a megatherium or a dodo, and that it has been England's melancholy fate in one and the same reign to wage the most infamous war that ever disgraced humanity—a war, not of human beings, but of incarnate fiends—the Opium War with China, and the only anachronistic war that has ever been waged since the world began. And is it not doubly singular—singularity upon singularity, so to speak—that *we* should have waged it?—that we, that for some seven centuries have been so far in the van of the progress of humanity, should now be as far in the rear, that the Mother of Freedom, with her Magna Charta, her Habeas Corpus Act, her Bill of Rights, and her well-nigh faultless Reformation, the first originatrix of the representative system of government, the first denunciatrix and repudiatrix of slavery, the first propounderess of the sublime principle of Free Trade—should now, for nearly three years, have been waging war against the world's last, and perhaps greatest, discovery—the principle on which all Christendom, except ourselves and Russia, is fully agreed—that every civilised people, every people not wholly barbarous, every Christian Aryan people, should enjoy the incalculable blessing of self-government, which alone is perfect liberty? That principle, it is true as I have already admitted, has not yet been developed to its full extent: when it has been, there will be universal peace throughout the world for ever. But even so far as it has already advanced, it has kept Europe in a state of the profoundest peace for now just one-third part of a century, and even during the preceding half century and more, all its wars were necessary, inevitable, rational, and in furtherance of the said glorious principle, save only that which was forced on us in the Crimea. And therefore has the public opinion of all Europe been so unanimously against us in the late war, partly, no doubt, through envy, partly through old grudges, partly in revenge for our pharisaical airs of moral superiority (now that we have sunk below the level even of "that publican" Russia), partly in alarm at the stupendous, colossal overgrowth of our world-wide empire, but mainly because by the late war we repudiated the great principle on which the future eternal peace of the whole world depends.

Shall we then continue to be the abomination of desolation, standing where it should not? the anathema of all Europe, a spectral anachronism doomed by the terrible law of avenging Nemesis to retrograde ever more and more day by day (like the ill-fated necromancer that grew ever younger and younger until at last he died a new-born infant, or like Passalus and Acmon in Homer's lost

Kerkopes that for attempting to filch Alcides' bows and arrows, reversed the Darwinian theory, and became anthropoids) till we return to the cannibal diet of our aboriginal ancestors? Or shall dear old England, dear still in spite of its one hateful, horrible fault, be in the good time coming, as with all my heart and soul I pray she may be, the mighty mistress of one-third of the world, and the venerable arbitress of the whole of it? Are there not plenty of inferior races to subjugate, as in the course of the rest of the century we doubtless shall subjugate them—the inhabitants of Thibet, Siam, Arabia, Abyssinia, Congolia, &c., to say nothing of Antarcadia, when we discover it, and Greenland and Alaska, which I daresay Denmark and the United States would good-naturedly let us have on easy terms, in sheer pity for the ceaseless torment of our Erisichthonian earth-hunger? Surely all this might serve our turn without subjugating, degrading, demoralising, and making implacable enemies of, by denying self-government one hour longer than can be helped to, at least as good Protestants, and at least as good Teutons as ourselves? Why, even Russia will "rise up against us in the day of Judgment and condemn us," for though she is many centuries behind us in the race, she has, anyhow, never once retrograded; and now, having already abolished serfdom, she is struggling her hardest to secure the blessings of a representative system of government; and who knows whether, in the lifetime of our children, the tortoise may—not pass the hare asleep, but—meet her on her return to the starting-place?

I prophesy now with as absolute certainty that the Conservative Government will fall in 1905 (supposing that the date of the next general election), as I prophesied in 1895 that the Liberal Government would fall then. By that time John Bull, fat-headed old fellow as he is, will have found out that the war was an altogether unnecessary and uncalled-for anachronism, and might have been ended in half the time on distinctly better terms for himself, even if it *is* ended, even if it *does* end till we have lost South Africa, and that revenge for Majuba has cost quite infinitely too dear, even if he *has* paid the full price of it. The Rosebery Government, while pretending to do many things that every one knew it could not possibly do, declined to do the one thing that it certainly could have done, and that, too, the one thing that was more important than all the rest—the one thing that would have made the rest possible—it threw Parliamentary Reform overboard; and thereby ceasing to be Liberal, most justly fell.

> "No pitying hand, no eye afford(ing)
> One tear to grace its obsequies."

Thus ended the prologue to the late war, in which England deliberately denied the truth of the one great political discovery of

the last two centuries, the one beautiful law tending to perpetual peace that, first promulgated in 1774, has now been carried unanimously, England alone dissenting and Russia ignoring throughout the entire Christian world. But let not my own country bear all the blame. Ireland should not have asked (nay, more, should not even have allowed) Gladstone to give her interests the preference over those of Great Britain, and of the Empire on which the sun never sets.

Having, under extreme provocation, refused Home Rule to Ireland, England next proceeded to deprive the most inoffensive people on earth of the Home Rule they were already enjoying, on no provocation whatever. But here comes Nemesis. The present Government having taken the sting out of Parliamentary obstruction, and talked of redistribution of seats, if they carry out that, and reduce the number of Irish Members, the one great difficulty in the way of Parliamentary Reform will be removed, and with it, that in the way of Home Rule for Ireland, and *à fortiori fortissimo* of Home Rule for South Africa. And thus the Jingoes will not only have effectually undone their own work, but done ours for us into the bargain. But I fear they will not; the devil is an ass unquestionably, but not such an ass as all that. They are merely tantalising us.

But let us not be quacks. Parliamentary Reform is the political one thing needful, but even *it* cannot annihilate moral evil; human agency must work with it to do that. And the whole history of the late reign demonstrates that any Liberal Government, that ever was, or is likely to be, is no better than a reed shaken in the wind when the demon of war once begins to roar. So here comes our second "unless." Ignorance is the foster-mother of war. As long as men read nothing but the newspapers, and women read nothing but novels, there is no hope for us, no, not the faintest ray of hope from the remotest star in all infinity. But I am delighted to hear that London University has at last made modern history an optional subject for matriculation. It should have made it a compulsory subject; but, of course, everything must have a beginning, and the authorities of London University deserve the very highest praise for having taken this first great step in the right direction. All the public examinations, all the universities, all schools, public or private, for rich and for poor, and all private families, utterly ignore it. The knowledge of modern history shown in this essay is anything but astonishing, yet I doubt whether the entire stock of modern history held by one person out of a myriad in Great Britain amounts to as much. The universal ignorance is appalling. England is going the way of Rome at a breakneck pace, the *ignes fatui* of the daily press, misleading the wretched traveller to his destruction; and hermit students, like myself, in their lonely

cells, having no means of exhibiting their electric lamps, and if, in an agony of compassion for the hapless wanderers outside, they venture forth, being assailed with sticks and stones and filth, and set upon and trampled under foot, and hissed and hooted back to their monasteries, weeping, trembling, and heartsick. If this Stygian plague of "darkness that may be felt" last but one half-hour longer, we perish. For a moment there is a lull, for a moment the war demon himself is out of breath; but the distance between us and the roaring sea at the bottom of the precipice is mighty narrow; at the rate we are descending, we shall be swallowed up in I know not how few seconds. Oh, where are our charts to show us the way, and where are our lights to read them by? Where indeed! There is not a single book in the English language that can do our poor dying souls the smallest good. France and Italy may do well enough with their Cantu, and Germany with her Heeren. They are advancing lightwards and in no manner of danger, but we are retrograding darknesswards, and on the very verge of ruin. Tytler and Keightley and such like will not do for *us*. We want a book on modern history, written by no Doctor Dryasdust, no mere "words, words, words," as Hamlet has it, without matter; all the salient facts of history, and the moral of them, but as few facts as possible that have no moral; even as the apostle says: "The spirit truly quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing," all the spirit of history then, but no more flesh than suffices to keep it alive, and not only alive, but lively, animated, healthy, wholesome, and more delightfully interesting, or rather fascinating, than any novel. Facts without a moral to them are dead and putrid. To take an instance or two. What profits it to know exactly how large a portion of France Henry II. took for himself, and how much he left for the rightful King of France, unless we also learn how little wealth or power avails either private man or monarch, seeing that Henry was the greatest and most powerful monarch in Europe, and yet the most utterly unhappy? What profits it to know that Henry V. won the Battle of Agincourt, and married the daughter, thereby becoming heir to the throne, of the King of France, unless we also note that thereby transmitting the madness of his father-in-law to his infant heir, he caused the miserable death of both son and grandson and the utter ruin of the House of Lancaster? Of him, as of Louis XIV., of Alexander the Great, and of Cæsar, we must never forget what the greatest of satirists says:

> "Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
> Di faciles."
>
> ("The facile gods have, at their own
> Desire, whole houses overthrown.")

Nor when asked what caused the decline of Spain, should Macaulay's schoolboy fail to answer, "Her countless crimes," and of Sweden,

"The war mania of Charles XII." Nor should his New Zealander a few centuries hence.

Had Greece taken to heart the moral of Homer's *Kuklos*, of which the *Iliad* is all we have left, Greece would not have sunk exhausted under the Roman yoke, a prey, even to the very last, to her own internal dissensions, but might be now the greatest and most powerful State in Europe, instead of the smallest and weakest. And shall we fall, even as Rome fell, without one warning voice in any of the cold-blooded, cynically cruel pages of her blood-stained history? Shall not the next Liberal, or even the present Conservative, Government publish a penny manual of ancient and modern history, such as I have in my mind's eye, and permit no boy to leave the Board school till he has acquired a satisfactory knowledge of it? Even if it were given away to every boy and girl in the land, it would hardly cost £250,000,000 (to say nothing of 30,000 lives), would it? And it would save poor, benighted England from her, I fear, else inevitable ruin. At least, if Government brought the utmost possible pressure to bear upon all universities, all examining boards, and all schools for the sons of gentlemen, to make an adequate acquaintance with the spirit, that is the moral, of ancient and modern history strictly compulsory. Also with moral and political philosophy, on which (will posterity believe anything so utterly monstrous?) we have not a single work for the use of schools. And the universities have utterly repudiated the only more advanced work worth speaking of, written for their use by "Pidgeon" Paley, as George III. called him.

To conclude. Should the next Liberal Ministry prove wise, *appone lucro;* but if it prove no wiser than others that have gone before it, let us by the study of history be wise ourselves. As German and Portuguese Africa close in upon us, free Trans-equatorial Africa most certainly will be, but another Canada or another United States according as we are wise or foolish.

F. A. White.

THE IMPERFECTION OF PROTECTIONISTS' ARGUMENTS.

(AND A REPLY TO SIR VINCENT CAILLARD.)

As at the termination of Sir Vincent Caillard's series of articles in the February, March, and April numbers of the *National Review* he expresses the wish that the whole question of Free Trade and Protection may be reopened, that wish is tantamount to a challenge to reply to his particular contentions—and as his articles constitute perhaps the most elaborated and carefully worked out attack on our present fiscal system, they afford an excellent channel through which to criticise at the same time the majority of the arguments put forward by other protectionist writers.

It is unquestionably necessary that the whole controversy should be reopened, and that the public should re-learn the whole pros and cons of both cases, for it is not a wholesome state of affairs that both parties should be professing beliefs without knowing what may be the true reasons on which those beliefs should be based.

As what we consider to be a necessary preliminary to this re-commencement of the discussion, we wish here to carefully criticise the nature of the evidence put forward frequently, by both sides, and if possible to demonstrate its inadmissibility. We shall endeavour to show that the imperfection of the evidence is in many cases such that it is actually self-contradictory, whilst in others, if followed out to its logical conclusions, demonstrably absurd.

Though endeavouring to rebut the vigorous attack made on Free Trade, we do not propose to re-state the whole case in favour of that policy, as in the first place space would not permit of it, and in the second, Free Trade being in possession of the field, at this stage of the discussion all that the upholders of that policy are called upon to do is to successfully resist the attacks of its enemies.

In order to facilitate the understanding of our criticisms it will be well to give a very condensed *précis* of the gist of Sir Vincent Caillard's scheme. From a study of the statistics of our trade and commerce he endeavours to establish the fact that our external trade is in a dangerous condition, and that whilst our internal trade is for the present in a flourishing condition, it is yet to be anticipated that if things continue to progress in the same manner

as heretofore, our external and internal commerce will pass away from us, and "the knell of our Empire will have rung." To avert this disaster, and to place us in a permanently flourishing and secure position, he advocates the imposition of a series of duties on foreign imports, to be so adjusted in amount that whilst they encourage inter-imperial commercial development, they shall not exclude altogether the foreign articles (which he hopes to retain in order to have the undoubted benefit of competition), and that the duties shall come out of the profit of the foreign manufacturers (in some cases entirely, in others nearly so) and not out of the pocket of the Briton; the ultimate outcome to be a self-supporting empire, with Free Trade within its borders, which he explains will be giving Free Trade a greater extension that it at present enjoys.

He shows by means of an admirable table that the phenomenal bounds forward made by British exports at the middle of last century were concurrent with the prosecution of wars between our great trade rivals, and draws the conclusion that that remarkable progress was due perhaps vastly more to the existence of those wars than to Free Trade (we being in the position to supply third parties with the goods that the fighting countries were temporarily prevented from supplying); a conclusion which, on the face of it, appears extremely probable. And he shows that from the year 1872 onwards—when a period of prolonged peace set in—our exports fell off, only in one year since (1890) showing an increase on the figures of 1872. This remarkable contention, it must be admitted, is sufficient of itself to justify a reopening of the whole question.

In making a short review of the fiscal policy of the United States, he says:

> "The Americans commenced by taking a step in our direction with anything but good results for themselves. Hoping to effect a remedy by means of a hair of the dog which bit them, they advanced still further in the same direction in 1857, and only found their malady aggravated. Our industries flooded their markets. They then took two steps backward for each step they had taken forward, and began to feel better. The internecine struggle of '61–'64 intervening, their trade from '61 to '66 was temporarily shattered. But thereafter, and ever since, with the exception of the two relatively short periods following on the lower tariffs of 1883 and 1894, their trade has leapt up at a rate which puts us in the shade, whether relative or absolute figures are considered."

Now this statement, as it stands, is an *assumption* throughout of the very matter to be proved. The bald fact that the figures of the external trade went up or down as Free Trade or Protection were alternately (partially) adopted is taken as an absolute demonstration of cause and effect, without any inquiry whatever into the thousand and one collateral influences at work, or of the relative heights at which the figures stood at the different periods. From the table

supplied by him it will be seen that the United States exports in 1860 was sixty-six millions, when they had gone back to protection, but that owing to the internecine war the trade fell back until in 1866 it was only thirty millions; when it rebounded, the effects of the war having passed away, rising in one year to fifty-seven and a half millions, and continuing to rise till in 1872 it stood at eighty-nine millions. Now observe that the *actual* rise consists simply of from sixty-six millions in 1860 to eighty-nine millions in 1872—about thirty-five per cent.; whilst the population in the same period had increased a little over thirty-one per cent., so that the increase of population *alone* (amongst the innumerable other influences at work) accounts for the greater part of the increase. But the whole lot is calmly swept into the credit account of protection.

A similar argument is given in the case of Germany. We dwell on this point at length as it exemplifies a method of controversy generally adopted (and not only by the protectionists). A side illustration is mentioned *in which the whole of the case which is on the tapis for proof is assumed to be true*, and thus the reader is biased unconsciously and carries along with him a sense that the other side is manifestly nowhere, the consequence being that all further arguments brought forward, seeming to fall in so well with these "facts," are readily accepted without a due amount of criticism or examination.

Again we have the following: "Behind the wall of protection other nations have learnt to manufacture our own specialities as well as we do, &c. &c." Here again it is taken as proved that industries provided with an artificial profit (for that is what protection is in effect) always develop into healthy self-supporting organisations. In spite of the fact that that is still an open question, and that case after case in history illustrates that at least sometimes that is not so, witness the German and French sugar trades, which are not only still dependent upon the bounties, but are actually more so, and the silk trade in England, which, after a century or more of protection, caved in the moment the artificial profit was taken away; and in spite of the fact that German industries are still protected (*i.e.*, enjoying the artificial profit provided for them), are still in their swaddling clothes.

Sir Vincent Caillard maintains that the foreigner has taken away from us a large part of our trade; therefore he must be able to produce certain articles as well and as cheaply as ourselves, or, more probably, actually cheaper; that being so, according to all the reasoning, he must absorb the whole of that trade ultimately (and this sounds plausible enough); but our query is, why has he not done so already? Why is he waiting? Being able to produce more

cheaply, and the world notoriously looking out for cheapness, how is it that people still buy of the Briton ?

Manifestly there are other forces at work, unobserved but all-powerful. First of all, there is the character and determination of the people in progressive countries, which is the growing force which constantly tends to overcome (though always with the loss of so much power in the form of friction) the evils of any particular governmental or fiscal system; *and secondly, it is forgotten that the total capital, credit, and energies of a nation (and of the world) are limited.*

It can be argued in regard to any one particular industry that if a country produces more cheaply it could absorb the whole business, but when talking of the whole of the industries of a nation this argument does not hold. To absorb an industry implies the devotion of more capital, credit, and energy—of more and more trained talent of sufficient cleverness to produce as well and cheaply as before. Now presuming even that that talent can be found it has to be *abstracted* from other industries, thereby relatively deteriorating the quality and cheapness of their produce, and reducing its quantity. This thing—the total absorption of a trade or manufacture—is possible in a certain case or cases, but at the cost of sucking the blood from and damaging others; when, however, it comes to absorbing *all* the manufactures and commerce of a great nation we are faced by a manifest physical impossibility, for this would necessitate the absorbing country using *the whole* of its own capital, credit, and energies for that purpose, thereby entirely abandoning the whole of its own trade and commerce !

Take, as a case, the German cheap toy-trade. Here they apparently completely outdo us in cheapness, nevertheless, any amount of toys are still bought from the expensive English toy-makers. Why is it that Germany does not turn out enough toys to absorb the trade ? May this not be explained on the theory that the *profits* of the German toy-trade are not sufficiently good to make it possible for that industry to suck more capital and energies from other German industries.

Again, witness the case of a Whiteley or a Salmon and Gluckstein. The alarmists argue that the foreigner, because he has increased *his* (smaller) production proportionately quicker than we have increased *our* (larger) production, must ultimately absorb the whole business. According to this, Whiteley and Salmon and Gluckstein must long ago have entirely absorbed the general providing and the tobacco trades, for notoriously they have increased their trade relatively much faster than the rest of us, both having likewise displayed the highest trading qualities combined with cheapness. Yet we see as a living fact that there are limits, and those limits have, *must* have, *causes*. What all those causes in

their infinite, and often imperceptible, ramifications are we do not presume to know, but we may suggest as possibly amongst them the following: Profits not being sufficient to suck more capital from other industries; lack of sufficient abundance of administrative ability to make further extensions of so highly-strung organisations pay; a limit to the number of people who like to deal with any particular style of management; to the ambition of the working heads of the concerns; limit through age or failing health of the energies of the working heads; and so on, and so on, and so on, through infinite gradations of large and small causes.

We have endeavoured here to show that the idea of the foreigner entirely absorbing our business is chimerical; but we wish to point out that the argument applies also the other way round—it were equally impossible for us to produce all that the world requires!

No one (not even the most enthusiastic free trader) would venture to enunciate in so many words the proposition that we ought to provide every other country in the world with the whole of its increased wants, yet in all the jeremiads about England's commerce (the discussion being one that unfortunately always had, and always will have, hanging about it the stink of political bias, no matter who the disputants), the fact that we have not provided the world with all its increased wants is implied as a reproach to Free Trade, and a sign of ultimate decadence.

We offer as a contribution to the general discussion the following theory of the limits of a country's power of production:

At any particular time a country possesses a certain definite quantity of capital, credit, energy, managerial ability, skilled labour, technical labour, unskilled labour, and wastage (*i.e.*, individuals who for moral or physical reason are utterly useless).

Now the whole of the capital and credit of all progressive countries is employed (there are no huge masses of capital lying idle for want of employment). This capital is employed in different industries, and each of these industries absorbs all the different descriptions of labour mentioned *in the proportions necessary to produce the most paying results;* consequently whatever quantity of the different descriptions of labour is *left out* is left out inevitably, and goes to swell the *wastage* (known together as the unemployed).

Now allowing for the degree of moral and intellectual development at any time, and the state of mechanical invention, ingrained habits and customs of the people, &c. &c., *it would appear to be manifest that at any particular time the output of a nation has its definite and unalterable limits.*

That being so, how are we to expect that any particular one or more of the progressive countries are to absorb the whole of the trade of any of the others?

The output will increase as the population increases; and will increase in a greater ratio in proportion as new capital is *created*, new developments in mechanical invention come about, and the moral and intellectual level of the people improve. But all these things will increase in all the progressive countries in round about the same proportions, and those countries will always consequently be standing at round about the same level of prosperity and productiveness (in proportion to population); whilst the slight inequalities that will always exist owing to different minor causes will, and can, never mean that the country that is making the best showing at any particular period is therefore about to absorb the industry of, and ruin, its rivals.

At the end of his first article Sir Vincent Caillard gives a list of five great changes that have come about since the days when Free Trade was established in this country, the last of these being "the industrial capacity and enterprise of other nations." He admits that this is a factor; but if it is so, how great a factor is it, or, rather, how great a factor is it not? But be it great or little it is left entirely out of account in his deductions from the study of the statistics.

The import and export tables, per head of population, are interesting.

Starting with the idea that the thing to be proved is that England is in a bad way, and that the other countries are in a better way than ourselves; also that the benefits of Protection as compared to Free Trade are to be demonstrated by the figures, whilst remembering that England is a Free Trade country and all the rest are protectionists, what do we find (the period covered is from 1890 to 1899)?

Imports of articles of food and live animals: England and Germany show an increase; United States and France a decrease;

Raw materials: England, Germany, and France, increase; United States, decrease;

Manufactured articles: England, Germany, and France, increase; United States, decrease;

Total imports: England, France, and Germany, increase; United States, decrease.

Which jumble of results would seem most demonstrably to prove *nothing*, whether the increase or decrease of imports is considered as a blessing or otherwise.

Exports of articles of food: England and United States, increase; Germany and France decrease;

Raw materials: England, United States, Germany, France, all increase;

Manufactured articles: England decrease; France, United States and Germany, increase;

Total exports: England, decrease; United States, Germany, France, increase.

Here again we have an excellent proof of *nothing*, and we venture to express the opinion that these completely mixed results show in the most unequivocal way the futility of endeavouring to prove the virtues or vices of either Free Trade or Protection, from a study of statistics.

Notwithstanding the gloomy tone of writers on the subject, the whole of our exports, according to these tables, increased per head of the population, with the exception of manufactured articles, which decreased. But observe that while the exports of manufactured articles per head of the population in the other three cases increased, and this is taken as an indication of our commercial decadence, let us look at the totals. Our totals were in 1899 £6·14 per head, and in 1890 £5·53; whilst those of France (the biggest figures of the other three) reached the totals of only £3·91 in 1890 and £4·31 in 1899, thus our *reduced* results are more than 50 per cent. higher than the next biggest *increased* figure.

In regard to the theory that our huge imports are a disaster it should be remembered that we get the sea carriage of the goods; our docks and labourers handle them; our railways carry them; our wholesale dealers and retail dealers trade in them; and all these different people get the same profits on them as if they were home manufactures. The sole thing the country misses is the profit on manufacture. It is better than this even, for if the things were made in England we would not get any sea carriage, or dock handling, and the railway carriage would also be reduced.

The profits on manufacture are sometimes less than the wholesale dealers' profits, and always much less than the retailers' profits, so that lumping the carriers', wholesalers' and retailers' profits, *a country makes more profits out of its imports than the country they came from made out of the manufacture.* Still further, the price obtained by a factory for an article is anything from one-half downwards of the price paid by the public for it, generally less even than one-third, *so that the importing country receives more in profit and wages together on its imports than the exporting country receives in profit and wages on the articles.*

Regarded from this point of view it is extremely difficult to understand how importation (to however large an extent) can be a disaster to a country as compared to the country which exports the goods. That it should be the ruin of the importing country to the benefit of the exporting country seems to require a good deal of very strong evidence to be established as an incontrovertible fact.

This leads us to a further consideration. Our imports exceed the imports of Germany (1899) by £211,000,000. Say that on the average the factory price of these goods was about one-third of the

price to the public, then the people of this country earned by the handling of these imports wages and profits amounting to £400,000,000; whilst the Germans (for the sake of argument let us say) who manufactured these articles only received in wages and profits £200,000,000. "That may be," a protectionist might answer, "but why should we not have had the £200,000,000 as well?" to which our reply is that *we cannot have both;* for consider, the making of that £200,000,000 worth of stuff absorbes a vast amount of labour, and the whole of the population, practically speaking, being employed, you cannot put them on making that stuff without abstracting them from other industries, unless it be maintained that there is no limit to the amount of labour each man can perform in the course of the year.

The more one considers this aspect of the question the less one considers our huge imports a disaster; in fact, one comes to doubt whether, after all, our huge imports may not be a proof even of greater prosperity as compared to the exporting countries!

Reverting to the tables of imports and exports per head of population, and remembering that each of the following arguments has at different times been used to prove England's decadence as compared to the others—actual gross increase or decrease of figures; increase or decrease per head of population; greater ratio of increase or decrease; greater ratio of increase or decrease per head of population; and turning some of these arguments to our own uses we get the following striking conclusions: United States imports per head of population decreased, therefore, say the protectionists, she is prospering; whilst England's imports increased, therefore she is going down; but Germany's imports increased likewise, therefore she also is going to the dogs, *although it is a protectionist country.* Germany's imports increased at a greater rate than France's increased, therefore Germany's fiscal policy is wrong, and France's is right; but they are both protectionists, which is absurd. The United States exports per head of population have increased twice as fast as France's, therefore United States fiscal policy right, French fiscal policy wrong; but in both cases it is Protection, which is absurd.

In fact, the whole thing is absurd, and rendering itself liable to be twisted inside out in this manner it ought to be entirely excluded from all sober argument. Unfortunately it has been used for so long by prominent writers, politicians, and statesmen, that it has obtained great repute from this connection, but were any such slippery and elastic arguments used in any other but a semi-political controversy, they would not be seriously answered, but simply jeered out of court.

We are endeavouring to work out a mathematical problem with terms each of which is capable of different interpretations, and each

of which is dovetailed into all the others in a manner so complicated and obscure that nothing short of the intellect of a Herbert Spencer could possibly grasp all their ramifications. Then when we have arrived at our mathematical results, we are brought up by the consideration that we have been dealing with percentages of 15 per cent. of the total of the country's trade, have left out of account the question of variations of prices with all its complicated implications, and most important of all, *wages* and *profits, which are the terms of the proposition on which we all live.*

The more we study the statistics put forward by alarmists the more we fail to see that they prove anything beyond the mere fact that certain other countries are more or less rapidly approaching our pre-eminent position; and in view of the fact that our gross totals for the whole Empire have increased largely, it seems to us to be mere distortion of facts to argue that we are going down the hill.

It certainly would seem that provided all the individuals of a country are prosperous man for man as compared with other nations, the abstract fact of whether we get our food from the Colonies or from the foreigner does not matter in the least, for manifestly if "the mastery of the seas" is essential for the bringing in of the food, it is equally essential whatever quarter it may come from; for if a nation, or combination of nations, against whom we might be warring were physically strong enough to prevent the shipping bringing in the food in the one case it could equally well prevent it in the other. It might even conceivably be maintained that whilst all shipping coming from the different parts of the Empire would be absolutely and unquestionably open to attack, yet that some at least of the shipping coming from other countries (not those against whom we were fighting) might claim to be free from attack, arguing that ordinary food was not munitions of war; and if these countries were big and powerful countries, it is extremely probable that our particular enemies would even, if only as a matter of diplomacy, find it advisable to respect that contention.

Sir Vincent Caillard says:

> "As at present constituted, we are so dependent upon foreign countries that we are bound to continue to export largely in order to continue to pay for our supplies; while if our export trade is stationary and our imports grow, we must ultimately come to a point at which we shall be paying for them out of capital, unless our home trade be so prosperous that the process will be one of transference of investment, not of loss of capital."

This, as it stands, would appear to be a very serious matter, and seems to us to be the sole and only argument advanced by the alarmists that does not bear on the face of it its own contradiction —is, in fact, the sole foundation on which they might build up

a case. This being so, the point should have been put by Sir Vincent Caillard in the fullest explanatory manner, and not given in the form of a concentrated dogmatic sentence, in which form it is impossible to attempt even to criticise it. But inasmuch as the man who imports goods does so because he wants them and can pay for them, without caring a rap, or even having the remotest idea how the "national accounts are balanced," or for one moment contemplating the necessity of some one else *exporting* goods to pay for his imports, or transferring investments, or losing his capital, to effect that object—it would appear but reasonable to expect that when this argument is advanced, the exact mechanism of this necessity—the chain of causation—should be set forth in the clearest possible manner, if it exists.

He draws attention to the question of shipping, and reminds us of the increasing rivalry, concluding his remarks on the point by saying that

> "for the present we appear to be beyond danger of really serious competition in this respect (our steam tonnage being not far from equal to the whole tonnage of the other 'principal maritime countries') . . . but the fact that we have an advantage at one time is no reason why we should keep it for ever. It should, however, be remembered that if we lost our sea carrying supremacy our position as the banking centre of the world, which so largely depends upon it, would also go."

This is simply a truism. *If* we lose our shipping supremacy we are ruined; *if* we lose our home trade entirely we are ruined; *if* we become bankrupts we become bankrupts!

But apart from this he apparently forgets that the vast extension of the granting of bounties by Germany, necessary to bring up their shipping to anything approaching ours, *must* have vast effects in indirect ways, and so long as the leading thinkers are not agreed as to what those effects will be, they must be left out of the general consideration; and this omission constitutes another danger in endeavouring artificially to regulate the course of the future.

Assuming that ultimately a great and real rivalry to our *supremacy* grew up, how long a time would, for mere physical reasons, elapse before all the necessary shipping were built? Could it be done even in, say, twenty-five years? Grant it could be done in this minimum, still he would indeed be a bold man who ventured to make regulations *now* to direct the shipping trade of twenty-five years hence, remembering that the whole commercial world, as we now understand it, is a growth in this country of the last sixty years only, and in other countries of much less, and that the *rate* of alteration of circumstances becomes quicker and quicker, perhaps even increasing in geometrical progression.

Assuming again that in, say, twenty-five years time Germany had as large a shipping business as we then had, our "supremacy"

would be gone, but the immense and prosperous business we were doing would not have done so. It would be simply what is taking place with the general commerce; they would have levelled up to our standard; surely an inevitable occurrence generally speaking all round, and one by no means to be deplored.

There is yet another consideration. This ship building, dock handling, warehousing, &c. &c., must absorb a vast amount of labour and talent in Germany, which would thus be prevented from increasing German manufactures, and thus upset our calculations in other respects! For as we have said before, a nation cannot increase everything in every direction to an infinite extent to suit our theories, unless some governmental regulation invents some process by which every man can do two or three times as much labour per day as he does now!

This is one of the omissions that vitiate nearly all the conclusions of nearly all the writers on the subject; they regard each particular trade or occupation in turn and dilate upon the tremendous extension it is going to take (generally to the undoing of the Britisher) *without keeping sufficiently before their thoughts the fact that any abnormal development in one direction must prevent abnormal, or perhaps even normal, development in others.*

He makes use of the following argument:

"... there having been a good relative rise in consumption all round. This, on the other hand, does not of itself prove that the aggregate wealth of the country is greater, *since the fall in prices has been such that the rise in consumption has by no means proved an increase of purchasing power*"!

If everybody has been consuming more things, and this is not an evidence of increased purchasing power, what is it evidence of? To state that the fall in prices has been such that the rise in consumption has by no means proved that people had more *actual cash in their pockets* would be sense; but putting it in that way we see that he is (probably unconsciously) disinterring the old heresy that the measure of one's prosperity is the actual number of coins. Surely Sir Vincent Caillard would not openly maintain this? But comment on the subject is necessary to show once more how imperative it is that we should accept none of the arguments and none of the conclusions of writers on either side, whatever their standing, without subjecting each and every item to severe criticism; for otherwise we may be giving our support to measures on evidence built on such heresies as these, which probably the writers themselves would not dream of attempting to uphold deliberately.

As another piece of hopelessly bad logic we quote the following: "The fact that the average deposits per head of the Post Office and Trustees Savings Banks rose from £2 per head to £4, taken in conjunction with the above facts, proves conclusively that the wealth of the lower classes has increased." It proves nothing of the sort.

Without any information as to how many deposits of a few shillings there are, and how many deposits of the maximum £200; and how many of the better classes, and children of wealthy parents, have deposits, it transparently gives us no information whatsoever from which even to *guess* at the relative wealth of the working classes in the two periods.

In comparing the United States to the whole British Empire he maintains that we could provide within our own borders everything we require, doing all our trade with ourselves to the exclusion of the foreigner, and to our great advantage; but presuming this would be a vast advantage to ourselves, it would be a vaster injury to the foreigner, and he leaves entirely out of account what counter action he might take to defeat our schemes.

As the Colonies are at liberty *now* to send everything here free of tax, why is it they have not done so? There is only the one rational explanation, that they find a more profitable trade for their capital and labour in some other occupations; consequently, if we are to force them artificially to supply us with the things we now get from the foreigner, we will be forcing them to get less profit on their work; and does it not occur to protectionists that this *must* be doing injury to the Empire?

Sir Vincent Caillard says: "Our goal must be Free Trade within the Empire, accompanied by such a customs tariff upon goods imported into it from other countries as may be necessary to maintain, together with local internal taxation, revenue sufficient for the defence, maintenance, and good administration of its component parts." This *sounds* an excellent arrangement, but the idea is—*his* idea—that the Empire, as a result of all these importation taxes, will become a self-supporting and self-sufficing one, and do all its trade internally. Presuming that this object is attained there will be *no* "customs tariffs upon imported goods from other countries to defend the Empire," &c. &c. Here again we find how slipshod is the thought that passes muster in politico-economic discussion.

As yet another illustration of the inconclusiveness of the schemes advocated by the supporters of governmental interference, he maintains that the Government ought to place countervailing duties on the bounty-fed sugar coming from France and Germany, so as to prevent the ruin of the West Indies; but forgets that, supposing that were done, and the price of sugar were put up, there would be nothing to prevent one of the colonies starting beet sugar manufacturing, and again cutting the West Indian cane sugar clean out! We argue constantly in this manner, only regarding those consequences of a particular measure which we desire to see, in order to establish our theories, whilst leaving out of consideration other consequences, equally manifest, that demonstrate the utter futility of our interference.

At the commencement of his third article he makes a violent attack upon the income-tax *in principle*. It would take up too much space to go into this, but we absolutely deny his contentions, and are prepared to point out how the mass of his arguments are more or less self-destructive. Income-tax is the tax that does the least possible amount of injury to the taxpayer, whilst it in no conceivable way interferes with or damages trade. We will leave the subject simply with a comment on the fact that his main arguments against the tax are culled from the speeches of different Chancellors of the Exchequer—which is vitiated evidence! For the tax has always been the most unpopular of all taxes, and consequently Ministers, who obtain their power from the suffrages of the people, inevitably curry favour with them by deprecating the necessity of the tax, and more or less promising to do their best to abolish or reduce it—and this in order to get them to submit to it during their (the Ministers') term of office.

One of the main arguments against our present fiscal system is that our "taxation must be put upon a broader basis," so as to have a greater number of small taxes to be able to increase in case of emergency, and to meet the natural increase of expenditure. This we must characterise as the worst possible logic, if even we can apply the term logic to it all; it is mere dogma. We utterly fail to see why, having a few large taxes on a few articles, in any way prevents the placing of small taxes on numerous other articles when required; in fact, that is the very thing he is advocating that we should do now, and which he says is so easy, not to say beneficial! Moreover, it *is* actually easier when you require larger revenues to place small taxes on articles which at present bear none at all, than to place extra taxes on articles already bearing a tax.

This being so, one of the main arguments on which the necessity for altering our present policy is based falls to the ground.

Again, the system of little taxes on many things which, under his system, are to be exactly balanced in order to encourage the Colonies to send us their goods in place of the foreigner's, whilst not excluding the foreign article entirely (so as not to produce a partial monopoly), and at the same time to be so beautifully adjusted that the tax will fall on the foreigner and not on the Briton—would have to be a system that was not to be interfered with by increasing the taxation when more money was required, for manifestly this arbitrary increase (no matter what imperialistic needs it might be required to meet) would infallibly upset the beautifully balanced arrangement, which is the bed-rock of the whole system!

His two theories of a broad basis of taxation for national strength and an exquisitely balanced taxation which is to get the taxes out of

the foreigner, cannot by any possibility live side by side, for they are mutually destructive.

When enumerating the general principles to be followed in dealing with the problem of indirect taxation, he says, "the taxes should not, if possible, unduly increase the cost of living, as this is a tax on profits and a drag on trade." Here we see, firstly, that at the best, increased cost of living is only regarded as a secondary consideration; secondly, that the only objection to it is that it is "a tax on profits and a drag on trade."

With regard to the last sentence we frankly confess our total inability to understand what it means. How is a tax on profits a drag on trade; and if we are not to tax profits, what are we to tax—losses?

Increased cost of living means decreased physical well-being for the masses of the people, and yet we have this specifically stated to be a matter of secondary importance by a writer who himself is arguing out his whole scheme as a means of "maintaining the thews and sinews of our race, in order that they may continue to breed men of heroic courage and endurance to fight our battles!"

We now come to the most interesting part of the discussion, being the description of how the scheme of taxation he advocates would work out.

He says, "the first tendency of prices under such a scheme might be to rise by the amount of the tax, but it would be short-lived. Under the stress of competition they would fall to that fixed by the smallest foreign margin of profit, or very near it, when the portion of the tax borne by the people of this country would" only be the increase in the price, whatever that might ultimately be. "The foreigner would bear the remainder of the tax, *i.e.*, the difference between his original and his adjusted profit. The Colonial produce coming in free would reduce the price, perhaps even to the original price, in which case the foreigner would pay the whole of the tax for us."

Now assuming that the price did come down to its original figure, there would then be no increased profit for the home and colonial producer, and if there were no increased profit there would be no enhanced production; so that here in the very heart of the scheme we find evidence of its own futility.

Further, this is assuming that the foreigner will be content, and *can* be content, with a reduced profit.

We have been told again and again, in the case of one of our keenest competitors, viz., Germany, that one of the most potent reasons of the present commercial crisis has been over-trading by means of extremely small profits and long credits. If this be so by what process of magic are they to pay our taxes for us out of those small profits and still continue to trade? If they do not

continue to trade, then the competition which Sir Vincent Caillard is anxious to retain, and the value of which he considers great, would be removed, and we have at once the partial monopoly, with "undue increase of prices."

Here, again, the scheme destroys itself.

He assumes that the competition created by the colonial stuff coming in free, when the tax has been put upon the foreigner, will bring down the price to the original price, or nearly so. In the first place, the colonial produce comes in free *now*, so that the conditions in regard to the English and colonial producer then and now are identical in that respect, and we have only the foreigner to consider. Now he states that the foreigner will be able to pay the tax out of his profits, and yet continue to trade with us; but if he could do so, he could *now* undersell the Briton and the colonial by the amount of the tax. So either he cannot do so, in which case the foreign goods would be choked off entirely by the taxes; or he can do so and does not do so, in which case competition is not so all-powerful as Sir Vincent Caillard assumes, when he says that the colonial goods coming free would bring down the price to the original price. For the hundredth time, severe criticism of every statement, allowing nothing to be assumed, exposes a fundamental paradox of the most patent description.

We have already endeavoured to show that the mere existence of competition does not necessarily involve reduction of prices; all that it does is to make it more probable that a reduction of *abnormal* prices will take place—*i.e.*, prices covering abnormal profits; and yet we find here a protectionist maintaining or implying that competition under all circumstances must reduce prices, a strength of opinion on the subject not excelled by even free traders.

Having endeavoured to demonstrate the impossibility of our rivals trading at a lower price, we will shortly refer to the improbability of their doing so. We have already touched upon the question of counter action, and will therefore merely remark that as, according to his theories, Governments can affect trade (by regulations and taxes) in the ways they desire, *our rivals can do so*, and the counter action taken by Germany, France, Russia, and the United States, will be taken to defeat *our* objects, *and will do so* (by the hypothesis). To this we would have to reply by further action; and so on, and so on. The result being a rate war *à l'outrance*, with final real and absolute bankruptcy for some or all of the nations engaged in it, in precisely the same way as in the case of rate wars between ordinary individuals or corporations.

In referring to the state of agriculture, one of the virtues of the new system of taxation, he maintains, will be to keep the people on the land, in spite of the fact that that arch-protectionist country, Germany, is now raising the same cry against the migration of the

peasant to the town; and he says, "we sit helplessly looking on, endeavouring to make believe that nothing matters provided that trade generally is more or less good"; yet in the case of our trade rivals the largeness of their *figures* is absolutely the sole and only evidence he brings forward to prove their great progress and prosperity.

We now come to the consideration of what would be the attitude of the Colonies. Here, again, there is more than enough doubt, to make any experiments extremely hazardous. The Colonies consider that their Protection has been of great value to them, and we are now to ask them to throw away the whole of that advantage for the general interests of the Empire. We ask any fair-minded man whether there exists the shadow of a reason, deducible from the past actions of the Colonies, to warrant our believing that the Colonies will show such a spirit of self-sacrificing loyalty, That, most assuredly not being in evidence, if they fell in with our views it would be in return for a substantial *quid pro quo*, so that he is practically advocating the *purchase* of something, whilst entirely ignoring the price to be paid for it. With that item left out of the calculations all estimates of beneficial consequences to flow from the adoption of his policy are absolutely valueless.

All through the discussion England is compared with the protectionist countries Germany, France, and the United States, but no mention is made of the bankrupt protectionist countries. There is likewise entirely left out of the reckoning, in regard to France, the great natural richness of the country, the artistic instincts of the people, and their mechanical aptitude and cleverness; in regard to the United States, the indisputably superior methods, and the mental inventiveness and ingenuity of the people, born of their freedom from the constraint of old established habits, customs, and laws; and in regard to Germany, their hard-working propensities, and their indomitable perseverance, aided—vastly aided—by the unification in '70, which did away with a huge mass of obstruction in the form of different weights and measures, trade customs, coinage, laws, taxes, &c. &c., to which perhaps more importance can be attached than to all other causes together.

The protectionist argues Germany is prosperous, Germany has protection, therefore protection brings prosperity.

The free trader argues England is prosperous, England has free-trade, therefore free-trade brings prosperity.

The technical educationist argues Germany is prosperous, Germany has technical education, therefore technical education brings prosperity.

The conscriptionist argues Germany is prosperous, Germany has conscription, therefore conscription causes prosperity.

Each and every one of these writers coolly claims the whole of Germany's prosperity to be due to one particular cause, leaving the

other causes entirely out of account: and it must be remembered the writers in all these subjects include amongst their numbers men of great eminence. May we not then fairly pit each against the others, and consequently throw out of court as utterly invalid evidence, the mere fact of prosperity running concurrently with this, that, or the other special circumstance: and ought we not to insist that if anything is to be proved—demonstrably—it must be on evidence of an entirely different nature?

May we not claim that the real free-trade argument that is the one defined by Lord Farrer and quoted by Sir Vincent Caillard—"merely the unshackling of powers that have an independent existence. All it can do, and that is not much, is to leave the powers of nature and of man to produce whatever it is in them to produce, unchecked by human restrictions."—is at least as good as any of the statistical arguments of its opponents, and do not the protectionists, Sir Vincent Caillard included, display in their perfect faith in the power of laws and taxes to do more than these forces, a fetish worship of governmental omnipotence at least equally as great as the fetish worship of Free Trade of which he complains?

In conclusion, it has always seemed to us that the controversy may be illustrated by imagining the case of two rival horse breeders hotly discussing the merits of their respective systems of training, by means of all sorts of obscure and complicated arguments concerning the heart, the liver, the lungs, and the circulation, regardless of the fact, which is patent to all the world, that the horses of one breeder have finer coats, fuller bellies, and less trying labour than the horses of the other.

Surely the actual condition of the individual *animals*, past and present (in view of the present chaotic and rudimentary state of our politico-economic theories), is the best, if not the only, rational test of the relative merits of the two systems of breeding.

Our primary object has been to demonstrate the inadmissibility of the bulk of the statistical evidence used in discussing the merits or demerits of Free Trade or Protection; and we have endeavoured to show that there is no real evidence of retrogression of our commerce, whilst the boasted progress of our trade rivals consists merely in their inevitably levelling up to our standard; that no real evidence is adduced that that progress is due to Protection; that there is not even an attempt to adduce evidence to show the comparative *prosperity of the people* of protectionist and free-trade countries; and, finally, that the particular fiscal scheme advocated by Sir Vincent Caillard is absolutely illusory, and crumbles away under the touch of analytical criticism, being self-destructive and self-contradictory.

A. W. L.

THE CHEMICAL THEORY OF LIFE.

In the following pages the term cellule is employed to designate a body made up of the union of two parts, namely, protoplasm and nuclear matter.[1] Cellules of this description may belong either to the animal or to the vegetable kingdom; we must, however, confine our attention to the former class of cells, which may be simple and free, or a number of such cellules combine to form a being of greater or less dimensions. But whether in the case of a unicellular or of a pleuricellular being, according to the chemical theory of life oxygen has an affinity, in conjunction with a certain amount of moisture and heat, for the elements composing the outer layers of protoplasm, whereby some of its constituents are set free and are attracted towards the nuclear substance of the cell. By means of this latter combination elements forming the nucleus are released and pass outwards towards the surface of the cell. Oxygen, therefore, by effecting chemical changes in the matter forming the cellule develops a process of action and reaction in its contents, thus establishing a supply of energy which is transformed through means of the elements forming the cell into vital energy. This process continues so long as the molecular integrity of the cell is maintained, and it is supplied with oxygen and the materials necessary to replace effete matter. But the circular action above indicated is by no means the only source of vital energy either in micro-organisms or the higher orders of living beings.

We can form some idea of the amount of potential energy produced by changes such as those referred to, when we consider that the human body contains some 4,000,000,000 fixed cells, to which oxygen is constantly supplied by means of the circulating fluid.[2] We may compare the action established in these cells to that of a

[1] Protoplasm to the naked eye, or under the microscope, appears to be a slimy gelatinous substance. For the present we must exclude from our consideration anaerobic bacteria and unicellular beings in which, up to the present time, no well-defined nucleus has been discovered. The nucleated cells we refer to absorb oxygen, and, with it, break up non-nitrogenous bodies, such as sugar, into carbonic acid and water. They are able to assimilate nitrogenous substances, although less easily than they can carbonaceous bodies. They are usually enclosed in a cell-wall, or membrane, which is composed of a modified form of protoplasm (protein) and not of cellulose as in plants.

[2] The blood of an healthy adult man is believed to contain some 22,500,000,000,000 cells.

battery which in place of an electric current produces a supply of energy sufficient to maintain all the functions performed by living beings. It is, in fact, the power which throughout life drives the mechanism of the simplest as also of the most complex organism in existence.[1]

Every living cellule therefore, under favourable conditions, is charged with a supply of potential energy which in its turn is transformed through the action of various agencies into dynamic energy; but the response which the charged cellules make to appropriate stimuli can only be the kind of motion which their molecular structure enables them to accomplish.[2] The cells of the liver cannot perform the work carried on by those of the brain or of the skin; in fact, under the influence of appropriate stimuli each form of cell sets in play a portion of its potential energy, the nature of the effect produced by this force depending on the number and the tactical arrangements of the elements constituting the cell. In this respect the connection which exists between the vital energy and the character of the elements forming an organism may be likened to the action of steam, which can be made to drive the most delicate piece of machinery, or to propel a battleship through the ocean, according to the nature of the apparatus on which it is set to work. And so with the structural relations of the elements forming living cellules and their combinations, they are such as to enable the different cells not only to respond to various stimuli, but according to the kind of motion which is thus excited in their elements to perform specific work, the necessary energy to carry through this work being derived from the potential vital energy contained in the cells.

The question naturally arises as to the origin of this nuclear and protoplasmic matter, for it is certain it could not have been present in the earlier geological periods of our globe, the temperature of the earth then being far above that at which the carbon compounds of organic matter could have existed. It is possible that the first organisms on the earth arose from spontaneous generation, and that as the evolutionary theory assumes, all other living things have been gradually evolved from them in continued series. But the doctrine of spontaneous generation has never been demonstrated, and the teaching of science is opposed to such an idea. As regards the theory of evolution, it is incomplete; not only do we find several

[1] The amount of energy derived in living beings from the oxydation of the tissues of higher organisms is by no means all expended in the form of mechanical work; it has also to maintain other purposes, not the least of which is the keeping up of the temperature of the body and the digestion and assimilation of alimentary substances.

[2] The germinal vesicle of the human ovum is one-twentieth of a millimetre in diameter and contains at least 25,000,000,000,000 organic molecules, and the imagination can conceive of complicated arrangements of these suitable for the development of all the parts of a highly complicated organism and sufficient to satisfy the demands of a theory of heredity.

species of unicellular organisms still flourishing which are found in a fossil state in carboniferous strata, but it is a fact that no known conditions of their environment can be made to vary the species of even these simplest of beings. New varieties and races are constantly arising, old forms dying out and being replaced by others with recently acquired powers, but the species remain unaltered.[1] In truth, we have no reliable knowledge concerning the origin of protoplasm or of nuclear matter.

Another question connected with this part of our subject refers to the action of oxygen on organic matter which has ceased to evolve vital energy; in other words, why does oxygen instead of revivifying dead organic matter assist in resolving it into its constituent elements? The reason is that the specific structure of the elements composing living matter has in the case of dead organisms been irretrievably thrown out of gear, so that they can no longer transform chemical into vital energy. Numerous agencies, such as an excess of heat, electricity, and many chemical compounds destroy the perfection of the relations to one another of the elements forming living organisms. It is true we cannot comprehend the peculiarity of the vastly complex arrangement of the molecules and atoms which go to form living protoplasm; but we know that anything which causes its albumen to coagulate, or which by solution or other agencies such as electricity, separates its elements, destroys the life-producing properties of organic matter. We are unable to restore the complex arrangement of dead organic elements into such relations with one another as to enable them to reproduce vital energy; nor have chemists succeeded in forming organic matter from inorganic elements. So far as we know, living organisms can only be produced from living matter; a single, or a pair of beings passing on a specialised portion of their own living substance as a germ, from which similar beings grow.

In order that we may form some idea of the physiological or functional (as distinguished from the morphological or structural) character imparted to protoplasm by vital energy, we must study this form of matter in some of its simplest conditions, such, for instance, as in the amœba. These microscopic unicellular organisms are found in abundance in fresh water containing decaying organic matter. There are many varieties of amœba, consisting of minute colourless particles of protoplasm enclosing a nucleus, and an external covering or membrane. The surface of the amœba often

[1] Certain of the protista do not require oxygen to maintain their life, nor can we discover a nucleus in these minute organisms; we cannot, however, be sure that they do not possess nuclear matter, or some substitute for it, on which nitrogen may possibly act, so as to be a source of vital energy in these beings, in a manner analogous to that in which oxygen effects all well-defined vegetable and animal cellules in certain stages of their existence. Protista include all those forms of beings in which differentiation has not been pronounced on lines of either animal or plant development.—Fischer, *Structure and Functions of Bacteria*, pp. 35, 135.

presents one or more protuberances which may become elongated into what are called pseudopodia. These processes of the protoplasm of the amœba are used by the cellule as organs of locomotion and of prehension. We may watch an amœba protude a pseudopodia which may come in contact with some substance such as a piece of wood. The pseudopodia attaches itself to this substance and its protoplasm then contracts, and draws the cellule up to the fixed point. As the pseudopodia contracts it is retracted into that part of the body of the amœba from which it was protruded. If the object on which the pseudopodia had fixed happens to be a morsel of organic matter suitable for food, the pseudopodia in retracting carries this foreign substance with it into the body of the organism where it soon disappears; the constituents of the organic matter passing into the substance of the amœba supplies it with the necessary elements to make good effete materials. We may watch a pseudopodia as it comes into contact with a minute particle of gravel or some such substance, after, as it appears, feeling it pass by without attempting to carry such indigestible matter into its body.

In the case of the *Vampyrella Spirogyra*, which consists of nothing more than a particle of protoplasm and a nucleus, we find that it is a dainty being rejecting all other organic matters except spirogyra as food. The same remark applies to a long list of the unicellular micro-organisms; among them are the epithelial cells and phagocytes of the human body. Beings, therefore, such as the amœba composed of a minute particle of undifferentiated living protoplasm with a nucleus, possess the power—(*a*) of spontaneous movement, which enables it to pass from one place to another; (*b*) it has power to grasp particles of suitable matter for food, which it incorporates into itself. In this way alimentary carbohydrates are added to the proteid molecules of which protoplasm consists; (*c*) amœba has also the power of selecting between particles of matter which are suitable as food and which it can assimilate, and of rejecting matter which is useless for this purpose. This power of selection is a function of living protoplasm which is founded in the character of its constituent atoms. At the same time this belief by no means explains the nature of a physiological process such as that of the ability of protoplasm to choose between alimentary substances. Nor can we explain phenomena of this description by referring them to the irritability of living protoplasm. Chemical changes in the elements of the organic matter are the starting-point of the vital energy in the protoplasm, and all we can say regarding the nature of its power to choose its food is, that it is a physiological property or character which lasts as long as the protoplasm is capable of evolving vital energy.

It is evident that the initial or potential energy which enables the amœba to accomplish the functions referred to, depend to a great

extent on the relations which exist between the nucleus and protoplasm of an organism. If the nucleus is destroyed its protoplasm may continue to fulfil its functions for some hours impelled by the potential energy it had gained before it was separated from its nucleus. But when the nucleus ceases to exist no fresh supply of vital energy can be evolved for the use of the protoplasm, and it speedily therefore ceases to perform those functions which it could previously carry on. This fact is illustrated, for instance, by reference to the life-relations [1] of a unicellular organism known as the *Cyrtostomum;* the protoplasm of this being has it is true undergone some differentiation, but it is absolutely without a suspicion of any structure approaching the character of a nerve apparatus. If this infusorium is divided into two halves its nucleus with a small mass of protoplasm may escape and quickly produces a new *Cyrtostomum.* But the other half of this being which has no nucleus, although it may continue to seize food and move from one spot to another, soon comes to rest and rapidly undergoes decomposition and disappears. Similar results may be obtained by section of any of the infusoria, which are nothing more than spontaneous free-moving cells, having an independent life of their own. The flagilla or propelling organ of such beings may be detached from the cellule and it will continue to move about actively for a few hours propelled by the influence of the vital energy it had acquired when a part of the parent infusoria to which it belonged, but when this energy is expended it can acquire no further supply of vital energy and it rapidly undergoes decomposition. The parent organism containing its nucleus produces a new flagilla, and moves about under the field of the microscope as actively as ever. The flagilla, and the cilia of these beings although consisting of prolongations of the body of the organism, unlike the pseudopodia cannot be retracted into its protoplasm. The flagilla, however, is not only an organ of locomotion, but in some unicellular micro-organisms has prehensile functions exercising, like pseudopodia, a power of selection or choice in the matter which it lays hold of. The process by means of which the flagilla of some infusoria act is peculiar, we may watch one of these long filaments rapidly sweeping over a part of the field of the microscope until it comes in contact with some dainty morsel in the shape of an amœba or some other particle of organic matter, round which the flagilla coils itself, and then draws the prey towards its body, where it is met by processes of protoplasm to which the flagilla hands its food, and by them it is passed into the body of the organism and soon disappears in its substance.

A study of the cilia in some of the micro-organisms demonstrates

[1] By life-relations are meant the action of the external world felt by the organism, or sensibility; secondly, the reaction of the organism on the external world, or movement.

the meaning we attach to the term "'differentiation" and "specialisation" of protoplasm. For instance, in the case of the *Condylostoma patens* a certain number of its cilia are observed to have a very slow movement as compared with its vibratile cilia, and these slow-moving cilia appear to support the organism and to act as organs of locomotion; for when this organism comes to rest these cilia cease to move although the vibratile cilia continue constantly at work. Further, these slowly moving cilia are paralysed by a rise or fall of temperature beyond a limited amount, and by various chemical substances which have no effect on the motion of the vibratile cilia. The elements forming the cilia employed as organs of locomotion have become so arranged that they are paralysed by the action of certain chemical substances which do not affect the relation of the atoms forming the vibratile cilia. This adaptation of protoplasm to perform special functions is still further illustrated in the case of some of the simplest forms of the infusoria such as the *Euglena*. In this unicellular organism we notice near one of its extremeties a small collection of reticulated protoplasms in which are a number of minute drops of an oily red substance. These coloured spots seem to be influenced by certain rays of the spectrum, for when the F. and G. bands are directed on a vessel in which these organisms exist they swarm to the side of the vessel upon which these rays of light fall. In some of the infusoria immediately in front of such a collection of colouring matter we find that the protoplasm has undergone changes in the arrangements of its elements whereby it has taken the shape and structure of a highly refracting translucent substance of a club-shaped form: in fact has assumed a form and structure, by means of which rays of light passing through it would be brought to a focus on the reticulated colour containing protoplasm behind it. This structure, therefore, is a rudimentary organ of vision such as that which is possessed by the higher animals. Nevertheless, we must distinctly bear in mind that these infusoria have nothing approaching to a differentiation of their protoplasm into nerve cells, or a nervous system of any kind. The influence of light, however, on undifferentiated protoplasm is certain, and the adaptation of protoplasm as above described evidently facilitates the action of light on the protoplasm which forms the body of these minute micro-organisms.

We must, before leaving this part of our subject, further illustrate some other properties possessed by protoplasm when under the influence of the vital energy. Among micro-organisms there are some which possess remarkable facilities for obtaining food. Of these the *Didinium* is a minute gelatinous looking oval shaped being, rounded off at one end and terminating by an almost level surface at the opposite extremity, from the middle of which rises a conical projection. Round this projection are a vast number of minute rods.

When one of the *Didiniæ* approaches certain other beings of the same species of infusoria it selects one of them, and coming to a stand it casts a multitude of its rods against its prey, which is thus killed. A portion of the body of the victorious *Didinia* is then protruded, the dead infusoria is seized, and is soon digested. In another of these infusoria (*Loxodes rostrum*) we find a row of small vesicles on its dorsal surface; in the centre of each of these vesicles there is a minute refracting globule, which is probably a specialised adaptation of protoplasm by means of which the organism is affected by waves of sound. Protoplasm therefore in these simple micro-organisms may become specialised so as to form structures which, from their modifications in higher animals, we know to be adapted for the transmission of visual and auditory vibrations to the brain, which they affect in such a way as to produce the sensation of light and of sound. We have no evidence to prove that unicellular organisms see or hear; nevertheless, it is certain that rays of light and waves of sound passing through the rudimentary organs above referred to directly affect the protoplasm of the cellules, and doubtless tend to the preservation of their being.

We desire, however, to draw special attention to the fact that living protoplasm in its simplest known form possesses qualities which enable it to respond to the influence of light and of sound for purposes of its own preservation. These qualities, however, in the higher class of beings are assigned as peculiar to a nervous apparatus, which is in truth a differentiation of protoplasm.

We have not referred to the property possessed by undifferentiated protoplasm known as its irritability, because in these unicellular organisms the slightest excitation suffices to produce an alteration of their elements, and it is difficult to separate their irritability from contractility. We must consequently defer the consideration of this subject and the fecundation of these unicellular beings to another article.

N. C. Macnamara.

DOES ENGLISH EDUCATION BREED SEDITION IN INDIA?

THE theory that English education breeds sedition in India has, of late years, found frequent expression in England as well as in India. The *Times* has lent its sanction and approval to this view. The *Daily Mail* regards the "Indian Educational System" as a "breeding ground of sedition." In the Tory Press generally this theory finds favour. The *Pioneer* of Allahabad, the *Englishman* of Calcutta, and several other Anglo-Indian journals decry English and the higher education as being fraught with mischief and danger to the British rule. "The whole system of higher education in India," remarks G. W. Steevens, "is radically vicious in plan and, if not actually disastrous, at least profitless, in effect." Even some Anglo-Indian officials of repute, Sir John Strachey, for instance, countenance this opinion. If, therefore, it be true that English education makes India disloyal and discontented, then obviously it is one of the most serious and perplexing problems with which the Indian and the Imperial Governments are confronted, and an impartial inquiry into it is of the utmost importance.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHARGE.

The history of this charge against Indian education throws a very lucid light upon this inquiry. Opposition to English education in India is not a modern development. In the early periods of the British administration education of any kind used to be looked upon with anxiety and alarm. Marshman observes, in his *History of Bengal*, that "before the days of Lord Hastings (1813–23) it was considered bad policy to enlighten them (the Indians) because their ignorance was regarded as a kind of security of the continuance of our Empire." "During the administration of Lord Minto," says W. J. Kaye, "this dread of the free diffusion of knowledge became a chronic disease," and "every attempt to diffuse the light of knowledge among the people, either of our own or the independent states, was vehemently opposed and resented." Captain Sedenham, resident at the court of the Nizam of Hyderabad, was so severely reprimanded by the Government of Lord Minto for having procured for the Indian chief a printing machine, that he had to assure the Chief Secretary that

"if the Government felt any uneasiness about the presence of this dangerous instrument of civilisation at the court of the Nizam, he could easily obtain admission to the Tosakhana (a treasure house) and there so cripple the press as to ensure its never being in a fit state to do its duty again." In 1835, when Lord William Bentinck inaugurated English education in India, and made English the official language of the Empire, he and his councillor, Lord Macaulay, had to combat not only the acrimonious arguments of the "Orientalists," but also this bitter prejudice against educating the natives of India. Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalfe, when he removed the gag from the mouth of the Indian Press and openly advocated a free diffusion of English education, was assailed with the same dogma "that the spread of knowledge may eventually be fatal to our rule in India"; and so strong was this feeling even in England that his liberal reforms lost him his temporary governor-generalship. When Lord Dalhousie, Lord Canning, and Lord Mayo, in their turns, opened the gates of education wider they had to overcome the same opposition. Lord Ripon, when he expanded and improved the system of English and higher education set on foot by his predecessors, was vigorously attacked by those who viewed with terror any advancement made by Indians in Western learning. Since then the English education has been indicted upon various charges, the most popular among them being the charge of sedition. And never have the educated classes been so recklessly accused of disloyalty and disaffection as in the year 1897, when Mr. Tilak was convicted of sedition and the Natu brothers were incarcerated without even the semblance of a trial or a charge.

It will be seen, therefore, that from its earliest inception down to its present developments, the Indian education has, at every stage and quite irrespective of any plan or system, been resented and condemned by a body of English opinion both in England and in India, and that the condemnation of the present system of English education is but the latest phase of the old and more comprehensive objection to educating the natives of India at all.

What the Charge Implies.

Now, the sweeping assertion that English education produces sedition in India implies that sedition or disloyalty actually exists among the educated classes, that it exists to the extent of constituting a characteristic of the educated Indians as a body, and that the sedition is due to no other common cause than English education.

Is it Sedition?

The first question that presents itself is: Is there sedition in the educated community of India? Before one can affirm or deny it, it

is important to ascertain what the word sedition means. In view of the conflicting judicial interpretations ranging from "overt act inciting to mutiny" to "want of affection for the Government," the Indian legislature defined the offence in 1898 in the *Indian Penal Code* as follows:

"124A. Sedition.—Whoever by words, either spoken or written, or by signs, or by visible representations, or otherwise, brings or attempts to bring into hatred or contempt, or excites or attempts to excite disaffection towards Her Majesty or the Government established by law in British India, shall be punished, &c. (then follows the penal clause).

Explanation I.—The expression 'disaffection' includes disloyalty and all feelings of enmity.

Explanation II.—Comments expressing disapprobation of the measures of the Government with a view to obtain their alteration by lawful means, without exciting or attempting to excite hatred, contempt, or disaffection, do not constitute an offence under this section.

Explanation III.—Comments expressing disapprobation of the administration or other action of the Government without exciting or attempting to excite hatred, contempt, or disaffection, do not constitute an offence under this section."

The definition is by no means very clear. But the simple test is this: If one person opposes or disapproves of the policy or the conduct of another, with the intention other than that of obtaining a change of his policy or redress from the effects of his conduct, he clearly wishes the removal of that man; similarly, when the object of "comments expressing disapprobation" of the policy or the measures of a government is other than that of securing the reversal of that policy or removal of the measures complained of, then the object must be the removal of the Government itself. Or to put it more broadly: If a person entertains hatred or "contempt" or "feelings of enmity" for a government, he wants to get rid of it. Judged by this simple test there cannot be any reasonable doubt that even the most strongly-expressed native criticisms come properly under Explanations II. and III., for no educated Indian wishes the overthrow of the British Government, as he knows full well that the severance of the British connection would reduce his country to chaos and anarchy, or would hand it over to Russia, whose domination he contemplates with consternation. Mr. Caine, M.P., in his pamphlet, entitled "Young India," remarks with much truth and insight: "Cultured India knows well enough that only disaster can follow the abolition of English dominion. Only those who, like myself, have moved constantly among the natives, and enjoy their confidence, can form any idea of the horror with which any alternative is viewed by the people of India." It is only because some Englishmen do not appreciate this, and take unduly alarmist views of native opinion, that, as Mr. Routledge points out in his very thoughtful book, *English Rule in India*, "every word of comment it (the native press) directs against any officer or any official act is construed by

some into disaffection, and by some into disloyalty." An impartial judge of native comments will also make some allowance for the emotional character of the Oriental mind and its traditional habit of indulging in spirited and hyperbolical language. Mr. R. C. Dutt's observation on this subject represents the real situation:

"The worst criticisms of the press," says the veteran Indian officer, "are criticisms not against the British rule but against errors of administration, against blundering methods and faulty procedure. And the influential agitation of the people is an agitation not against the British Government, but with a view to improve the administration, to bring it more in touch with the people, and to make it less liable to the mistake incident to a foreign rule."

ARE THE EDUCATED INDIANS DISLOYAL AS A CLASS?

Assuming, however, that sedition is to be discovered in some of the acts and uttered sentiments of the educated Indians, we have next to inquire as to whether it belongs to the class or simply to a few isolated individuals; for, to establish the relationship of cause and effect, general, not isolated or exceptional, connection must be proved. Now, it is no exaggeration to say that out of every thousand educated Indians not more than a hundred take any practical interest in politics; and out of that hundred not more than ten publicly express, by words or by conduct, political views, seditious or otherwise; and out of that ten not more than two express sentiments that can, by any stretch of language, be interpreted as seditious. It should also be borne in mind that the power of public comment upon any policy or any measures of a Government is given only to those who can pretend to some education. Consequently, to conclude that the educated Indians are disloyal as a class from the mere coincidence that those few who overstep the boundary of legitimate criticism happen to be educated, is to adopt an inference for which the premises are wanting. Side by side with a handful of journalists who occasionally indulge in questionable views, there is an overwhelmingly larger number of those against whose political opinions no possible objection could be raised.

The Indian National Congress, say some critics, which is supported by the educated classes, ventilates and encourages seditious sentiments. It is not necessary to enter here into any exhaustive defence of the movement against this grave accusation. It is sufficient to point out that had this institution been a disloyal one, in view of its growing dimensions and influence, the Government would have suppressed it long ago, or would, at least, have addressed to it words of severe remonstrance and warning, but the Government has adopted neither course; that one of the earliest resolutions of the Congress, and one that is urged year after year, embodies prayers to the Government for most of those very educational reforms that are advocated by the opponents of the Indian educational policy; and that the detractors

of this movement are themselves always careful to add, as if to avoid an incriminating confession, that it represents only a small minority of the entire educated population of India. "The annual shriek set up by a collection of half-Europeanised lawyers," remarks a recent critic of this class, "which, belonging to a dozen different breeds and representing none, calls itself the National Congress." But the "half-Europeanised lawyers" form a very small section of the large educated Indian society. Mr. Caine, M.P., than whom no Englishman has a more intimate acquaintance with this constitutional agitation, rightly remarks: "English politicians who see in the Congress movement danger to British over-rule in India are ignorant of the commonest facts of Indian modern history."

Even Sir Richard Temple, who would not be accused of any pro-native bias, while recognising that "there is an increasing unrest among the classes who have been educated under the Western system," concedes that the "general loyalty of these classes may be affirmed."

Are the Illiterate Masses more Loyal?

It is also extremely relevant to examine whether those Indians that have received English education are less loyal than their ignorant countrymen. To judge from the outward manifestations of disloyalty the inference that they are not is irresistible. All the overt acts of disaffection have originated from the illiterate masses of the people. The mutiny of the Madras Sepoys at Vellore and the famous mutiny of 1857 were the direct consequences of panic and ignorance, and the educated sympathies were ranged against them. The more recent rebellious acts of resistance to Government authority—the plague riots in different parts of India, and the Talla riot of Calcutta—have been proved to have emanated from the ignorance and superstition of the uneducated multitude; and the educated press and the educated public expressed strong disapproval of their lawless violence. Sir John Strachey, who is no lover of modern Indian education, in referring to "the enormous mass of Indian ignorance," wisely remarks: "Among all the dangers to which our dominion is exposed, this ignorance is the greatest"; and observes with regard to Indian rebellions: "Ignorance is their foundation, and there is no safeguard against them except the increased knowledge of the people."

Is English Education the Cause?

But grant, for the sake of argument, that the educated Indians are disloyal as a class; what makes them disloyal? Is it education? To say it is, is to make a grave admission. In so far as it is opposed to ignorance, education means knowledge. Are we to be told that education and knowledge of things make people disloyal to the British Government, and that the Government, even to-day, regrets the light of knowledge being thrown upon its conduct? Surely the British

Government, of all governments, does not seek for loyalty that is strengthened by ignorance and weakened by education?

The Censured System.

Those critics who want to avoid this implication, and who do not feel justified in openly urging the old objection to enlightening the natives at all, ingeniously suggest that it is the prevailing system, and not English education generally, that so imperils the loyalty of the Indian nation. But what is there in the system which effects this result? The present system of English education has not been arrived at by any sudden policy or any precipitate measure, but has been evolved through various stages of progress and experience.

As early as 1687 the East India Company was empowered by a charter to build school-houses "for the teaching of the gentoos, or native children, to speak, read, and write the English tongue." From the earliest years of British dominion in India the missionary schools have been instructing the Indian youths in Western learning. The Madrassa or Mahamudan College established by Warren Hastings, the Sanscrit College by Lord Amherst, the Medical College by Lord William Bentinck, and other educational institutions by Elphinstone and Munro, still form important members of the present plan. The comprehensive despatch of Sir Charles Wood (afterwards Lord Halifax) laid the basis of the present State-aided education in 1854. Lord Dalhousie founded the Universities of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras in 1857 after the model of London University. In 1882–83 Lord Ripon, acting upon the reports of the Education Commission, completed the scheme of Lord Halifax. The Punjab and Allahabad Universities were established after the afore-mentioned three upon very much the same pattern. The medical, engineering, technical, art, primary, middle, and female schools and colleges have gradually spread the network of the present educational system over the whole of the Indian continent. To impute such a fatal error to the system that has been built up with the endeavours of so many eminent administrators and statesmen is to impeach the wisdom of the British policy from the time of Warren Hastings down to the time of Lord Curzon. If this charge be tenable, then the British Government has to thank itself for the so-called sedition that has sprung out of a system of its own creation.

False Histories.

Some lay at the door of the system the blame of having allowed untrue histories of India to be taught in the Indian schools and colleges, and of thereby prejudicing the Indian students against their British rulers. Sir John Strachey, who accuses James Mill of bad faith and criminal mis-statements, and Lord Macaulay and Burke of wilful misrepresentations, is a powerful exponent of this view.

Whether James Mill's *History of India*, which Sir William Hunter regards as "still the standard work," and the historical writings of Macaulay and Burke, deserve this censure, it is not necessary here to discuss. It is sufficient for the purpose of the present argument to point out that if the Government thought the influence of these authors to be so pernicious it could easily have kept out Mill and Macaulay from Indian colleges instead of sanctioning the use of their books. But what is more important is this: Their criminal misstatements cannot very well be said to have influenced the present generation of students, as Hunter, Elphinstone, Wheeler, Marshman, Letheridge, and also historical writers of the class that, while condemning Nund Komar, who was executed for his forgery, in strongest possible terms, defends Clive's forgery of Watson's name in that shady Umichand document as a "pious fraud," or passes the incident indulgently by, have been their principal historical guides. And yet the present generation of B.A.s and M.A.s are the worst abused of all. The fact, however, is that there is not one Indian student of history who, while not attempting to support all the actions of a Clive, or a Warren Hastings, or a Wellesley, would not at the same time declare his preference for the British rule in India.

Some other Defects.

Professor Morrison in his review of the Imperial rule in India represents the more reasonable and moderate section of the opponents of the Indian educational policy. He says:

> "The educational policy which would, I believe, win over the educated classes to loyalty may be briefly summarised as follows: The university should prescribe the study of the economic history of India; the principal of each residential college should impress upon his students that loyalty to the Empress is a civic duty, and he and his staff should live on terms of friendly intercourse with their pupils, and so wean them from the belief that Englishmen necessarily either despise or dislike the natives of India."

This argument assumes the disloyalty of the educated classes; but the suggestions, although excellent in themselves, can hardly be expected to secure the desired results. If in spite of the imperative injunction of religion and tradition, if in spite of the natural predisposition of the Indian mind towards loyalty the native student is disloyal, then the authority of the principal of his college will not make him a loyal citizen. As for the thorough and impartial comparison of the economic conditions of the pre-British and British times satisfying the Indian student as to the superiority of the British administration, Mr. Morrison is perhaps too sanguine. It is at least doubtful if a non-partisan study of the prices of the means of subsistence, of famines, and of local industries, in the past and in the present, will remove the deep-rooted conviction of the educated and the unlettered alike—that

India is poorer to-day than she was in the past. Doubtless there is a feeling of dissatisfaction among the educated classes at the attitude of dislike and overbearing contempt which the Englishmen assume towards the natives of India. And this dissatisfaction is, unhappily, too often misinterpreted as disloyalty towards the Government. If, however, this dislike and resentment of the European treatment of the natives ever create in the minds of some a dislike for the British rule, then the remedy is to be sought not in the Indian educational policy, but in the behaviour of individual Englishmen towards the natives of the country.

The Unemployed and therefore Disloyal Graduates.

There are others who hold that the mischief of the system lies in the fact that the Indian universities turn out more graduates every year than the Government can supply employment for, and therefore the disappointed candidates become disloyal subjects. This alleged defect and its remedy are very forcibly described by a recent writer on India. "The surplus Bandopadhyas," says he, "for whom Government finds no room, go to reinforce the native press. They are discontented; they have their grievance . . . but the best way to deal with it is probably to do nothing. Let disloyalty talk and write as they will; after all, why should a native of India be loyal to Briton? But the moment it begins to act, shoot and spare not." This argument is fallacious to a degree. In the first place the Government gives no pledge to the students, not even to the most efficient of them, for any appointment. The higher appointments are mostly open to competition. The students of the present generation, at any rate, prosecute their studies with eyes fully open to the scanty possibilities of Government employment, and they do not think ill of the Government for not offering a favour for which no undertaking is given. In the next place there are other branches of study for which the Universities afford sufficient facilities, and which open up to the students the independent professions of law, of medicine, and of engineering, to which they resort in large numbers and with success. "But even if it were proved," says Professor Morrison, "that a large number of graduates fail to find lucrative employment, I should still reject the popular theory that they spend their time in writing seditious articles, because I am convinced that journalism does not pay." Further, it is a noticeable fact that the Indian political movements are invariably organised and led by those who are conspicuously successful in life.

Stationary System and Spasmodic Sedition.

That the system of education has no bearing upon the so-called sedition is indicated by the fact, that while the system remains the

same it is only during the administrations of certain rulers whose politics are not received with favour by the Indian public, or during the introduction of measures that are, rightly or wrongly, considered by them to be opposed to the progressive interests of the Indian community, that views are occasionally expressed which are characterised as disloyal. During the beneficent government of Lord William Bentinck, and during the wise and liberal viceroyalty of Lord Ripon, to take only two instances, the educated Indian opinion supported the British rule with unflinching loyalty and devotion, and not a single word was uttered or written to which any exception could be taken. On the contrary, the language of opposition employed by the Anglo-Indian press that now so strongly denounces the English education in India, during those two administrations, notably during the Half-batta agitation and Ilbert Bill controversy, was so full of violence and race-hatred and so incitive to active resistance, that as an example of racial animosity, of proud selfishness, and of abuse of journalistic licence, it still remains unsurpassed in India. Under the able and sagacious administration of the ruling pro-consul, Lord Curzon, educated Indians and the native press, even upon the admission of such anti-native papers as the *Pioneer* and the *Englishman*, have proved themselves to be commendably loyal. Indeed, whenever the Indian Government has endeavoured to act up to the proclaimed principles of the British policy and not evaded them, whenever it has adopted the policy of confidence and conciliation and not of distrust and repression, the loyalty of the educated community of India has been found to be strong and unsleeping. It is, therefore, the particular policy or the particular measure of the Government, and not the system or policy of Indian education, that determines the attitude of educated Indian opinion.

Moreover, whenever any occasion for voluntary demonstration of loyalty has presented itself the educated classes have with no uncertain evidence expressed their attachment to the British Crown. When our King and Emperor—then Prince of Wales—visited India the educated and the illiterate alike enthusiastically exhibited their loyalty. And the most loud-mouthed of the detractors of Indian education was silenced by the solemn and sincere demonstrations of loyal sorrow with which the educated classes lamented the conclusion of the noble life of their Queen and Empress—Victoria.

Balance of Advantages.

That the system of Indian education has many shortcomings and stands in need of reforms no one can doubt, and, as has already been pointed out, the educated Indians themselves have repeatedly urged the reforms of Indian universities. But education on Western methods is practically still in its infancy in India; and what

young system has ever been perfect? Nevertheless, to say that the system does not satisfy all the educational requirements of the student is one thing, and to assert that it breeds sedition is quite another. There is no natural affinity between the two allegations. Yet, whatever may be the defects of the present system of education, no impartial observer will deny that its advantages more than counterbalance its disadvantages. It has been instrumental in stimulating the best energies of the country. It has produced a very large number of distinguished judges, learned and acute lawyers, efficient doctors of medicine, erudite scholars, eminent professors of science, of philosophy, and of mathematics, the highest and the ablest native executive officers of the Government, and the most helpful of the Viceroy's native councillors. English education has vastly reduced the expenditure of the Indian administration by equipping a large number of Indians for the Government service, which was at one time the monopoly of Europeans, and has thus saved India from financial ruin. It has minimised the possibilities of mutiny and civil war through panic and ignorance. It has created public press and public opinion, which, however misguided at times, have increased the increasing purity of Indian administration by exposing abuses of authority and official oppression and jobbery, and by placing the native views before the Government. It has chastened the native service. It has forged a link of knowledge and intimacy between the rulers and the ruled, so wide asunder by race and religion. It has developed fellow feelings between the various and strange races of India by creating a common language for them all. It has a tendency to make one nation out of the numerous—and, at one time, antagonistic—nations of India. It has rendered Indians less servile and fawning and more self-respecting than before. It has developed powers of self-government which it is the professed aim of the British policy to create and nourish. Perhaps some of these very advantages constitute the real grievances of the opponents of English education in India!

The following excerpt from *New India*, the author of which admirable little book is an Anglo-Indian civil servant of the highest rank and largest experience, an officer who, unlike many of his fellows in the service, has derived his knowledge of the Indians not from ignorant and anti-native club gossips, nor from prejudiced accounts of the Anglo-Indian press, nor from misleading official and superficial acquaintance with the ill-educated clerks and of officers under him, nor from unpleasant domestic experiences of the not too scrupulous native servants, but from personal and sympathetic contact with the people, from friendship with many cultured Indians, and from intimacy with the inner currents of Indian thoughts and feelings. Mr. H. J. S. Cotton, C.I.E., puts the whole situation in a nut-shell:

"The use of such words as loyalty and disloyalty is meaningless when applied to the natives of a dependency like India. They are loyal in that they appreciate the advantages of British rule, and are grateful to the British Government for the benefits which have been conferred on them. If this constitutes loyalty they are loyal. They do not demand that British ascendency should be subverted; but are embittered, deeply embittered, at their exclusion from power, at the deliberate neglect of assurances in their favour solemnly made and repeatedly renewed; at the contemptuous manner in which they are treated by Europeans; and at the insolence with which their legitimate aspirations are spurned and set aside. If it is disloyalty to attempt to wring concessions from the Government by fair means within their power they are disloyal. If it is disloyalty, when excluded from office themselves to watch and censure, often in no measured terms, the abuses of the authority exercised over them by Englishmen, they are disloyal. If in the formation of public opinion they place themselves in opposition to the ruling race, and in vindication of their own rights criticise freely the policy of the executive and judicial officers of Government, then they are disloyal. But they are not disloyal if disloyalty consists in the feeling that they would wish to see the English Government driven from India. That is not the feeling of the educated classes, and it is not the feeling of the nation."

A. P. Sen.

THE ESSENTIAL FALSEHOOD OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY PHILOSOPHY.

THE controversy recently carried on in the pages of the *North American Review* in respect of the merits or demerits of the Christian science theory, however ingeniously elaborated by the respective opponents, has so entirely avoided going to the root of the matter that it may not be amiss to supply the British or American reader with a feeler towards a final and happy despatch of this revolting superstition.

Dealing with it, in the first place, on the same lines as those taken by the two writers in question, the following, though in a manner only skirting the subject, may yet be found to be very much to the point.

Firstly, regarding Christian science from the point of view of a medical system, we are willing to let the issue rest on the vast proportion of failures resulting from it, as well as on the fact that, in the remote coincidence of a cure, the same could have been effected by medicinal or clinical methods within the period during which the twenty or forty *séances* are in progress. The necessity, according to the promoters, of approaching the subject in a believing spirit is apparent to the meanest intelligence. The credulity of the audience is the bread and butter of the prestidigitateur.

Secondly, regarding the theory from the point of view of logical reasoning, Mr. Buckley's strictures on Mrs. Eddy's language are exceedingly pertinent. Indeed, it is time that certain deluded dupes were made to understand that when drawing conclusions it is advisable to have a slight knowledge of the exact signification of terms.

The words: "God is divine principle, supreme incorporeal being, mind, spirit, soul, life, truth, love," are a brilliant example of the timeworn methods used by philosophising windbags for the purpose of mystifying their public with high-sounding expressions, that have absolutely no connected meaning, nay, are no better than a contradiction in terms. Let this be settled once and for all.

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since the idea of a God predicates as indispensable correlative a world different from Himself. If the world is to take His place there remains only an absolute world without God.

Mr. Buckley, on the other hand, vindicates the existence of evil, but is consequently constrained to throw the responsibility for it off the shoulders of God on to those of His creature, which, for this purpose, is duly supplied with the necessary "freedom of will," *vide* the passage: "If moral evil (that is, sin committed by a free responsible being) exists, God is not responsible for it, only as He would be responsible for the creation of free beings." Somewhat obscure, but of this later.

Indeed, the manner in which this gentleman takes Christianity on trust is highly naïve, but scarcely instructive. With the greatest composure he introduces the grey-headed assumption of a personal God, *i.e.*, a God with a personality, without which He could not possess those attributes assigned to Him by the true believer—and a "free will" in the created being, as if such persons as Immanuel Kant and Arthur Schopenhauer and their works had never so much as existed. Is it not time, after a lapse of five decades, that these standard authors should have penetrated, if not be a household word, in Great Britain and the United States? Yet the evidence before us sufficiently proves that they are known in these countries by no more than name, and that only to an insignificant minority. In the name of that truth which is so much in the mouths of the noble army of disputants—religious and otherwise—were it not better to condescend to a brief scrutiny of *what has been written* by eminent heads before delivering oneself of platitudes that have been demolished over half a century ago?

But we will assist Messrs. Buckley and McCrachan—as well as Mrs. Eddy—with the requisite facts concerning this matter.

There are two so-called proofs of the existence of God, the cosmological and the ontological.

The first seeks to establish his necessity by virtue of the law of causality, regarding the world as an effect of which there must be a *cause*. But a thing can only be correctly regarded as a necessity when it is the effect and not the cause of another thing. Again, the law of causality, if applied in this manner, proves too much, inasmuch as it does not permit us to stop at the cause of this world but leads us on to the cause of this cause, and so on *ad infinitum*. Further this law, as has been abundantly proved, is an *à priori* attribute of the intellect, and thus applicable only to phenomena, not to essence.

As a rider to the cosmological argument a physicotheological is added, *i.e.*, having established God's existence, His *nature*—as an intellectual power, possessed of will, &c.—is then derived from the many effects of which he could plausibly be the cause. This argu-

ment, however, is based entirely on the truth of the cosmological, *quia non est.*

The second, viz., ontological proof, consists in endeavouring to prove the existence of God by logical means, arguing in fact that the proof of the existence of a thing is contained in its idea, *i.e.*, definition. Thus the idea of God, having been invested with "perfection" or even "reality," cannot be made the subject of a sentence denying His existence, because that would contradict the subject itself. This is logical enough, but a very transparent trick of legerdemain, for having invested your subject with a certain nature, which at once predicates its existence, you will naturally always rediscover this existence in it and thus be able to logically deduce it. But as has been demonstrated by Locke, the origin of ideas lies either in empirical perception or in reflection, therefore the idea of God, if derived from the former, can only be cosmological, if from the latter, it is merely an arbitrary invention.

For all this we refer Mr. Buckley and Company to Imm. Kant's critique of rational psychology as contained in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, and A. Schopenhauer's *Fragments* appertaining to the history of philosophy and *The Fourfold Root of the Problem of the Adequate Reason*, to which authors we have pleasure in introducing the British and particularly the American reader.

With regard to the theory of free will (under God) it is high time that the world at large recognised that its inhabitants are not all circumcised, and that this spawn of Judaism, this utterly pernicious and degrading conception were fundamentally wiped out.

In *primis* the sentence "creation of free beings" contains in itself so glaring a contradiction of terms, that it is incredible how any sane human being, except one who is "forsaken by all the gods," could commit it to paper. It is inconceivable that any human being can act otherwise than in accordance with its constitution and nature. But as it is constituted, so is it (in this conception) created. Therefore to create a free being God would have had to endow it with existence but not essence, *i.e.*, nature or constitution—in other words, the created being *is* without being *something*, *i.e.*, it *is* yet it is *nothing*, which is absurd.

Moral freedom and responsibility on the contrary can only be predicated of a self-originated being, *i.e.*, to be the originator of its actions it must be the originator of itself.

But further, it has been conclusively established that, instead of being able really to *will* what it wills, the human being can only will in strict accordance with motives which act with inevitable consequential force on its individual character, as proof of which an alarm of fire in a crowded building will no more allow the occupants to will themselves to remain than to fly—for the simple reason that in their case the *motive* to live is paramount, nay, absolutely irresistible.

However, we do not consider it our business—nay, it would be an impertinence on our part—to elaborate this argument, as it has been explicitly and conclusively set forth in the *Essay on the Freedom of the Will* by Schopenhauer, to which we politely refer Messrs. Buckley and Company.

Notwithstanding all this, being driven into a corner, the upholders of Theism would no doubt be able to overcome these proofs by maintaining that God, being omnipotent, can do anything, even that which is manifestly impossible. We leave them to this truly delightful belief.

It may not be out of place to point out here that Theism and its corollary Free Will are also in direct antagonism to real morality, and that in two ways. God, originally the Creator, appears finally in the capacity of Judge. This fact may prompt virtuous action in the creature, but not pure moral action, since the motive for it is either fear of punishment or hope of reward.

Again, Theism precludes freedom and responsibility in the object, for if the latter's actions are bad, its construction must likewise be bad, and thus we have the picture of a God, having created a defective being, actually sitting in judgment on it for the defects of which He is Himself the author.

We, however, prefer in the face of all this "cloud of witnesses," to find the origin of the idea of God in the natural frailty of the human mind and its desire for assistance and support, *i.e.*, its wish and will, or else in the inoculation of the idea itself at an age when independent criticism is impossible.

Report has it that Mrs. Eddy rejoices in upwards of a million followers. Surely this reminds us of the palmy days of Fichte and Hegel, those *summi philosophi*, who, denying all essence as at the heart of phenomena, precipitated these bodily into the human mind, and with the most bland assurance informed the attendant world that outside of this nothing whatever existed. That they made an uncommonly good living out of it we know; whether Mrs. Eddy does the same we may leave her house in Concord, Mass., as well as her banking account to make public. One point of *dis*similarity between her and Bishop Berkeley worth touching on is that he did not coin a pile of dollars with his philosophy. And now we arrive at the point at which it is incumbent on us to examine the very essence of this remarkable but not original theory.

Mrs. Eddy says: "Bishop Berkeley and I agree that all is *mind*." To Bishop Berkeley is indeed due the establishment of idealism, *i.e.*, the placing of phenomena in the realm of cognition, but although he successfully set apart the ideal, he failed to find the real—nay, in his capacity as bishop he was forced to place this in God as the author of all things—and thus truth and untruth had to fall in in his head as best they could, an unenviable dilemma in which a good many of

his colleagues have before now found themselves. But Mrs. Eddy should have added to Berkeley's name those of Schultz, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, whose opinions, particularly the senseless diatribes of the last-named, long since refuted, have been reborn in her own head, and are now dished up for the benefit of the English-speaking public, who have probably never heard of the existence of these writers.

But we will put our finger on the nerve of this philosophy. The existence of an essence (*Ding an sich*) at the heart of phenomena is practically self-evident. It is in a manner demonstrated by the fact that although all phenomena are forms of our intellect, yet there is difference between them. If this difference were part and parcel of our own cognition, it is surely singular not only that we should every one of us remark the same differences, but that the attributes of objects should manifest themselves only by way of given channels, *e.g.*, sound cannot reach us through the eye or light through the ear. This points to sources outside of our control, but is still only a cosmological proof, and as such inconclusive; we must therefore look elsewhere for the proof of the Real and we find it in ourselves. For the body not only manifests itself as a phenomenon in the objective world, but as an essence (*Ding an sich Ens.*), inasmuch as it enters as Will into our consciousness. Hereby the Will supplies the key, first, to the understanding of all its actions and movements as regulated by motives, which would otherwise be as inexplicable to us as the changes that take place in other bodies perceived by us only by the medium of objective cognition; and, secondly, to the substratum of these actions, in which the requisite power to execute them is rooted. (*See* Schopenhauer, *Fragments, &c.*, and *World as Will and Idea.*)

Thus Mrs. Eddy's statement that all is *mind* (I, I, I, I the inside and the outside, the what and the why)—which is not to be taken seriously, as she predicates God, who is surely outside the mind, in the same breath—is a mere assertion without any basis whatever.

The word "mind" can have only two significations here. It may mean perception, *i.e.*, idea, in which case the phrase is pure Fichte-ism, and Mrs. Eddy and her friends have of their own volition produced every phenomenon perceived by them, including the diseases they subsequently eradicate, which seems very stupid of them, and certainly does not do credit to the adage, "Prevention is better than Cure."

Alternately it may mean the human thinking apparatus, *i.e.*, the physical brain, which turns the phrase into a confession of materialism. But we were unaware that Mrs. Eddy was a disciple of Dr. Buechner.

In fine, putting aside the very natural question as to whether Mrs. Eddy and her followers really know the precise meaning of

any of the terms they so prodigally string together—however astonishing may be the talent with which they imagine things into existence—we defy them to successfully think anything out of it.

One word in conclusion. In recommending to the reader a perusal of the works of the two most eminent philosophers of the nineteenth century we will not omit to supply one plausible reason why they are so little known to the English-speaking races. These races, otherwise endowed with remarkably clear and practical heads, have for centuries been, and are still, as clay in the hands of the clergy, for which reason all writings not in accord with the Christian dogma are either stigmatised as heretical and blasphemous or else studiously ignored (a favourite method). Some more adventurous casuists do indeed make an attempt to beard the lion in his den, but only by means of subterfuge.

For instance, in a recent theological treatise—*The Great Enigma* by Lillie—Kant's Critique is indeed mentioned, but stress is laid on that of Practical Reason, which, as is well known, was a mere sop for those who could or would not assimilate the author's greater work; Schopenhauer, meanwhile, is honoured only with a passing reference accompanied by the prefix "pace."

Indeed, when the name of this really remarkable genius is mentioned, a sudden and vast silence immediately falls like a pall on the clerical faculty—for very cogent and obvious reasons.

We, however, hazard the opinion that the open-minded and honest reader will find in his works, as has the present translator, a real and lasting pleasure and solace, or if nothing more at least a conclusive settlement of the apotheosis of nonsense which masquerades under the title of Christian Science.

Should he further desire to know how such a theory could ever have gained credence, we can only refer him to the proverb (revised): "The more incredible—nay monstrous a belief, the greater the credit due to its supporters."

Frederick W. Müller.

FEMININE MIND WORSHIP.

THE only object of this paper is to show that our educational ideals are quite wrong.

Without, perhaps, using the words with scientific accuracy, we may say there are roughly two types of mind, one depending chiefly on memory and being reproductive, the other on reasoning and being creative; but as these types are proportionally most developed in women and men respectively, we may, for distinction, call them the feminine and masculine mind. There is no question for the moment as to which kind of mind is the higher, but the palm is given by universal consent to the mind that is here classed as feminine.

Though the discussion of what women can and cannot do is growing rather wearisome in our days, it may be as well for our present purpose to look at the matter from a somewhat new point of view, so as to understand the distinction better.

Taking first mere school and university studies, the memory mind can deal best with languages, history, geography, literature, and other subjects which depend specially on the cultivation of the memory; while the other excels in applied reasoning, such as law and science in its broader sense, including a wide range of subjects under this head. The memory mind is found with great respect for every kind of recognised authority, from the clergyman upwards, or downwards—or let us be colourless and say sideways—immense admiration for the ancient, and an uncritical credulity which accepts dogmas and ideals on no other basis than authority. The other class of mind is reasoning and creative, and deals with all branches of natural science, economics, when it has the chance, and similar subjects with facility; but approaches everything critically. Of course, many men may have chiefly feminine minds, and women often have preponderance of masculine mind, some women having much more masculine mind than the average man; but each individual has some of each kind. All the same, a broad distinction may be made between the two types, as feminine and masculine. A well-developed mind, in either kind of body, ought to be made up of both kinds, nicely proportioned. It must not for a moment be supposed that the feminine mind is inferior to the masculine; they are both good,

and both necessary in each properly developed individual. The object of this paper is to show that though feminine is at present alone appreciated, the developed masculine mind is, after all, of much greater real importance.

While there seem to be no directions in which men cannot excel women intellectually, there are a large class in which women are not wholly disqualified, so that a clever woman can beat an ordinary man; and there is another large class, where even the ablest women are so far behind as to be entirely out of the race. Though men excel in both directions, the kind of mind that is almost peculiar to men may be fitly called the masculine. It will be interesting to distinguish between the two types more perfectly. Women can learn languages nearly as well as men, especially modern languages, in which it is sometimes possible to secure rational tuition. It is only in the higher walks that they fall behind. With dead languages they do not seem to succeed much worse than men; but dead languages are taught in such a preposterous way that a man studying, say, Latin for many years, at an expense of a hundred or two a year, does not learn as much real language as a Swiss waiter picks up in six months while he is earning six shillings a week and his board. The Latin scholar shirks one difficulty, the pronunciation, altogether. Imagine spending five or seven years learning French, and then pronouncing it as if spelled in English! In spite of this, women can make a very fair show in classics, a subject involving chiefly memory. In such subjects as history women are again not, as a rule, behind men, except in the higher branches. Mathematics is to some extent anomalous. It is a subject that requires very close attention and concentration, but little more in most branches. It does not demand any high order of intellect. The reasoning is close, but it is purely deductive. We are only dealing for the moment with mathematics taught at schools and universities. The course is practically going over nothing but old ground already prepared by others, the road being rendered as easy as possible, though the end of it is entirely hidden from the students and generally from the teacher.

Mathematics is one of the subjects women can deal with, as far as it is mere absorption of other people's ideas; yet it is strange that they have done so little, for mathematics is essentially a study for self-teaching, and any one living alone in the Shetlands might study if she could afford some leisure and a few books. It is a study from which women have never been precluded, yet they have never done anything in the higher branches. No woman has ever invented a calculus, neither do women apply mathematics to solve physical problems. The creative and the original seem absent from feminine mathematics, as from most feminine work. Mathematics is interesting from our point of view in other ways. It is generally

regarded as a purely masculine subject requiring ability of a high order, yet it is not only within feminine reach, but it has a curious analogy with languages. For instance, the linguist thinks his learning is knowledge; he never realises that a language is merely a means of reaching the literature written in it. The vulgar idea that Latin and Greek are learned languages finds its counterpart among the lower grades of scientific men, who have a great reverence for mathematical symbols as such, and mathematical swagger is as common as other forms of pedantry. Like the linguist, the pure mathematician confuses the means with the end and believes he knows something. But mathematics must not be otherwise put on the level of a dead language. The language of Homer is the chance, hardly intelligent, development of the noises our early ancestors made to express their crude emotions; and if their mouths had been adapted to fit a different kind of nut, Greek must have been quite different. The facts of mathematics, however, are inherent in the nature of things, and are independent of human development, and mathematics is thus on a very much higher plane. We may, perhaps, sum up by saying that though the feminine mind can acquire mathematics, it takes a masculine mind to discover or use it.

When we come to science we find women are simply nowhere. The feminine mind is quite unscientific. Men are curious about things, women about people. While those of his sex read the works of a great man, women read his biography and letters. There may be brilliant exceptions here and there, which are too infrequent to count, but, broadly speaking, the scientific woman does not exist. Many women can do some sort of scientific work. They are more careful than men, and more accurate in taking readings. In this direction they make excellent assistants, and they could probably do the routine work of the assay, or city analyst's, office, or of an observatory, better than most men. Ladies' names often appear as authors of papers, generally in organic chemistry, or in subjects involving tedious but accurate readings of instruments, but such work is either done in conjunction with men, or is obviously under their guidance and supervision, and much is made about it out of gallantry. In medicine women have made a good deal of stir without much result. When a woman gets through some medical or other examinations of the same grade a great deal of notice is taken, especially by the pioneers, because she is a woman; but this fuss is itself a confession of the backwardness of women in the subject. Neither must it be supposed that because women read British Association papers in the silly season about crossing the Rockies or Central Africa by themselves, that they are scientific. Their powers in fiction are admitted. In spite of the few marked exceptions, it cannot be held that women are scientific.

So far we have dealt only with school and university studies, not with the work of life; but here the same broad distinction between the feminine and masculine mind holds. In applied science, such as engineering, manufacturing chemistry, textile work, milling, and so on, women do their share only in the lower ranks as unskilled labour. Woman invents nothing, and organises no large businesses. She is to some extent shut out from the tops of most industries by her sex, but her ability is not absent because she is shut out. She is shut out by custom because she obviously has no ability. In all industries inventions are largely made by outsiders, but women are not among these outsiders. In fact, as far as science is concerned, speaking broadly, women and a large class of men seem to have a faculty wanting. A man with a masculine mind, for instance, understands machinery without any special training. If he sees a complicated mechanism he puzzles it out till he understands it, especially if its work is connected with him in any way. But a literary man, or a woman, or an archdeacon can seldom even regulate a cycle. Think of the enormous inventive ingenuity devoted to machinery for making ornamental fabrics for feminine wear, yet there is probably not one woman in the United Kingdom who understands, say, a lace machine. Think of it! Think also how a woman oils her sewing machine!

The work of merchants or pure business men might be done by women more than it is in this country, but the absence of humour in most women carries with it or denotes a want of sense of balance and relative importance of things. Watch a clever woman arranging her household for a summer holiday, or until she can get her next cook. Every detail is worked out perfectly, and she does as much solid brain work in a day, full of distracting interruptions, as a man does in a week. But it is all focussed on unimportant details. If it were not for that, women could do anything in business up to organising a government department. Owing, then, not to her deficient brain power, but to her want of sense of humour and balance, the feminine mind cannot claim what is commonly classed as business as in its department.

A digression may be allowable on the subject of music. It is generally considered a feminine art. A little attention explodes this notion. There have never been good women composers. That is admitted. As an instrumentalist, say a pianist, a woman is not much behind men as far as mechanical technique goes, but at most she plays the dead bones of music, and she is easily beaten by a mechanical piano, more especially as to ability in playing on three or four parts of the keyboard at the same time. The humbler amateur lady pianist is also frequently brilliant, and when not accompanying sometimes plays in time. A small boy reads Shakespeare correctly; but both interpretations are equally wide of

the mark; the difference is, that when the small boy hears Shakespeare read properly, he realises his deficiencies. At the organ no woman succeeds. Once or twice there has been considerable excitement about an organist because she was a lady, but in spite of the splendid gratuitous advertisement awaiting the lady organist there is none of real mark. Many people undoubtedly consider singing is music, and women certainly shine in that direction, but the question is somewhat irrelevant. Not only are women unmusical, but among men music goes with the masculine, not the feminine, mind. Among musicians large numbers have given up engineering, law, or some similar calling to take up their art, and musicians have generally a strong liking for science and mechanics. Most of the queer theories of harmony that come out are unfortunate specimens of science run to seed, but the scientific instinct is there. As another example, take the average organist's mastery of the intricacies of modern organ building, while a lady pianist does not understand the "action," and often does not know, what the pedals do to the internals of her piano. Again, musical amateurs are largely lawyers and engineers and other scientific men. The clergy and men of letters and "highly educated" people are notoriously unmusical.

There is one important anomaly, and that is novel writing. The classification seems almost to break down, if it does not quite fail. Inventing the characters and plot, and working out a novel, are evidently creative or masculine, and involve constructive as well as other ability of a very high order. Yet women are almost, if not entirely, on an equality in serious fiction. This is a case of great importance. When it is remembered that a novel can be bought for from four-and-six downwards and half-a-dozen stories for a penny, the debt owed to novelists may be realised. Probably the lady novelists and story writers of to-day alone have given a greater total of real pleasure to their fellow-creatures than the combined poets, painters, and musicians of a century or two. To realise this, it must be borne in mind that people read poetry and hear music largely to talk about them, and that they only reach a small circle. Novels and stories are sold million upon million, and are read purely for pleasure. They are the sole imaginative recreation open to the greater number of those in humble circumstances. As to whether ladies' novels are as high art as men's, that must be left to competent judges; the question is here discussed only as to the pleasure given to numbers. In writing novels also, women are fighting against a prejudice, and frequently have to assume masculine names to get fair play. In most other things women's work is conspicuous only because it is women's, so that in any men's subjects, such as the various sciences, women have a tremendous advantage. In pictorial art women have the same advantage to a less extent. Whether women can really compete with men as painters is a matter for

those better conversant with art, and is not important in this discussion.

Enough has been said to show fairly clearly what is meant by the vague term feminine mind.

It does not follow, of course, that the most highly developed feminine mind is to be found in women; on the contrary it is found in a form of man, namely, the clergyman. The term clergyman is used with hesitancy. The words priest, parson, and cleric have an air of disdain, which is out of place, and clerk is old-fashioned. The term clergyman is used in its broadest sense to cover all exponents of the supernatural on lines handed down by authority. It thus covers the Catholic priest, Sheik, Rabbi, Minister, Medicine man, Salvationist, Brahmin, and their counterparts in all parts of the world, and even the apostle of Brigham Young or Mrs. Eddy; but we need only consider Christian clergymen. The word clerk would have been better, as it denotes more what is intended, namely, a learned man, that is to say, one who has learned all he was told, and believed it because he was told it young. The whole education and training of a clergyman is especially arranged to develop the feminine mind as completely as possible. The fundamental basis of his profession is rubbed into him dogmatically when a child, and is purely a matter of authoritative or "believe it because I tell you so" training. The special training consists largely of dead languages, and a final saturation of the patient with the ideas of other men who are set up on pedestals as authorities. At present only men who have specially feminine minds become clergymen, and there is at last some difficulty in getting them, but in early days it was different. From nearly two thousand years ago, until quite lately, masculine thought has not been permitted. The clergyman has been all powerful in the past, and practically stopped all development of the masculine mind for nearly twenty centuries. The masculine mind has broken out during the last hundred years or a little more, and the result is civilisation. In old days men with minds had to enter the church and develop only the feminine side, and had to avoid thought altogether. If a layman thought about things they pulled his teeth out with hot pincers, or fried him, and if that was not effective they discouraged him. The history of Europe for this large period is nearly all an account of the miserable doings of soldiers and clergymen, with some kings and queens as figure heads. Ninety-nine per cent. of our knowledge of nature has been gleaned during a century, though blind experience amassed a good deal of unco-ordinated fact during the long existence of man. No doubt the clergyman does not directly retard knowledge effectually now, except by preaching the iniquity of testing the local religious belief by inquiry. He does not openly oppose scientific work; whether because he cannot or does not want to

is immaterial. He does not fry his victims himself now, but hopes it will be done subsequently. His past influence, however, has left us a heritage of worship of the feminine mind. To begin with, dead languages were kept up by clergymen. As they were the only people allowed to think at all, even in the feminine way, they were always considered learned. Latin and Greek were, and are still, vulgarly considered "learned." Until recently all learning consisted in working on the ideas of earlier men. Languages are human productions, creeds, dogmas, commentaries on commentaries, most history, the study of literature with a big initial denoting an endless series of books about books, are all developments of the work of other men, not based on things or natural facts. And this type of study is what was, and still is, known as "learning."

It may be said that if a clergyman is the highest development of the feminine mind, women would do well in the church. So they would, but they are kept out chiefly by what is said to be a mean mistranslation in the Corinthians. Women could do all the mental work of most clergymen; they are said to be good emotional speakers, and they do much visiting, and they emasculate the poor and multiply the wretched, and do other good works already. They could also set an example of unselfishness and devotion to their causes. No man is worthy of mention in the same breath with a truly unselfish woman, and there are many of these all round us if we will only look. The powers that be know better than to let women into the church. Dog does not eat dog, and woman won't worship women, and if women were in the church clergyman-worship, on which the churches chiefly depend, would vanish, and the whole structure would crumble away.

Now let us see how widespread and far-reaching the result of the clerical development of the feminine mind is. Our older universities are purely clerical in their origin, and are still, as Huxley puts it, seminaries for young clergymen. The teaching of Oxford is almost wholly feminine. Cambridge, on the other hand, has a name for mathematics, which is almost a neutral subject, and is now doing a little in unapplied science; but the science is largely mathematical as well as unpractical, and has not yet any real influence on the world at large. Now the direct influence of the older universities through the men who study there would be small; but the newer universities are formed on the same lines. Even this is a trifle; the whole of our public school system of education is modelled to suit the universities, and is therefore feminine. The private and preparatory schools follow the same line. The whole of our education from top to bottom is thus essentially feminine. To make it worse, and more difficult to alter, the schoolmasters are mostly clergymen, and public schools and universities are so tangled up with the church that it may take ages before we have masculine

education. The head-mastership of some of our schools is regarded as a step to church dignities. Such excuses as that a classical education trains the mind, or that educated stockbrokers read Plato for pleasure in the evenings, are too transparent for further notice. The origin and continuance of our system of education is clerical purely. It is no question of whether people believe they believe this creed or that, all that is not to the point; the pity of it is that we have set up for ourselves an educational ideal which is fundamentally wrong.

We worship the feminine mind which, however superior it may be intellectually, is unproductive and useless for the welfare of humanity. We want to live. To live we must produce, produce and always produce. We must understand nature, we must utilise our knowledge by inventing, by working out new machines, developing new industries, opening new markets, devising better means of locomotion, carriage, and intercommunication, and by governing on sound economic foundations determined by studying economics as a science. All this is our day's work, the real serious business of our lives, and in the evening, if not too tired, we may cultivate the feminine parts of our minds to raise and make ourselves complete by an interest in feminine and non-productive branches of intellectual work. The whole of our present education is aimed at teaching us how to enjoy our incomes properly, that is to say, how to enjoy our leisure intellectually; but it is so badly designed for its purpose that it does not even succeed in that. The average man makes no use of dead languages, and does not begin to learn anything he ever uses until he leaves school. It is not only that our system of education gives useless results, it is that it gives a wrong ideal.

A hundred, or even fifty years, ago education was for gentlemen only, and they were a small proportion of the population and did a still smaller proportion of the world's work. The education of a gentleman was good enough for a man whose ambition was only to kill things or other men, and a nightmare knowledge of mis-pronounced Greek did not ruin a natural capacity for sport. But during last century industry arose, and the welfare of the country depends on a new and very large class of brain workers, chiefly developed from the descendants of those on whom the education of a gentleman would have been considered wasted. But though we now have this great class, large numerically and infinitely more important in proportion, the old feminine education left in the hands of the clergyman is applied without any adaptation to the new needs. Nor is this all. With the spread of education, the development of the feminine mind is extended down to the very humblest that can be reached. Reading and writing and a little arithmetic are all that a Board School child gets that are of any

value at all, and this is true without going down nearly so far in the scale.

Leaving for the moment the intellectual pursuits that can be enjoyed after dinner, not because they are unimportant, but because they are not the true life's business of those who are under the curse, or rather blessing, of having to work to earn their leisure, let us take a few branches of knowledge or development of mind and see what present education does for us.

Ethics is, of course, the most important study of all; but here we are entirely in the hands of the clergyman, and apart from schools we spend some fifty millions a year in continuing the teaching of ethics based on the supernatural, if that is not a contradiction in terms. It would be beating the wind to pursue this point.

The proper study of mankind is man's inside. It is obvious that our human happiness as well as welfare depends on health; we ought all to be taught physiology, and hygiene, and perhaps a little medicine. What do we learn of this? Nothing! Perhaps a few of us have read some of Aristotle's nonsense, because it is Aristotle's, and he lived long ago; but that is all. Of course Aristotle was quite clever, but he had no facilities. The feminine mind confuses the merit of a man with the value of his works. Nothing that could be said here would adequately express the importance of the science of health as part of education, and no condemnation of the wicked ignorance of our clergymen educationalists in stifling this knowledge could come up to their deserts.

Next to health, as a general subject affecting all professions, comes wealth and economics. What do our schools do for us here? Nothing. Our universities? If possible, less. They have feminised economics and dragged it into such low repute that it would have been much better left alone. Some writer—from memory, Bagehot—pointed out that at Cambridge economics was put in the wrong tripos, so as to be studied by the wrong men. Instead of coming among the sciences, it was put in the moral science tripos, where it would naturally be studied by feminine instead of masculine minds. It is not so very long ago that the three standard works on moral philosophy, logic, and political economy were those of an archbishop! It is always interesting to see what economists have to say to Malthus's law. To the clergyman Malthus's law is wicked, or Malthus was wicked in framing it, and chaining nature down to follow it, or both were iniquitous and immoral; neither will the sentimental economist with fads for regenerating the world have any of it. To the ordinary economists the law is saddening, because they took the number of people as fixed, and their individual wealth is variable. Jevons is naïvely absurd. He says:

"The problem of economics may, it seems to me, be stated thus: *Given a certain population, with various needs and powers of production, in posses-*

sion of certain lands and the other sources of material; required, the mode of employing their labour which will maximise the utility of the produce. It is what mathematicians would call a change of variable, afterwards to treat that labour as variable which was originally a fixed quantity."

Economics is thus an odd science; if the facts do not fit the science so much the worse for the facts. But the net result of it all is that the average man is abysmally ignorant of economics. He will give his opinion on any economic question without any hesitation and without any previous study of the subject. This shows not only that he is ignorant of economics, but that he does not even know there is such a science.

The dependence of a country's welfare on its government is doubtless absurdly exaggerated, but it must be of some importance that government should be carried on on a sound economical basis. But a government represents broadly the prejudice and folly of its constituents, with the equal and opposite fads cancelled out, and so it flounders about in a happy-go-lucky way, with at most a notion that economics is something dry and unpractical about the theories of rent and exchange, that had to be crammed for a degree.

As to modern languages there is some slight attempt at teaching them. They are a feminine subject; but if properly learned are useful and sometimes indispensable in work.

Youth is also taught geography and history. Commercial and political geography might be of some value. As to school and college history the less said the better.

But the most important subject of all, science, is either omitted altogether or, what is still worse, a travesty is inefficiently taught just to stop the mouths of the advocates of the teaching of knowledge. Teaching is in the hands of official exponents of the supernatural and the local varieties of truth, and they are antagonistic to natural science, which, depending on easily verified facts, contradicts supernatural ignorance based only on human authority. Though the feminine mind does not openly regard knowledge of nature as immoral, because the position no longer appeals even to the most ignorant, it is absolutely out of sympathy with the study of nature and fact. It is not suggested that people should be taught applied science or technology at school, or at the university, but that they ought all, as a matter of course, to be taught unapplied science, and especially what is embraced under the wide term of physics. This would form a basis for any special knowledge necessary for their daily work later. Above all it would train them to see, and to think straight.

Physics, of course, includes some knowledge of mathematics. Mathematics is taught in a way that even some teachers of mathematics now realise is hopelessly bad. Physics with mathematics forms the basis of most of our industries. If chemistry is

added they are all covered. Engineering of all kinds—harbours, docks, railways, architecture, shipbuilding, locomotives and rolling stock, cotton and silk spinning, textiles, milling, and the thousand and one mechanical industries all depend on physics as their basis. Metallurgy, dyeing and the making of soda, bleach, soap, and other chemical products, demand a knowledge of chemistry also. Farming and agriculture ought to have a scientific basis.

In short, it comes to this, that the whole welfare and existence of a commercial country like ours depends on the application of science, and the work of the despised masculine mind, but as education is entirely controlled by the feminine mind, the one study that is of paramount importance is barred out. It is not pretended that science is alone worth study. A man should certainly be properly equipped to do his day's work, but a man who can only do his day's work is one-sided and imperfectly developed. We do our day's work to earn our evening's leisure, and the well developed man or woman will choose something quite different as his play. Pioneers often tell us that women ought to be highly educated so as to be fitting companions to men. Perhaps it would be better if men not only learned their work, but also developed the higher parts of their feminine minds so as to be fit companions for educated women. After a grounding in science and facts, education of women and men might be finished off with classics, properly taught, literature, history, art, poetry, music, and so on. At present none of these subjects is taught to youngsters in a way that attracts them at all. Every study is feminised by pedagogues as far as possible. Music is a good example. It is, as already said, a masculine art, but look what our universities have done for it! Feminised it away. Scholastic counterpoint is entirely feminine. The few reasons that underlay a few of its rules are lost in a maze of authoritative "Don'ts," with no foundation. Scholastic harmony is taught as paper work, dealing with rules only, and it is quite outside of his teaching, nay in spite of it, that a student ever learns to write harmony, much less counterpoint by ear. The number of well-trained musicians who can read music so as to hear it mentally is small; the number who can write the music they imagine still smaller. The whole art labours under pedagogic examinations, which involve a hard training in wrong directions, which ruins originality. The English composers, whose music finds its way abroad, are the writers of comic operas. Can the reader think of a single good tune by any one who has taken a musical degree by examination? Our best English composers are those who never had to suffer a feminine musical education.

Little has been said here about women's education, not because it is unimportant, but because the discussion is not necessary. Women who work either do much the same work as men, or they look after

houses, or do both. If women, through possessing the wrong kind of mind, are at a disadvantage in many kinds of man's work, that is all the more reason why they should be as well equipped as possible. The present so-called higher education of women is not making them manly, it is merely giving them a chance of doing feminine work which is at present uselessly and wrongly monopolised by men.

JAMES SWINBURNE.

INSANITY AND MARRIAGE.

How pregnant with a sorrowful meaning are these few words to many! One can imagine nothing more pathetic than a husband and wife separated, perhaps for ever, by this direful malady on the very threshold of their new life; or the young mother whose misfortune it is never to realise the joys of maternity.

Yet such cases are of all too frequent occurrence. This terrible scourge, insanity, knows no distinction of rank or class; but attacks impartially the peer or the peasant, the cultured or the uneducated.

On reference to the fifty-fifth report of the Commissioners of Lunacy, we find that the total number of certified lunatics in England and Wales was, as on January 1, 1901, 107,944—being an increase of 1333 on the number on January 1, 1900. This increase of notified lunatics in 1900, compares with an increase of 1525 in 1899, and one of 3114 in 1898. The average annual increase for the ten years ending December 31, 1900, has been 2115, and that for the five years ending at the same date, 2300; so that the increase in 1900 was 782 below the average annual increase in the ten, and 967 below that in the five, preceding years.

The Commissioners however proceed to observe that, although there has been a diminishing rate of increase of lunatics in the last ten years, previous experience has shown that it is not wise to reckon on a continuance of this satisfactory condition of affairs.

Since 1812, when the first county asylum—that for Nottingham—was opened, the cost to the nation for the accommodation of the pauper insane in England and Wales has been over £15,500,000 for the purchase of land and the building of asylums alone.

During the five years 1895 to 1899 inclusive, we find heredity assigned as the cause of the insanity in men in 19·8 per cent., and in women 25·2 per cent. of all cases admitted to asylums for the insane in the two countries. In the case of women this is the highest percentage recorded for any assigned cause: in the case of men it is exceeded by that of intemperance in drink, which is 25·5 per cent. This latter, however, is a history much more readily arrived at than that of heredity—undoubtedly the greatest causative factor of insanity. The ravages made by excessive drink on the mental and physical condition of the individual are easily recognised. Probably there was a family history of insanity in many more cases

than those in which it could be ascertained, as the relatives often deny its existence. A few years ago I admitted a patient who was accompanied to the asylum by her mother and a female friend. On being asked the usual questions as to family history, the mother emphatically stated that no relative had ever been similarly affected. The particulars of the case, accompanying the admission order of the patient, also stated that no near relation had ever suffered from insanity. A few minutes later the friend drew me aside and informed me that the mother herself had been insane—in fact, had only been discharged from a neighbouring county asylum a few weeks previously. This is only one instance of many which have come under my own personal observation.

If the statement of particulars accompanying the admission order of all patients to asylums were taken on oath, statistics, under the head of heredity as a cause of insanity, would be greatly enhanced in value.

The question now naturally arises—is a person with such a history justified in marrying and having offspring? The personal equation largely enters into the answer to the first part of the query, and it must at present be left to the conscience of the individual; that to the second is of national importance and must be given in the negative.

A man may have a perfect liberty to order his life according to his own idea of what is right, provided that his actions do not deleteriously affect the majority; but it is quite unjustifiable for him to run the risk of bringing untold misery on future generations.

The great difficulty, however, of legislating on a matter of this kind will at once become patent to the thinking mind. The neurotic taint may show itself in many ways besides by actual insanity. In certain families one member may be eccentric or hysterical, another epileptic, or suffer from chorea or some other nervous disease, while yet another, without actually becoming the subject of certifiable melancholia, may suffer from *tædium vitæ* to a marked degree. Drunkards are frequent in such families.

It is not then surprising that in a future generation cases of true insanity occur. Among the poorer class the marriage festivities, often resulting in the intoxication of the husband during the first few days of wedlock, have been held responsible for the birth of a mentally deficient child as heir to the birthright of toil and poverty which is all, in any case, the parents have to bequeath. The fact that the "village idiot" is generally the eldest child (irrespective of sex) has been thus accounted for: the other members of the family being often of average intelligence.

A Bill recently introduced in the Colorado House of Representatives provides for a Board of medical examiners whose duty it shall be to decide upon the fitness for marriage of all applicants for

marriage licences, which may not be issued unless the Medical Board recommends it. The Board is to sit ten days in every month. A number of diseases and certain defects in family records are declared to be bars to matrimony after the passing of the measure.

In Minnesota also a Bill has been proposed to prevent the marriage of the unfit.

Considering these Bills purely from the neurologist's standpoint the fact is borne in upon us that there are few families in whose history, if we search sufficiently long and diligently, we cannot find some neurotic taint; but, even if this law only prevents the marriage of persons with a well marked history of actual insanity, what a safeguard against misery and suffering it may prove!

The marriage of first cousins should certainly be also made illegal.

Lombroso in his deeply interesting book on *The Man of Genius* points out how closely akin is genius to insanity, and instances the lives and histories of many famous poets, painters and musicians in support of this assertion. By preventing the marriage of neurotics the birth of a genius might become less frequent, but this would be compensated for tenfold by the increased solidity of the nation as a whole.

Should these Bills be passed their working will be watched with the keenest interest by all those (and there are many) who are of opinion that some such measure is urgently needed in this country. Recently I was consulted by a clergyman of the Church of England, a retired naval chaplain, about his son (a youth of nineteen) who was suffering from an attack of acute mania. In giving me a brief history of the case he stated that the boy's mother had been insane, and confined in an asylum for many years, as had also her brother and sister: "I did not know my poor wife's sad family history," he pathetically remarked, "or I should never have married her."

In England, at the present time, even the fact that, after an engagement to marry, a defendant discovers that before the engagement was entered into the plaintiff had for a short period been insane is no answer to an action for breach of promise. (Baker *v.* Cartwright, 1861, 30 L.J. [N.S.] *cp.* 364.)

Undoubtedly the law for breach of promise was originally framed to prevent seduction under promise of marriage, and many decisions given have been according to the letter, but certainly not to the spirit of the act. It is only right, however, that when the plaintiff can show distinct pecuniary loss she should be adequately compensated; but a verdict with heavy damages for "wounded feelings" (never a constant quantity) frequently given by a sentimental jury seems contrary to both justice and common sense.

Let us take an illustrative case: Is it not infinitely better for either contracting party to break off the engagement on becoming

aware of a defective history in the other—such as that of insanity, drunkenness, phthisis or syphilis, than from a mistaken sense of honour to fulfil the promise of marriage and bring misery on all concerned—even unto the third and fourth generation? But in the case of insanity, at all events, we see that in the eye of the law this argument does not always hold good.

How vivid a picture of the unfortunate offspring of the union of those mentally, physically and morally unfit for marriage, with their consequent unnatural callousness as to the welfare of their children, was painted by Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby:*

"Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long, meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together: there were the bleared eye, the hare-lip, the crooked foot, and every ugliness and distortion that told of unnatural aversion conceived by parents for their offspring, or of young lives which, from the earliest dawn of infancy, had been one long horrible endurance of cruelty and neglect. There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining; there were vicious-faced boys brooding, with leaden eyes, like malefactors in a jail; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the mercenary nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every kind sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts, eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient hell was breeding there!"

Let us now consider the case in which a marriage has been contracted, and one of the two has become insane.

It is not always the victim of this fell disease who deserves our pity most. Among the wealthy the blow is felt as keenly as in a less fortunate class, for though money can surround the sufferer with every bodily comfort, it cannot minister to a mind diseased.

Several hospitals for the treatment of the insane now take poor gentlefolk at a merely nominal charge when satisfied that the cases are deserving. To be compelled to send a dearly loved relative to an ordinary pauper asylum must be a great hardship to this little to be envied class; not so much, however, on account of the treatment, accommodation and diet that he would there receive, as from the fact that he would be brought into intimate contact with criminals, vagrants and some of the most degraded of the human race. Poverty, we know, is no sin; but certainly patients who have been habitual criminals, drunkards and prostitutes should be accommodated in a State asylum. At present, Broadmoor is the only such asylum in England, and is chiefly reserved for dangerous cases.

Nowadays, the pauper lunatic in an asylum often receives bodily comforts in excess of those he has formerly known, or, at all events,

has been accustomed to. His wife, however, perhaps with a family of young children, generally finds herself in dire distress when suddenly bereft of the services of the bread-winner. Nor is the plight of the husband, left with the care of a home and family—when it is the mother's removal to an asylum which is deemed necessary—in any way better. In such cases one is frequently consulted as to the advisability of giving up house-keeping, as the one parent finds it quite impossible to continue doing so alone for any length of time. After years of weary separation is it then to be wondered at that in many cases the strain becomes too great for frail human nature to bear?

Which of us can read *Jane Eyre* without the deepest commiseration for the unfortunate hero? His bitter and impassioned speech when his marriage with the heroine is at the last moment prevented by the disclosure of his former unhappy union is full of pathos. Addressing the clergyman and lawyer whom he has conducted from the church to the place where the poor maniac, who attacks him fiercely, is confined:

"This is my *wife*," said he. "Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know—such are the endearments which are to solace my leisure hours. And *this* is what I wished to have" (laying his hand on my shoulder); "this young girl, who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell, looking collectedly at the gambols of a demon. I wanted her just as a change after that fierce ragout. Wood and Briggs, look at the difference! Compare these clear eyes with the red balls yonder; this face with that mask—this form with that bulk; then judge me, priest of the Gospel and man of the law, and remember, with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged. Off with you now, I must shut up my prize."

In England a marriage cannot be dissolved owing to insanity attacking one of the contracting parties after such marriage has taken place. This undoubtedly imposes a cruel disability on either husband or wife.

Thackeray (whose wife long survived him), and many other well-known people, have been sufferers in this respect. Mrs. Thackeray, to quote Trollope, "became ill and her mind failed her," and Thackeray thereupon "became as it were a widower till the end of his days."

Leslie Stephen, in *The Life of W. M. Thackeray*, says that a story (which he characterises as absurd) to the effect that Charlotte Brontë was represented by "Becky Sharp" in *Vanity Fair*, and the author of that novel by Mr. Rochester in *Jane Eyre* was mentioned seriously in a review of the former book in the *Quarterly* for January 1849.

According to Wood Renton

"A marriage is presumed to be valid. Upon the party who alleges

incapacity rests the burden of proving his assertion. The proof required is that legal capacity to marry did not exist at the time of the marriage. Supervening insanity is by no means conclusive evidence of such incapacity, even in the absence, and *à fortiori* in the presence, of positive proof of sanity at or about the critical period. But where marked symptoms of mental unsoundness appear at the time of the marriage, and shortly develop into undoubted incapacity, the Court both may and will consider whether the party whose competency to marry is in dispute was able to know and appreciate, free from the influence of morbid ideas and delusions, the nature of the contract into which he or she was entering. It is thought that these sentences contain an accurate statement of the present law of England on the point."

In a recent *cause célèbre* the petition of the husband for a divorce on the ground of his wife's insanity at the time of her marriage failed, the judge holding that the circumstances which threw doubt upon her soundness of mind at the time were capable of a satisfactory natural explanation. It is unnecessary to enter here into details of what these circumstances were, suffice it to say that, in the opinion of one eminent alienist at least, the insanity must have been developing at the time of marriage.

The divorce laws of France, and of most European countries, differ little from those of England.

The laws in the United States relating to divorce present many features of interest. In South Carolina divorce is not allowed for any cause whatever. In New York it is only granted for adultery. In some other states it may only be obtained for causes to be determined by each state's own particular court in the exercise of its discretion.

A fixed habit of drinking to excess causing a person to be unable to attend to his business during the greater portion of the time usually devoted to work is, in most states, a ground for divorce. In Kentucky habitual drunkenness accompanied by a wasting of the defendant's estate and no suitable provision for his wife and family must be proved.

Florida is one of the three states in which a divorce can be obtained from an insane partner when the insanity has supervened on the marriage. Only recently we read of one of America's great "oil kings" having betaken himself there for the purpose of making residence to enable him to sue for a dissolution of his marriage with a wife who has unfortunately become insane.

This law came into operation on June 1, 1901. Only one divorce has so far been obtained, that of a husband from an insane wife.

In these cases the form of insanity must be continuous, of at least four years' duration and pronounced incurable by experts. For this information I am indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Gwinn, Superintendent of the Florida Hospital for the Insane, and owing to

the kindness of the Hon. J. L. Crawford, Secretary of State for Florida, I am enabled to subjoin a copy of the Act:

"AN ACT MAKING INCURABLE INSANITY A GROUND FOR DIVORCE OF HUSBAND AND WIFE, AND REGULATING PROCEEDINGS IN SUCH CASES.

"Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Florida:

"Section 1. Incurable insanity in either husband or wife shall be a ground for the dissolution of, and divorce from, the bonds of matrimony upon the application of the party to the marriage; provided, however, that no divorce shall be granted upon such ground unless such condition upon the part of the defendant, or party so insane, shall have existed for at least four years prior to the filing of the bill for divorce; nor unless such party shall at the filing of the bill be, and shall have been for such period an inmate and in the care of some asylum, hospital, home or retreat for treatment and care of insane persons located in or out of this State and shall have been, before the filing of such bill, adjudged a lunatic by a competent court within or without this State, and a committee or guardian of the person or property, or both where there is any property of the lunatic, shall have been appointed before the filing of such bill. No such divorce shall be granted unless the superintendent or other principal officer of the asylum, hospital, home or retreat in which the defendant may be at the time of trial shall be examined as a witness upon the issue of such insanity, nor unless it be proved that the defendant is and has been for the period last above mentioned incurably insane, and that the class or form of insanity of which the defendant may be suffering is one which is generally recognised as incurable. Nothing in this Act shall be construed to require the appointment of, in any case, any guardian or committee of the person in more than one State or jurisdiction.

"Section 2. In all such suits for divorce actual service of the subpœna in Chancery shall be made upon the defendant and upon the committee or guardian of the person, and also upon the committee or guardian of the estate of such lunatic, where there is such a committee or guardian, whether such committee, guardian or guardians have been appointed by a court of this State or a court without this State; and where such service is made out of this State, proof of service shall be made by affidavit of the party making the service of the time and manner of service, and the copy of subpœna delivered in making such service shall have endorsed thereon the title of the cause and the words 'copy of subpœna,' and the name of the complainant's solicitor.

"Section 3. Whenever the defendant shall at the time of the filing of the bill of complaint be confined in some such asylum, hospital, home or retreat out of this State there shall be made, whether such defendant shall either be domiciled in or a citizen or resident of this State, but absent therefrom, or shall not be domiciled in nor a citizen nor resident of this State, an order for publication, to be made by the court and to be published and mailed as is provided by section 1413, of the Revised Statutes of the State of Florida, as amended by Chapter 4129, of the laws of said State, approved May 31, 1893, as is provided herein for cases of defendants residing without the United States as distinguished from defendants residing therein, and persons whose residence is unknown; provided, however, that the only affidavit which shall be necessary for obtaining such an order of publication shall be one to be made by the complainant to the effect that the facts stated in the bill of complaint are true, and setting forth the place of confinement and post-office address of the defendant and the names and residences and post-office addresses of the committee or committees, guardian or guardians, of such defendant.

"Section 4. The return day of the subpœna in Chancery in such cases shall be the same as that fixed in the order of publication.

"Section 5. It shall be the duty of the court to appoint some competent attorney-at-law to act as guardian *ad litem* and appear for and defend the suit for the defendant, and his compensation shall be fixed by the court and shall be taxed as other costs of the suit. Any such committee or guardian of the person, whether appointed within or without this State, may also appear and defend any such suit on behalf of the defendant.

"Section 6. In case of any suit of a husband against an insane wife under the provisions of this Act, it shall be the duty of the Court to inquire into the pecuniary condition of the wife, and if it shall be found that she has no property, or not sufficient property in her own right for her proper care and maintenance during her probable life, the Court shall in the decree of divorce require that the husband shall make ample provision therefor, specifying the same; and the decree of divorce shall be of no effect until there has been a decree affirming and approving the provision made by the husband in accordance with such former decree. In determining upon such provision the Court shall take into consideration any property which the wife may have in her own right. In case from any cause the provision made for the wife shall at any time become inadequate for her proper care and maintenance the Court may, by supplemental proceedings, require the husband to make necessary provision for her care and maintenance, should the Court find that the wife has sufficient means for her care and maintenance, it shall so adjudicate in the decree of divorce. It shall be the duty of the complainant to state in his bill of complaint what the wife's means of support in her own right are, and whether or not they are sufficient for her support and proper care, or that she has no means, as the case may be; provided, however, that whenever it shall be found that the husband is not able to make such provisions, no requirement of such provisions shall be made in the decree further than the means of the husband will justify.

"Section 7. This Act shall take effect immediately upon its passage and approval by the Governor, or upon its becoming a law without the approval of the Governor.

"Approved April 25, 1901."

The laws of Arkansas since 1873 have enacted as one of the causes for divorce in that state the following: "When either party shall subsequent to such marriage have become permanently or incurably insane." (Sect. 20505.)

The statutes of the State of Idaho also provide that "permanent insanity" is a cause of divorce.

The working of these Acts must always present certain difficulties. One occasionally meets with cases in which recovery takes place after the patient has apparently been hopelessly insane for considerably over four years; but such a recovery after the case has been pronounced incurable by experts would be so extremely rare as hardly to merit serious consideration.

The marriage for a second time of the defendant, did such a case occur, should however be forbidden by law.

These laws all speak of the insanity as permanent and evidently do not deal with recurrent cases. In either sex, after three admissions to an asylum, it might be suggested that a case should

be regarded as one of incurable recurrent insanity and the patient detained. Many married women suffer from puerperal insanity after each confinement. A case has been under my own observation in which a patient was admitted to the same asylum on five occasions, the attack in four of these being directly due to parturition. Operative interference after the first attack has been advocated by some to prevent any possibility of subsequent confinements. This, of course, should only be undertaken at the express wish of both husband and wife, if considered to be a justifiable proceeding.

Heredity is, in my opinion, the greatest cause of habitual drunkenness as it is of insanity; the former being as much a disease as the latter, and should be so regarded and treated. Dr. Archdall Reid in his recently published book entitled *Alcoholism: a Study in Heredity*, is entirely opposed to the theory that heredity is the great cause of drunkenness. The *Standard* in its review of this work says:

"Briefly his argument is this: man is by nature prone to alcohol, but some individuals are more prone than others, by virtue of that accidental variation which obtains throughout the animal and vegetable world, and is the basis of evolution according to the Darwinian theory. Now, excess is injurious, the more alcoholic die sooner than the less alcoholic, and, consequently, the use of alcohol tends constantly to racial sobriety by the elimination of the drunkards and the survival of the fittest, who transmit their moderate tendencies to their children. It follows that the longer a race is exposed to the action of alcohol, the more sober it becomes. Hence attempts to promote temperance by abolishing or diminishing the supply are really schemes for the promotion of drunkenness, because they tend to the preservation and perpetuation of the more alcoholically inclined, who would otherwise die out. Such is Dr. Reid's thesis in the rough, and part of it, no doubt, is sound. The opposite theory, that heredity tends to make races more and more drunken, is most certainly wrong. It is based on the exploded Lamarckian hypothesis that acquired habits are transmitted to offspring; it is supported by no evidence, and is absolutely contradicted by the broad facts."

But, I would ask, if "man is by nature prone to alcohol" does it not follow that sobriety must be the acquired habit, and, therefore, assuming the Lamarckian theory to be "exploded," incapable of transmission; while drunkards would transmit their natural tendency to their children?

I have known a family of good middle-class position and some wealth, consisting of four sons and one daughter, the father being a capable and energetic business man, the mother unfortunately an alcoholic. The sons all died between the ages of thirty and thirty-five, the cause of death in each case being attributable, directly or indirectly, to alcoholism. The daughter, the sole surviving child, is a social and moral wreck, and a confirmed drunkard.

"So oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty
Since nature cannot choose his origin),
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much o'er leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star—
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance often dout
To his own scandal."—*Hamlet*, Act i. sc. iv.

In England section 2 of The Inebriates Act of 1893 (61 & 62 Vict. c. 60) states that:

"Any person who commits any of the offences mentioned in the first schedule to this Act; and who, within the twelvemonths preceding the date of the commission of the offence, has been convicted summarily at least three times of any offence so mentioned, and who is a habitual drunkard, shall be liable upon conviction on indictment, or if he consents to be dealt with summarily on summary conviction, to be detained for a time not exceeding three years in any certified inebriate reformatory the managers of which are willing to receive him."

The schedule mentioned includes all the offences which are usually committed by persons in a state of intoxication, such as being drunk and incapable.

I would suggest that when a person is condemned under this Act to an inebriate home for the full term of confinement, viz., three years, allowed by this law, such sentence should be *ipso facto* a ground for divorce in the case of either husband or wife without any unnecessary delay or expense to the plaintiff. This would be in the interests of humanity and morality alike, and the benefits would undoubtedly be felt in future generations.

Experience teaches us that although a male habitual drunkard may occasionally be induced to lead a reformed life a like result in the case of the opposite sex is almost unknown.

In conclusion I wish to draw attention to the fact that heredity and drink are the two greatest causes of insanity. Wise legislation might do much to prevent this deadly taint from being propagated in the reckless fashion at present prevalent in society. The prohibition of the marriage of persons with a distinct family history of insanity or alcoholism (the prevention of offspring of such persons being otherwise without the limits of legislation), the permanent detention of persons after a third admission to an asylum, and the granting of divorce from the unfortunate victims of incurable

insanity or confirmed drunkenness might do much in this direction.

Were this undertaken, a part of the millions at present expended on the care of the insane might, by the enormous lessening of the numbers, there is every reason to hope, be devoted to the making of asylums more cheerful and homelike than they can possibly be at present for the comfort of those afflicted members of society who are doomed to spend the rest of their lives in confinement. And, above all, by at once accepting heredity as the chief source of most of our social evils, would not legislators and philanthropists, in place of their poorly requited efforts to cope with the results, do well to strike at the very root and fountain-head of the disease?

ARTHUR W. WILCOX.

ON BECOMING POSSESSED OF A LIBRARY.

Ever since I can remember it has been my ambition to be the possessor of a home in the country, of a library, and of leisure to devote myself to reading. I have always been a lover of books, and whilst able, heretofore, to read but little, have eagerly looked forward to the time when I could bury myself in some country retreat and let the world, unheeded and unheeding, go on its way. Such has been the lodestar of my life; for that I have worked; for that waited; and though often during years of strenuous life the end seemed far off, yet never did I allow my vision to grow dim; and now, when but well across the threshold of manhood, all has come to me as I dreamed, and I can say with timid Abraham Cowley, "Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long and now at last married."

When a few months ago I returned to the dear "ould counthry," and settled down here at my native village, I had but a few books, gathered haphazard during the busy years that are past, and I was planning the formation of a library, when, by the kindness of an indulgent father, who presented me with the bulk of the family books, I was at once put in possession of—what still was wanting to the full realisation of my ambition—a library.

Need I say that no gift could have been more acceptable, or that, having removed the books—three naked cart-loads of precious harvestings—from my father's house to my own, and having piled them on the floor of this room, henceforth to be their home, a mighty stack of eighteen hundred volumes—one hundred and forty cubic feet of "the deeps and shallows of the pen," come to keep my spare volumes company, I felt like a prince who had come into an inheritance. You who love books will know what my feelings were then. I had been so little at home since, as a boy of twelve, I had left for school, that I had read very few of these books, and had but cursorily looked over some others of them, and so did not know of what they really consisted. Can you not imagine with what delight —with what "strange curiosity of emotion"—I went about classifying and arranging them on the shelves I had prepared, and with what a sense of expectancy, uncertainty, and hope I lifted up

each volume not knowing what it would turn out to be, whether a prosy work of some last century divine, or a book of Hannah More —that theological amazon—or the work of a Seneca, of a Goldsmith, or an Emerson, or a volume of Tacitus, of Plutarch, of the *Rambler*, or the *Spectator;* and with what a thrill I would come upon a Petrarch, a Rousseau, or a Montaigne, each in itself a continent, on the shores only of which I had stood and cast longing eyes towards the mountains of thought stretching far away inland!

I used to think that I had worn out all my intensest feelings about books, but I was mistaken. In this delectable treasure-finding I experienced—what seemed to me a thing impossible—as much pleasure as I had felt over the discovery and reading of *Little Jack Horner* (who lived in a picture-book in that very cupboard over there in the corner, connected with which are some curious associations of which I may one day speak, and which was always kept locked, and to me such a mystery, but which I afterwards learned contained my grandfather's manuscript sermons), or of *Aladdin*, or of *Dick Whittington*, who with his cat sailed

"Until they reached beyond the seas the land of Diartarty;
This land was overrun with mice, in myriads they were swarming,
And no cat there to check their growth, and that was most alarming.

'Up Cat and at them,' cried our Dick—You ne'er saw such a slaughter,
Yea, millions fell, and bags of them were thrown into the water."

These juvenile books had given me so much pleasure—had been the wonderful avenues through which I had approached the fair gardens of literature, and had always remained my high-water marks of appreciation, that I never expected to be moved by books in the same way again. Only on three occasions since those early days, and until now, had I experienced keenly that book-fervour—that "thrill, glow, satisfaction, music of the brain"—once when, on an Edinburgh book-stall I unexpectedly came upon *The Basket of Flowers*—a tale from the German—which was the first connected story I had ever heard, and which I never dreamed had any existence as a book; and again, when, a year ago, I became possessed of Malory's *Mort d'Arthure*, of which I had previously been wholly ignorant:

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken";

and a third time on reading Carlyle's *Past*, when I "looked face to face on a remote century" as I had never looked before, and was clean lifted by Carlyle from here and now and set down, seven centuries back, beside that old Abbey of St. Edmundsbury. These were times when I almost reached the level of those "Aladdin" days, and not until I came to taste the pleasures of discovery among

these unknown treasures, which were now all my own, did I realise that I could rise again to that level. What rush of remembrance ever equalled that with which I would pick up from the pile some old favourite of my boyhood—*Æsop's Fables* or *Robinson Crusoe*—the very book itself that I had read and that had lived with me ever since, even to its binding and illustrations, and had always been associated in my mind with that classic, but which I had never seen since then? With what feeling hands did I turn over the pages of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, and how fondly linger over the well-remembered pictures! I felt almost inclined to press the book to my heart, to take it into my being, it seemed so much a part of myself—of my life. There were Fritz and James and Ernest just as I had left them twenty years ago; and there the wonderful house they built in the tree, a very ideal of Bohemian delightfulness. How far have I travelled since then! Well do I remember the tears I shed on being told that the *Swiss Family Robinson* was only a story.

Can you wonder that I spent days over a task so congenial as that of arranging these books, lost at times to outer consciousness over the pages of some more than ordinarily interesting find; or that, the task completed and the room inhabited-looking, I cast my eyes over the comfortably filled shelves, and swinging my arms about like Dominie Sampson on a similar occasion shouted "prodigious"? I stood, "a sultan amid a circle of willing beauties," I was enraptured, elated, lifted far above the even level of feeling. A goal had been reached, a work completed, a dream fulfilled, an ambition realised. I cried "take from me these books—from my life all that they mean to me—and in exchange for each give me a fortune, and you beggar me." It was a moment of triumph.

Through my library windows I can look out on a well-remembered scene. Almost at my feet are the waters of the North Channel, and I can watch the breezes sporting across lawns of waving grass and imprinting their last wild kiss on the land before they take to the sea; while out across the ever-changing water to the right is the island home of Hall Caine—the land of the author of *Betsy Lee*—which lies these November days right in the path of the rising sun, and shows up, like some huge monster of the deep making its way northwards, clear cut, dark, and purple against the golds and greens and vermilions of the morning sky; and to the left, but twenty miles across the Channel, Crockett's country rises from the sea, showing on a clear day the white specks of its homesteads, and the greens or yellows of its farm-lands; and at night, through the open window, I can watch the Mull Light as it flashes out, and can imagine Crockett's heroes and heroines wandering, as he loves to make them wander, over those wild Galloway hills; while due eastward lies, but too far off to be seen, the Lake District, steeped

in recollections of inspired dreamers, the "home of so many poets and seers and great teachers, the haunt and dwelling-place of so many immortals." Here, with such surroundings, have I taken up my abode; here in a place that is to me "fairer than Lesbos or the Cretan shore," and which, as a writer in the sixteenth century describes it, is "a Champion Countrye, both pleasaunte and fayer by the sea, about which Countrye the sea doth ebb and flowe," where there is room to breathe, and amid the scenes of my youth, on the farm that for two hundred years my people have held, have I made my home. Here have I set up as a reader of other men's thoughts and as a thinker, perhaps, of some thoughts of my own.

And of what does my library consist? That were hard to say. I am not a bibliographer—not a connoisseur of bindings, of editions, of rarities—and do not know if any of the old seventeenth-century books, with their quaint irregular type, their wood-cuts, and their red-and-black letter title pages, or any of the other books, are of more than ordinary interest; and besides, who could happily describe a whole library, as apart from the contents of the books? Crabbe tried it and failed. What a rhyming inventory is that of his "the mighty folios, quartos, light octavos, duodecimos"; the forms, the size, the dress, the subject classification of his books. Here to be sure are "court calendars, directories, pocket books, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, and generally all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without'; the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew) and Payley's *Moral Philosophy*," Lamb's *biblia a biblia;* with Locke *On the Understanding* and such dead weights, in polished adamatine leather bindings, like gun-metal casings, as if they were memorials meant to last for all time—solid inside and out. But there are here books also that are books—works of the poets, philosophers, romancists, essayists, of every age; of biography, travel, and recent science, of as deep interest, perhaps, even as they; curious books of little known and less read authors, long out of print; old tomes of past centuries on odd subjects, such as chess and painting; detached histories of men and manners of places and events; eighteenth-century magazines and reviews; the works of local versifiers and other authorlings, of interest only to oneself—many a tatterdemalion, worthy and unworthy; besides much literary flotsam and jetsam which one would like some time to examine at more leisure in the hope of coming across something worth rescuing.

What struck me most about the old books was the inordinate length of their introductions, prefaces, advertisements, or dedications. Here is a work of 240 pages, 100 pages of which are introduction! These old writers seem never to have been happy until they had launched forth every one of their teeming thoughts

on every imaginable aspect of their subject, viewed from every conceivable standpoint. Some of these preliminary canters were no doubt brilliant affairs, but I have long since learned to look with suspicion on prefaces and introductions. In the case of romance, at any rate, it is fatal to read a preface. Some years ago I took up *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and in an evil moment read the introductory remarks, in which Scott proceeds to unfold "the general plan of the story," and to "give the source from which he drew the tragic subject of this history," and tells the *dénouement* (for I have since looked to see) in almost the words of the novel itself. He draws aside the curtain and shows us his heroes and heroines in their dressing-rooms before the play begins, and disillusions us with a knowledge which he, as stage manager, should have known we would be better without. At any rate, the book was spoiled for me, I could never bring myself to read it. This put me from reading introductions for some time, until when about to read *Lorna Doone* I had the temerity to again look into a preface, to my sorrow, for Blackmore there speaks of "the savage deeds of the outlaw Doones in the depths of Blagworthy Forest and the beauty of the hapless maid brought up in the midst of them." The marplot! He had said enough, for the words "hapless maid" kept always before me, and I read the story with a feeling of depression that would otherwise have been absent; and after all the preface turned out to be quite misleading. I have never since read an introduction to a novel, and will never, willingly, read one again. If I am ever so far misguided as to write a book, other than of facts, and feel deeply that my bantling needs an introduction, I will say "Preface: for introduction (to be read last) see end."

In a little cupboard by themselves I have packed away my school books. They had found their way home long ago, and now recall many memories—I cannot say pleasant memories, for to me it seems strange that people can talk of their happy childhood and schoolboy days. Certainly when a boy I was sometimes genuinely happy, but oftener miserable, with a miserableness that could not account for things, but that stood me, a trembling puppet, at the mercy of authority, temporal and spiritual, and that failed to show me that those of whom I stood in awe were as frail and as imperfect as myself; with a miserableness that could not gauge forces or measure proportions, but that weighted my little shoulders with my little sorrows as if with a very world of hopelessness; with a miserableness of dark ignorance that imagined terrors which should not have existed—that could not know that there would be a dawn—and of a mind, unskilled in purposes, unconsciously struggling to be free of the chains of formalism that bound and crushed it, for all was to me formalism and terribleness then; and I was never at peace until able to judge rationally of the bearings of life, to see

their proportions and to realise that man is man, and that there is none to whom he owes allegiance; that he should not bow to aught in heaven or on earth, but should stand erect in the presence of his fellows, neither afraid nor ashamed; that he is the arbiter of his own destinies, that his spirit is free, and that it should not be in bondage to anything that is seen or unseen.

But many of the memories of my schooldays are happy memories, and here is a little book, De Maistre's *Voyage Autour de ma Chambre*, that recalls one of them. With what pleasure did I look forward to the readings of this book in class at Coleraine. It was my favourite book of that year. I used to envy De Maistre, a prisoner in his room—the world shut out—with his thoughts and his books, and with leisure to meditate and to write. I used to wish that that had been my fate, just to have had time to think, without interference, and without feeling that I was guilty in thus being a hermit for a while. What a genial, witty fellow is De Maistre, and how companionable; he is a man of thought, he is a man of action; he is imaginative, he is practical; he looks on the world with the eyes of a seer, but feels through the senses of a boy. It is a charming little book this that he has made out of nothing; what a quaint, homely, level-headed philosophy crops up through it all! Here he is with one of my favourite passages, *Un bon feu, des livres, des plumes, que de resources contre l'ennui!* to which I always add *une pipe à fumer*. You remember that droll servant of his, Joanetti, who has orders to enter the room half an hour earlier than is necessary, so that his master may realise that he is in bed, and have the opportunity of enjoying that *heure charmante* of meditation in its *douce chaleur*. Herr W. liked that to be translated "cosiness." You remember how at first Joanetti always busies himself quietly about the room, and insensibly, but surely, as time goes on becomes more noisy, and then as *l'heure fatale* approaches looks at his master's watch and jingles the seals; but that his master pretends not to hear, gives a hundred preliminary orders to gain time, and plays all kinds of tricks on poor Joanetti, who knows quite well why these orders are given, yet seems not to see through the ruse, and for this his master feels grateful to him; then, at last, how, when all resources are exhausted, Joanetti advances to the middle of the room and, folding his arms, gazes immovably at his master, who cannot any longer carry on the pretence, but has to signify that he understands. When we came to this part of the book Herr W. would tell us of Buffon, who was also excessively fond of his bed of a morning; of how he promised his servant a crown every morning he could rouse him at six o'clock; of how the first morning Buffon stormed at, and the next threatened, the poor fellow, who, of course, did not accomplish his task; of how the third morning—Buffon having meantime pointed out to his servant

that they had both lost through this weakness, the servant his crown and he himself his morning's work—Buffon, after venting his wrath to no purpose, and offering two crowns to be allowed to remain in bed, had, the servant proving inexorable, perforce to get up; of how thenceforth the servant was master, and thus saved Buffon many precious hours, and the world much that it would otherwise have missed.

Nothing requires so much courage for its accomplishment as the voluntarily lifting of oneself out of this warm lethean bed-state into the cold actualities of existence. On many and many a winter morning since those schooldays as, forced to get up to work, I lingeringly and grumblingly roused myself, did I think of De Maistre and Buffon, and wonder at their self-imposed Spartanism.

> "*Un lit nous voit naître et nous voit mourir—c'est un berceau garni de fleurs; c'est un sépulcre.*"

On looking over these present day school books and comparing them with some older ones, I was surprised to find that our great-grandfathers read from just the same books as we read from. Here are, in 1775, much the same selections from Phaedrus as I had to read in 1884. But there is a difference. How happy must juvenile translators have been in 1775. In this old Phaedrus "the words of the author are placed according to their grammatical construction below every fable." What a useful arrangement, what a saving of time, what a conservation of thought-energy, what a preservation of brain tissue! No prolonged hopeless hunting then for verbs and their subjects, no mistaking then of neuter accusatives plural for feminine ablatives singular. No hot chases then in pursuit of some promising noun or adjective only to find it, after much time wasted in the search, a part of the second person plural pluperfect subjunctive passive of some verb. Certainly they arranged things better for schoolboys then. Here is the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, with a Latin translation opposite each page of the Greek, and here a Cæsar's *Commentaries* (1776), and there a *Cornelius Nepos* (1773) with, page for page, English translations! What wouldst thou think, Geordie, thou most painstaking of masters, of such goings-on, if indeed thy care of souls have not quite banished these old heathen authors from thy thoughts, and made them unto thee anathema; or thou, T. G., with thy hatred of shams, and thy detestation of everything that could weaken the mental fibre of thy boys, what wouldst thou to me, had I, in some vacation, stumbled on one of these books—our course for the year—and taken it in triumph back to school and into class, and thou, calling on me to translate, hadst been amazed at hearing a flowing translation instead of a stammering construing, and hadst, being a man whose act followed immediately thy thought, said, "Hand me up that book," and I, passing the book, and looking

up innocently into thy face had answered, "Sir, it is not a crib; it is 'for the use of schools'?" I fear me I should have fared badly at thy hand.

Some of the books on my shelves have histories of their own, but I should weary you telling them all. One such, however, I may mention, since it was the means of leading me out for a pleasant ramble. It is the *Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, Daughter of King James I.* This copy (two vols. 8vo) was subscribed for by a score of people, and circulated amongst them in the order in which their names appear on the inside of the cover, and was to be read by each and forwarded in three weeks. One of the names is that of Helen, Lady Dufferin, authoress of *The Irish Emigrant's Lament*, grand-daughter of Sheridan, and mother of Lord Dufferin. In honour of this Lady Dufferin was erected that "Helen's Tower" of which Tennyson sings:

> "Son's love built me, and I hold
> Mother's love in letter'd gold."

This book reminded me that I had but to go into the next room and look out across the stubblelands and there, eight miles off on the Conlig Hills, I would see Helen's Tower, "bosomed high in tufted trees"—with, in the middle distance, Carrowdore, May Crommelin's native place—and suggested a visit to the Tower. It was on just such a day as this—breezy, sharp, and clear, with some character in it—that I accordingly paid, a few weeks ago, my first visit to Helen's Tower. I had a swinging tramp through the country and over the hills, and at the end of it was rewarded with a, to me, surpassingly beautiful view, from the top of the Tower, of seas and loughs, of hills and woods and towns—a view that filled in missing sections in the picture of my native Ards, which as I stood lay, from Bangor to Grey Abbey, stretched before my eyes, a country rich in reminiscences of the time when Ireland was great among nations. Down there by the opening waters of the Belfast Lough lived, in the sixth century, old Comgall, head and founder of the great school-monastery of Bangor, which at one time held three thousand teachers and scholars, and which gave its rules and its pupils, one of whom was the learned author and poet Columbanus, for the founding of schools in many parts of the world. I could almost imagine as I looked that I saw down in the sun-lit valley one of those puritan farmer schoolmaster-monks, walking in the quiet afternoon and in sweet converse with some "Beomian from the frozen banks of Elbe," who

> "With love of learning fired, had sought that shore,
> Where as of old the lamp of Science beamed,"

and had come to this peaceful Irish countryside to be educated, and who, perhaps, was destined later to write his name in history. In

[illegible] Ireland was the Greece of the West: then held she all of [illegible] and of [illegible]: then was she called the "Island of Saints and of Scholars": then "Pilgrims for Science, Sons of every clime" [illegible] to her [illegible]: then sent she forth to Britain and the Continent her Professors of Law, of Arts, of Letters, of Philosophy, to teach and civilize the fierce and rude peoples of those countries: "then civilization had taken up its winter quarters in Ireland," where for centuries the torch of Knowledge was kept alone for the world. And now:

> "Woe that a noble race should be contemned,
> Hopeless nation, rent and torn,
> Thou wert early taught to mourn."

Alas! what a fate has Ireland had to endure since then! But her native genius is still bright: her restless energies, gathered and strengthened through the dormant centuries, are unexpended; her memories of past glories and past wrongs are still green; her people, bravest of the brave, and still a people, are awakening to the knowledge of their greatness, and the time approaches when Ireland shall again, and not in the arts of peace only, be the Greece of the West. Beware, O Britain, that she be not then, as now, thy sworn enemy. 'Tis in thy power to make her, but on her own terms, thy staunchest friend. Whilst there is yet time, BEWARE!

After gazing long, with soul in eyes, on that fair picture, I descended into the Tower and found there much to interest me. Several poems by well-known authors upon subjects connected with the Tower are inscribed on its walls. One of these poems, by Tennyson, is well-known. The reading of one passage is slightly different here, being "inscribed in gold." The other poems are by Browning, Houghton, Kipling, Argyll, and Lady Dufferin. You may have seen Browning's which begins:

> "Who hears of Helen's Tower, may dream perchance,
> How the Greek beauty from the Scaean gate
> Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate
> Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance."

Houghton's, which I will give in full, you may not know:

> "On life's imperishable strand
> The tides of passion rage in vain
> With pearls of song they sow the sand,
> And this is our immortal gain.
>
> "So shall this love-enchanted Tower
> Win music from the waves of time,
> Transfigured into Helen's Bower,
> Till every stone shall ring with rhyme."

Kipling's poem is "to the Marchioness of Dufferin from the Women of India," and its two best verses, perhaps, are:

"By hands uplifted to the gods that heard not,
By gifts that found no favour in their sight,
By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,
By nameless horrors of the stifling night,
By ills foredone—by peace her toils discover—
Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven above her.

"If she have sent her servants in our pain,
If she have fought with Death and dulled his sword,
If she have given back our sick again,
And to our breast the weakling lips restored,
Is it a little thing that she hath wrought?
Then birth and death and motherhood be nought."

It also contains two good lines:

"Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
But old in grief and very wise in tears."

The verses (a dozen in all) by the late Duke of Argyll (written in 1896) are to Lord Dufferin on the occasion of his retirement from diplomatic life. I cannot refrain from giving a few of these verses, since, being unknown, they may be deemed interesting:

"I hear the shout—the order passed—'Let go,'
And then the rushing of the anchor-chain;
At last, at last, no longer to and fro
From world to world the good ship ploughs the main.

"And now safe moored within the quiet bay,
Encircled by the hills and towers of home,
She brings him back, with one long leave to stay,
My friend—the Sailor-poet of the *Foam*.

"And then, well proved at last, well seen and known,
No murmurs from the fools who deemed thee least,
I saw thee mounting that Imperial throne
That rules the swarthy millions of our East.

"Nor didst thou fail with finer work to do,
To soothe the proud, to turn the jealous glance,
To smile, to win, persuade, and yet be true
Amidst the gusty winds of wounded France.

"Rest, now, dear friend; but let thy voice be heard.
The air is full of storm; yet listening ears
Are opened wide to every strengthening word
From those whom they have loved in elder years."

A poem which has much true feeling in it is that by Lady Dufferin. It was written to her son on his twenty-first birthday, and is almost too sacred to be dragged into print, but I will venture to give its concluding lines:

"At a most solemn pause we stand,
From this day forth for evermore
The weak but loving human hand
Must cease to guide thee as of yore;

Then as through life thy footsteps stray,
And earthly beacons dimly shine,
'Let there be Light' upon thy way
And holier guidance far than mine;
'Let there be Light' in thy clear soul
When Passion tempts, or Doubts assail,
When Grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll
'Let there be Light' that shall not fail;
So Angel guarded, may'st thou tread
The narrow path which few may find,
And at the end look back—nor dread
To count the vanished years behind,
And pray that she whose hand doth trace
This heart-warm prayer, when life is past
May see and know thy blessed face
In God's own glorious Light at last."

It is a cry of passionate yearning from the heart of a devoted mother.

I could not but wonder if any verses by Lord Dufferin himself—"The Sailor Poet of the *Foam*"—would later find a place on those walls, but determined if they should ever do so, and thus the poetic cycle be completed, that I would revisit that Parnassus.

With this thought in mind I left the Tower and took my way home, having thoroughly enjoyed my excursion, and with a ravenous appetite, to tea, hard-boiled eggs, and oat-cake. And thereafter contentedly limb-weary, seated by the fireside in my arm-chair, the good wife in hers, lamps well trimmed, books at elbow and pipe alight I felt that I would not have changed places with the greatest king that bows in servile pleasance to his people, or with the mightiest emperor that trembles on his thrones.

Among my books I am in a new world, for I have read so little that nearly everything is fresh to me. I am continually coming upon some book that must to you be stale and unprofitable, but that to me is living with interest. Why did no one ever tell me that *Tristram Shandy* is the most delightful book in the world? I have read of it two books and nine chapters, in all fifty-three chapters and one sermon, and Tristram—misnamed, ill-begotten Tristram—who was on the point of being born in the sixth chapter of the first book, is not born yet! Perhaps he will be born in the next sentence, or in the next chapter, or in the next book, or it may take two more books to bring him forth—would that every one could be born so pleasantly—or he may appear in the middle of the next sermon, but so often have I been disappointed of his birth, just when he was about to come into the world, that I have no great hopes of his ever allowing himself to be born at all. There is no such humour as Sterne's now. There is no room for such humour. Fancy the present day utilitarian review—twenty words to the foot—lending itself to such foolery. What elephantine gambollings!

It is glorious to have come to man's estate and to have read so little; to have been kept from spoiling the flavour of the best books by youthful and inappreciative reading. How often have I felt ashamed when hearing my contemporaries blow themselves big over all the deep and learned books they had studied and which were to me but names. I am ashamed no longer—I rejoice. I thank the fates that have kept me busy otherwise until now, and that have thus prevented me nauseating myself, while still an infant, with such man's meat; and now, arrived at years of some discrimination and appreciation, I have consequently a keen relish for "browsing on such fair and wholesome pasturage." With the exception of a dozen novels, some poetry and a few essays, I have read scarcely anything worth reading. I am ignorant of almost all the greatest minds that have wrought and thought and created—ignorant of the Homers, the Bacons, the Humbolts, the Thackerays. I do not think I have ever read a really thoughtful book in my life. But now I can have a masterpiece every month for years to come; now with the key of leisure I can open these treasure-houses at will. Who that is a lover of books but will envy me? Who that has a heart of flesh but will wish me well?

JAMES ARTHUR GIBSON.

THE BOOK.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF GUSTAF FRÖDING.

A HOLY Writ meseems the firmament,
With early Hebrew text and stamp of ages.
'Twixt clouds it gleams, as through a curtain rent
In Zion's fane, on silver-written pages.

And there, 'tis said, we read our races Spring-time;
The riddle of Creation lies solved there,
And balsam found for ev'ry pain- and sting-time:—
Our questions "Whence and Whither?" answered fair.

A path too from the waste through which we're faring
To where lands honey-flowing us await:
An unknown tongue to creatures blindly staring
At speech so dark, we converts of the gate.

We school ourselves, we struggle, and we stammer;
Our tongues refuse their task, O Elohim!
But falter meaningless and sadly: Lamma—
Rageshu—goyim.[1]

W. F. HARVEY.

[1] O God, why do the heathen rage?

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

UTILITARIANISM, like many other words in common use, is not free from ambiguity; philosophically it is used as more or less synonymous with universal hedonism, or the greatest happiness principle; but it has also associations connected with the ordinary meaning of the word "utility," and the supposed practical application of the utilitarian theory. With some such words as these Dr. Albee introduces the *History of English Utilitarianism*,[1] warning us to bear in mind the distinction between an abstract ethical theory and its supposed practical applications, which often have nothing to do with it, especially as public attention has frequently been directed to the latter to the neglect of the former, and "utilitarian" is often used as a depreciatory epithet applied to a political school or an educational system. Utilitarianism in its higher sense was a not unworthy attempt to set virtue upon a sound basis, theoretically, as the theological sanction began to be disregarded. When thinkers first began to seek for an explanation why men should be virtuous, as far as possible on natural grounds, it was not unnatural that they should fall back upon the desire for happiness, either individual or universal, and define virtue as that which makes for the ultimate happiness of one's self or others. That this theory is no longer felt to be adequate, and that few even of the utilitarians themselves were perfectly logical, does not detract from the importance the theory has had in the development of English philosophy, or from the eminent services rendered by those who bore the name. Dr. Albee's book is welcome as an intelligent and fair account of this school, in which will be found the names of some of its greater and lesser lights, though perhaps scarcely sufficient regard is paid to the influence they have exerted on several generations. If utilitarianism is not an ultimate theory it has been found in practice a good working one. Dr. Albee regards Richard Cumberland as the real founder of English utilitarianism, and assigns a very important place to John Gay, the author of *A Dissertation Concerning the Fundamental Principle of Virtue and Morality*. Hartley and Tucker are next

[1] *A History of English Utilitarianism*. By Ernest Albee, Ph.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan. 1902.

credited with developing the theory, and we are thus led to its greatest exponents, Bentham and J. S. Mill. At the present time intuitionalism appears likely to have a more or less successful revival, for the reason that hedonism in any form fails to account for that which is the noblest characteristic of human nature, its capacity for rising above considerations of pleasure or pain.

If the unknown (presumably American) author of *Searching for Truth*,[1] had taken more trouble he could have produced a much better book; but he defends himself upon the plea "that this superficial era demands a somewhat superficial treatment," which, therefore, is only likely to secure superficial attention. If the author had not the patience to work out his theme, it can scarcely be expected that the reader will undertake to make up for the deficiency. The books contains (*inter alia*) a recapitulation of familiar arguments against popular theology, which will have the least effect where most needed. The chief distinction of the writer is that he frequently puts a good thought in a very brief form. An appendix of about seventy pages is filled with extracts from all kinds of sources (with not very exact references), which only adds to the impression that the volume is a collection of notes written or collected at various times. The writer has considerable literary ability, but lacks power of concentration.

The fourth volume of *A History of the English Church*, edited by Dean Stephens (Winchester) and Rev. W. Hunt, deals with the history of the Church in the sixteenth century, from the accession of Henry VIII. to the death of Mary.[2] This is the most important period in the history of the Church in this country, as it witnessed that great ecclesiastical revolution known as the Reformation; and though it is the fashion with some Anglicans to depreciate this event, its importance cannot be over-estimated. It put an end to foreign interference with English internal affairs, it settled the English Church upon its present basis, it destroyed old forms of worship which had degenerated into superstitions, and it swept away the religious houses which were a standing hindrance to national development in its local forms. In the process no doubt a great deal of selfishness was displayed and much injustice perpetrated; but human motives are generally mixed and human methods at that time were very rough and ready, and even religious people were not over particular as to the means employed to gain their ends; but the result has been an infinite benefit to the nation. To tell the story of this critical period is no easy task, and at present it could not have been committed to better hands than the author of this volume, Dr. James Gairdner. He has all available sources of information at his com-

[1] *Searching for Truth.* London: Watts & Co. 1902.

[2] *The English Church in the Sixteenth Century, from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Mary.* By James Gairdner, C.B., LL.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

mand, is imbued with a spirit of fairness, and is innocent alike of any attempt at concealment or exaggeration; indeed, if any fault is to be found it is in the frequent absence of any pronounced judgment; the author records rather than judges, and chronicles with more effect than he criticises. The result, however, is that the volume is crammed with information, which can be relied upon, and it may be taken as a trustworthy guide to the period with which it deals. The volume contains an excellent map of England under Henry VIII., showing the old and new dioceses and houses of religion, with a key to the monasteries and nunneries suppressed or surrendered. It is a good illustration of the author's exact and painstaking method.

There is a good old-fashioned Protestant ring about *Papal Aims and Papal Claims*,[1] by Mr. E. Garnet Man, which should commend it to those who have a dislike to the papacy or to other sacerdotal pretensions. The arguments are familiar, and the evidence against papal claims is not new, but it will be found useful for those who wish to reburnish their armour for the fray between Popery and Protestantism.

Saint John, called Chrysostom on account of his eloquence, has certainly more claim to the title of sanctity than many others so distinguished. The story of his life, and a good account of his oratory and work as a moral reformer, is given in a small volume by Aimé Puech,[2] pleasantly translated by Mildred Partridge. As this volume has received the *imprimatur* of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster its soundness from an ecclesiastical point of view may be relied upon.

We can heartily recommend the charming pocket edition of Dr. Staunton Coit's collection of ethical readings, to which he gives the title of *The Message of Man*.[3] The fact that this edition is the third is sufficient to show that Dr. Coit's selection has found a large number of appreciative readers, as it deserved to do. The frontispiece is a small copy, "after a photo" (*sic*) of G. F. Watts' "Dweller in the Innermost," to which a prefatory note is contributed by Mr. Harold Johnson.

M. Charles Beauquier has written a *Little Freethinker's Catechism*[4] in the hope that it may awaken the reason of some of those blind believers in the supernatural tales of sacerdotal religion whom he likens to a poor bleating flock of sheep, driven, meekly and unresistingly, at the sweet will of the ecclesiastical shepherd. Starting

[1] *Papal Aims and Papal Claims.* By E. Garnet Man (Barrister-at-Law). London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

[2] *Saint John Chrysostom (344–407).* By Aimé Puech. Translated by Mildred Partridge. London: Duckworth & Co. 1902.

[3] *The Message of Man.* A Book of Ethical Scriptures gathered from many sources. By Stanton Coit, Ph.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

[4] *Petit Catéchisme Populaire du Libre-Penseur.* Millot Frères et Cie, 20 Rue Gambetta, Besançon.

from the origin of religions in "animism," and the personification, and subsequent deification, of natural phenomena (he has omitted to notice "ghost-worship" by the way), he points out once more that the history of mankind, instead of commencing with a fall from a high state of perfection, is, in truth, the story of a slow and painful evolution from barbarism, and that in reality Adam and Eve should be pictured as two anthropoid apes! M. Beauquier takes us, in brief, through all the dreary and outworn tales of Biblical belief—dreary, that is, when taught as divinely inspired truths, but most interesting when rationally considered as traditions of an ancient cosmogony derived by the Hebrews from Babylonian sources; the creation of the material universe out of nothing, in seven days; the story of the talking serpent, and the condemnation of all mankind because of Eve's unfortunate craving for the forbidden fruit; Noah and his wonderful ark, and the rest of it. Coming to the New Testament his brief reflections on Mariolatry—that extraordinary cult "which has positively dethroned the worship of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost"—are interesting and suggestive. M. Beauquier speaks of Lourdes, for example, where the Virgin of the Grotto is simply a local goddess who has made *la Vierge de la Salette* and *Notre-Dame de Lorette* "take a back seat," in terms of contempt which must surely be shared by every reasoning man who has witnessed the truly repulsive scenes there enacted. "Is it possible," he asks, "to witness a spectable more ignoble or more degrading to humanity?" But perhaps his remarks on the doctrine of purgatory will be of most interest to English readers. This invention, with its complement of masses for the souls of the departed, M. Beauquier looks upon as one of the most egregious systems of swindling that the world has ever seen. It is by this means that Holy Church levies an enormous revenue. "On prétend que, bon an mal an, l'Eglise en tire une quarantaine de millions de revenu: ce sont les feux du Purgatoire qui font positivement bouillir sa marmite." Here M. Beauquier introduces us to a remarkable plan, by which, it seems, a man may relieve himself of the fear lest heartless or heedless relatives should omit, after his death, to pay for masses in order to redeem his soul from purgatorial fires. We have heard an irreverent story of how a life-insurance agent, when solemnly asked by a Nonconformist Minister if, being able to insure the life, he could also insure the soul, hurriedly answered "Oh! no! no! We don't take any *fire risks!*" But in France it seems that there is a company formed with this very object—"une compagnie d'assurances contre l'incendie des âmes du purgatoire!" And, as every financial enterprise must have its own journal to "boom" it, this company has started a paper styled *L'Echo des âmes du Purgatoire!* Well may M. Beauquier quote Renan to the effect that it is not so much the immensity of the

starry heavens that gives us an idea of infinity, but rather the limitless folly of mankind! Priests, says M. Beauquier, in his last paragraph, the force of which we may well appreciate in this country to-day, have always bitterly opposed entrusting education to the laity. They strain every point to keep in their hands the instruction of childhood, "pour s'en servir comme instrument de déformation cérébrale!" And has not the Dean of St. Paul's recently denounced board schools as seminaries of vice and immorality? We trust this little catechism may be the means of kindling a spark of reason in the breasts of some of those who now sit in sacerdotal darkness, though we must own that M. Beauquier sometimes speaks in too positive terms to be altogether acceptable to the agnostic.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

THE neglect of the historical method in the treatment of national education is truly astounding. *State Intervention in English Education*,[1] by Mr. J. E. G. De Montmorency, consists, as its sub-title states, of *A Short History from the Earliest Times down to* 1833. It is no less true of education than of any other social question that a study of the past is indispensable for understanding the present. As the author of this work truly says, many of the mistakes, many of the errors of policy, scattered broadcast in the history of education appear to be directly due to this neglect of the historical aspect of national education. "The repetition of errors is inevitable if the record of the past is neglected. England is still suffering from the neglect of the warnings and lessons of the political history of education." We cannot agree with the author that the blame for these wasted opportunities lies with the electorate rather than with our leading statesmen. Was it not rather for the latter to lead the former along the right lines, and have they not shrunk from this through fear or regard for the Church, which has consistently struggled to retain in her own hands the education of the people? The Act of 1870 was no doubt a compromise. If Mr. Forster had had the courage of his opinions we should not now be standing on the brink of retrogression. Even clerical Austria refuses to her Church the educational control we are now about to hand over to the Church of England. Our own colonies have long since settled this thorny question. Education to be progressive and efficient

[1] *State Intervention in English Education. A Short History from the Earliest Times down to 1833.* By J. E. G. De Montmorency, B.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. Cambridge: At the University Press. London: C. J. Clay & Sons. New York: The Macmillan Company. Bombay and Calcutta: Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 1902.

must be free from all denominational control. We believe the electorate is interested in this question, but it is still on the old pernicious tack, each particular sect believing its own particular teachings essential to salvation, and each striving to control the education of the young for the purpose of proselytism. So long as education is allowed to be the weapon of contending religious bodies so long will it fail to be a national, or, as the author desires to see it, an imperial question. No one can read such a work as the present without coming to such conclusions, and when to this is added a study of modern education based upon the comparative method, these conclusions become irresistible. Mr. De Montmorency has opened up a new field, and in the treatment of his subject has shown consummate ability. He modestly describes it as but a foot-note to a great subject. As a pioneer through a comparatively unknown country he would have alone earned our gratitude. Educationists will do well to possess themselves of this valuable work.

The false patriotism that has been so rife since the war is simply appalling. "Our country right or wrong" has been the keynote, and has even been the open declaration of a prominent member of Parliament, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton to boot, in the House itself. As a protest against this retrograde movement we have before us *Patriotism and Ethics*,[1] by Mr. John George Godard, who seeks to define what true patriotism is, and to assign it to its proper position in the political, religious, and moral spheres of thought. Of this false patriotism the Boer War in England and *l'affaire Dreyfus* in France are good instances. In this country any one who ventured to suggest that there might possibly be two opinions upon the rights of the Transvaal dispute was at once dubbed a traitor to his country by the men whose love of country was measured by the amount they were able to get out of her. In France the comparatively few individuals who were bold enough to doubt the guilt of Dreyfus were likewise branded as traitors. Further, as Mr. Godard is careful to point out in each case, foreign criticism was treated with contempt, false patriotism blinding the eyes of both, with the result that both nations became less amenable to reason and more inflamed by passion until they utterly lost that calmness and dignity in graver crises demanded of such great nations. Again, one would have supposed that the Church, if it really believed in its own teachings, would have attempted to moderate such irrational and degrading sentiments. So far from this being the case, in each case the Church sided with the worst passions of the day. In the chapter entitled "Patriotism and Christianity," Mr. Godard deals trenchantly with the part played by the leaders of the Church. If their conduct had

[1] *Patriotism and Ethics.* By John George Godard. London: Grant Richards. 1901.

not been so pitiable, and the remark applies equally to the Boers, the situation would be positively amusing. Here we have each nation claiming to be the chosen people of God, and each calling upon the same God to wipe out the other. Whether the war was just or unjust, whether it was rendered inevitable by the conduct of Kruger and his corrupt following, or by the conduct of our policy, it is unnecessary to discuss for the purposes of this argument. It is a pity, therefore, that Mr. Godard should have pushed to the front his own personal views upon this highly controversial and insoluble question. It has only weakened his position for impartiality. Apart from this the work is admirably adapted for reforming public opinion. Patriotism does not consist in mere *love of country*. Its tenets are not to be summed in "my country right or wrong." Nations, like individuals, must do right for right's sake and not for mere political expediency. If this work helps to ram this single principle home Mr. Godard will not have written in vain.

BELLES LETTRES.

AGAIN we have to thank Canon Rawnsley for a charming volume on a subject which he has made his own. In *A Rambler's Note-Book at the English Lakes* [1] one may saunter with him "to where nearer Duddon Hall the daffodil myriads shone in their royallest splendour. . . . These daffodils that lay their golden light along the stream, and fill the woodland with their 'stationary sunshine,' so grew, and so lightened the copses, when the Romans clomb the Pen, or the Roman soldiers made their great coast road, or the Vikings grazed their horses on Heest Fell." Afterwards one may read how "as home we trudged, with the pack twinkling along the dusty road before us, we blessed the otter and the hounds for that sense of 'all the beauty of a common dawn' they had been the means of giving us; blessed them for glimpses of dewy meadow-lands and May morning joy in an enchanted vale." Very pretty, too, is the description Canon Rawnsley gives us of the old-world custom of rush-bearing which may be witnessed on the Saturday within the octave of the Feast of St. Oswald, to whom the Grasmere Church is dedicate. Not the least interesting part of the book is the long chapter entitled, "The True Story of 'D'ye ken John Peel?'" Every one is familiar with some more or less mangled version of that famous hunting-song, but few have heard the name of John Woodcock Graves, its author, who, in 1886,

[1] *A Rambler's Note-Book at the English Lakes.* By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1902.

after fifty-four years of voluntary exile from his native land, was laid to rest, at the ripe age of ninety-one, beside the margin of another Derwent, the river that runs beneath Mount Wellington at Hobart Town in Tasmania.

The name of Dr. William Briggs on the title-page of any scientific text-book is at once a guarantee of that subject being treated with thoroughness and practical knowledge. *First Stage Mathematics*[1] —the latest volume of "The Organised Science Series"—should prove useful to a far larger class of students than that for which it is primarily designed, viz., candidates for the First Stage Certificate at the South Kensington Examinations.

The second of the volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*[2] begins with "Austria-Hungary" and ends with "Chicacole." The prefatory essay, by Mr. Edward Dicey, entitled "A General Survey of Recent Political Progress," will probably interest a larger class of readers than any separate article in the book. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in his article on Beaconsfield, cannot certainly be accused of hero-worship. "It is commonly believed that Disraeli looked in the glass while describing Sidonia in *Coningsby*. We group the following sentences from this description for a purpose that will be presently seen: (1) 'He was admired by women, idolised by artists, received in all circles with great distinction, and appreciated for his intellect by the very few to whom he at all opened himself.' (2) 'For, though affable and generous, it was impossible to penetrate him; though unreserved in his manners, his frankness was limited to the surface. He observed everything, thought ever, but avoided serious discussion. If you pressed him for an opinion, he took refuge in raillery and threw out some paradox with which it was not easy to cope. The secret history of the world was Sidonia's pastime. His great pleasure was to contrast the hidden motive with the public pretext of transactions.' (3) 'He might have discovered a spring of happiness in susceptibilities of the heart; but this was a sealed fountain for Sidonia. In his organisation there was a peculiar, perhaps a great, deficiency; he was a man without affection. It would be hard to say that he had no heart, for he was susceptible of deep emotions; but not for individuals. Woman was to him a toy, man a machine.' . . . But for a general interpretation of Lord Beaconsfield and his career none serves so well as that which Froude insists on most. He was thoroughly and unchangeably a Jew. At but one remove, by birth, from Southern Europe and the East, he was an Englishman in nothing but his devotion to England and his solicitude for her honour and prosperity. It was

[1] *First Stage Mathematics, being the Algebra and Euclid required, together with the Arithmetic Questions for the last twenty years.* Edited by William Briggs, LL.D., M.A., F.C.S., F.R.A.S. London: W. B. Clive, University Tutorial Press. 1902.

[2] *The New Volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica.* The Second Volume, being Vol. XXVI., of the completed work. Edinburgh and London: Adam and Charles Black. London: The *Times*, Printing House Square.

not wholly by volition and design that his mind was strange to others and worked in absolute detachment. . . . His pride in his knowledge of the English character was the pride of a student; and we may doubt if it ever occurred to him that there would have been less pride, but more knowledge, had he been an Englishman." The most notable article in the domain of classical scholarship is that on "Bacchylides," by Sir Richard Jebb. Law is best represented by articles on "General Average," "Bankruptcy," by Mr. T. G. Carver and Messrs. J. Smith and H. G. Newton respectively. To the game of Bridge is accorded nearly a third of the space devoted to the less fascinating, but far more technical, subject of Bridges. The long article on "Bacteriology" is the joint work of Professors H. Marshall Ward and Robert Muir.

The question, "What is genius?" has been asked almost as often as that of "What is truth?" and answered, perhaps, even less satisfactorily. Adolfo Padovan, whose righteous indignation has been aroused by the degrading hypothesis of his fellow-countryman, Lombroso, maintains, in *Sons of Glory*,[1] that "genius is not neurosis, or a form of epilepsy, nor is it caused by a particular development of the cerebral centres, representing judgment and will; genius is simply *a physiological condition of exquisite and exceptional nervous sensibility*." He expects that his theory will be confirmed by the physiological studies, now in progress, of Camillo Golgi and Ramonky Cajal. Signor Padovan divides the Sons of Glory into two classes—artists and scientists; under the former are comprehended poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, and architects; under the latter, philosophers, inventors, explorers, and, *mirabile dictu*, prophets, by which term we are to understand founders of religions. Sometimes, but very rarely, instances, such as Leonardo da Vinci and Wolfgang Goethe, may be cited of men who were both artists and scientists. Signor Padovan's classification may be accepted in the main, but his sub-divisions, if intended to be exhaustive, are inaccurate. Surely the great masters of prose—writers such as Plato, Tacitus, Flaubert, V. Rydberg, and W. Pater—constitute a type of artistic genius. And is not the legislator a scientist? *The Sons of Glory* is a bold and brilliant experiment in synthesis, which deserves to be studied carefully by all who are interested in æsthetics. As a translation it reads smoothly.

Sancta Paula[2] belongs to a class of novels of which Newman's *Callista*, Kingsley's *Hypatia*, and, *longo intervallo*, Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, are the most striking instances in English. It is a story of spiritual import, somewhat loosely constructed and lacking

[1] *The Sons of Glory: Studies in Genius.* By Adolfo Padovan. Translated and adapted from the Italian by the Duchess Litta Visconti Arese. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902.

[2] *Sancta Paula: a Romance of the Fourth Century, A.D.* By Walter Copland Perry. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

is dramatic power, but, nevertheless, bearing abundant evidence of extensive classical learning, and saturated with the study of St. Jerome's writings. Mr. W. C. Perry has availed himself of all the literature connected with his subject, more especially with Mr. Dill's recent work, *Roman Society in the Fourth Century A.D.* Although we are aware that the cult of Mithra was introduced into Rome about the same time as Christianity, it seems to us to savour strongly of an anachronism to suggest that the doctrines of the Rig-Veda and the Zend-Avesta afforded topics for discussion at a literary symposium in the days of Valentinian. Mr. Perry presents his heroine to us under the threefold aspect of *mondaine*, matron, and *dévote*, in each of which she is sympathetic. The scene shifts from Rome to the Eastern Empire, and finally closes at Bethlehem.

With Nature and a Camera,[1] by Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., is the outcome of a wish expressed by many, who had reviewed the author's splendid work on *British Birds' Nests*, that he and his brother should write an account of their adventures and observations whilst wandering up and down the British Isles in search of subjects for their camera and note-book. What labours and hardships these enthusiastic naturalists voluntarily endured may be gathered from the following passage, quoted from the Preface: "We have slept for nights together in empty houses and old ruins, descended beetling cliffs, swum to isolated rocks, waded rivers and bogs, climbed lofty trees, lain in wet heather for hours at a stretch, tramped many weary miles in the dark, spent nights in the open air on lonely islands and solitary moors, endured the pangs of hunger and thirst and the torturing stings of insects, waited for days and days together for a single picture, and been nearly drowned, both figuratively and literally; yet such is the fascination of our subject that we have endured all these and other inconveniences with the utmost cheerfulness." In such quests labours cannot possibly be measured by results. As an instance of this, Mr. Cherry Kearton journeyed to the Highlands of Scotland on one occasion expressly to photograph a golden eagle sitting on her eyrie; but in vain; he was obliged to return without it. The most interesting chapter in a thoroughly interesting book is that which is devoted to St. Kilda. Religion there now wears a less gloomy aspect than it did, according to Mr. Sands, in the 'seventies, when the people went to church "with sorrowful looks, and eyes bent upon the ground, like a troop of the damned being driven by Satan to the bottomless pit," and no one spoke to another above a whisper, or could look to the right or left without considering he had sinned. The book is illustrated by 180 pictures from photographs by Mr. Cherry Kearton.

[1] *With Nature and a Camera, being the Adventures and Observations of a Field Naturalist and an Animal Photographer.* By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1902.

Having read "a story written by an American, which told of how a wretched Jew, hunted from place to place in the Old World, hopefully embarked for the New, only to be flung back, the tattered shuttlecock of the two civilisations," Mr. Robert H. Sherrard thereupon determined, in the summer of 1900, to test in his own person the incidence of the American Emigration Laws by taking a steerage passenger's ticket from Paris to New York, *viâ* La Champagne. *At the Closed Door*[1] is a graphic and unvarnished account of the physical and moral sufferings he endured, in company with 560 emigrants of various nationalities, on board this floating *inferno*, as well as of the cruelties practised on Ellis Island, and at the Barge Office, where he was detained for a time. "One of the most cruel weapons used by the steerage stewards to bring to reason people who were unreasonable as to paying the fee they had been ordered not to pay was the privation of drinking water. . . . The women and little children suffered dreadfully for want of it during the throes of seasickness. Yet water there was in plenty. . . . The contempt of the sailors for us is undisguised. They roughly turn their backs if any one of us dares, in perplexity, to ask a question. The very cabin-boys condemn us. 'I am not here to answer questions for fellows like you,' said an urchin of the ship's crew to me, when I asked him . . . when it would be possible to get a wash." Many of the emigrants did not know that they would not be allowed to land in the States unless they were in possession of at least thirty dollars. This knowledge had been studiously withheld from their victims by the scoundrelly ticket-agents. It is to be hoped, though hardly to be expected, that this little book may fulfil its purpose by arousing the big steamship companies and the emigration agents to some sense of their duty.

Swift has been styled the Prince of Journalists. This title Mr. Temple Scott sets himself to refute in his "Introduction" to the ninth volume of *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D.*[2] "At best it embodies but a half-truth. . . . Swift was a master of literary expression, and of all forms of that expression which aim at embodying in language the common life and common facts of men and their common nature. He never attempted to express what he did not fully comprehend. The bent of his mind was towards the practical and not the pure reason. The moralist and the statesman went hand in hand in him—an excellent example of the eighteenth century thinker. . . . The journalist is the man of the hour, writing for the hour, in harmony with popular opinion.

[1] *At the Closed Door.* Being the true and faithful Account of an Experiment *in proprid persond* of the Treatment accorded to Pauper Emigrants in New York Harbour by the Officials of the American Democracy. By Robert H. Sherrard. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1902.

[2] *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D.* Edited by Temple Scott. Vol. ix. Contributions to the *Tatler*, the *Examiner*, the *Spectator*, and the *Intelligencer*. London: George Bell & Sons. 1902.

Both his text and his heads are ready-made for him. He follows the beaten road, and only essays new paths when conditions have become such as to force him along them. Such a man Swift certainly was not. Journalism was not his way to the goal. If anything, it was, as Epictetus might have said, but a tavern by the way-side in which he took occasion to find the means by which the better to attain his goal. . . . But they were much more than journalism. . . . These, in reality, constitute a criticism of the social and political life of the first thirty years of the English eighteenth century. From the time of the writing of *A Tale of a Tub* to the days of the *Drapier's Letters*, Swift dissected his countrymen with the pitiless hand of the master-surgeon. So profound was his knowledge of human anatomy, individual and social, that we shudder now at the pain he must have inflicted in his unsparing operations. . . . It requires a special set of conditions to precipitate a Swift. . . . They obtained a man who dissolved the petty jealousies of party power in the acid of satire, and who distilled the affected fears for Church and State in the alembic of a statesmanship that establishes a nation's majesty and dignity on the common welfare of its free people." The most interesting of Swift's contribution to The *Examiner* is the paper (Number 17) in which he ironically contrasts the rewards which a victorious general, in the time of the Roman Empire, received with the enormous grants bestowed by the English nation on the victor of Blenheim. This contrast is further illustrated by drawing up "two fair accounts, the one of Roman gratitude, and the other of British ingratitude." In Number 28 he attacks the Duke of Marlborough, whom he designates Marcus Crassus, with great severity for his avarice; the letter concluding thus: "The moment you quit this vice you will be a truly great man, and still there will imperfections enough remain to convince us, you are not a god." The *Spectator* (Number 50) is a scathing satire on the irreligion, party-spirit, and fashionable follies of the times, supposed to be extracted from the diary of four Indian kings on a visit to London.

Readers of Matthew Arnold's most brilliant essay are aware that Celtic literature, though possessing no great masterpieces, has exercised great influence on modern European literature. In 1858, Tennyson founded his idyll of Enid upon the tale of Geraint, which Lady Charlotte Guest had published in her admirable translation of *The Mabinogion*[1] about twenty years previously. All lovers of folk-lore should be grateful to Mr. Alfred Nutt for his scholarly, elegant, and handy edition of Lady Charlotte Guest's translation, rearranged in order to emphasise the extremely diverse origin and date of the tales. These tales—with the exception of Taliesin, of

[1] *The Mabinogion: Mediæval Welsh Romances.* Translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. With Notes by Alfred Nutt. Published by David Nutt at the Sign of the Phœnix, Long Acre. 1902.

which we possess no MS. earlier in date than the end of the sixteenth century—are all found in the *Red Book of Hergest*, a MS. written at considerable intervals of time throughout the first half of the fourteenth century. Most of them are transcripts of something far older than the *Red Book* itself, and also occur in MSS. varying from fifty to a hundred years earlier in date than that. At the eleventh century at latest Wales could boast of a body of traditional romance held in sufficient esteem to be committed to the care of a special professional class of reciters. According to Professor Rhys, the bardic apprentice was styled a Mabinog, the traditional material—mythical, heroic, genealogical—which he had to acquire *Mabinogi, i.e.*, appertaining to the craft of the *Mabinog*. The stories, as arranged by Mr. Nutt, fall into five divisions, viz. (1) the "Four Branches of the Mabinogi"—the only section of the collection to which the title *Mabinogion* is strictly applicable—which preserves the mythology of the Celts settled in Britain; (2) "Romantic British History"; (3) "Arthur, Champion of Britain," not the historic Arthur of the twelve battles recorded by Nennius, but a Prince in Faery; (4) "Arthur, Flower of Knighthood," where the indigenous Welsh view is overpowered by that of the Norman *trouvères*. In this division comes the "Lady of the Fountain," known also as "John, the Knight of the Lion." To translate the words of Professor Shück, who rendered the old Swedish verse-form of it into modern Swedish prose: "I cannot even accept him [Chrestien de Troyes] as the inventor of the story, although no one knows what prototype he used. The balance of probability indicates that he clothed the legends which the Crusaders of the Middle Ages brought home from the East in the form of a French romance of chivalry"; (5) "Taliesin," a *cantfable*, the prose of which is intended to knit together a number of originally independent poems of earlier date.

What is a Créole? The vast majority of our readers have probably an altogether wrong idea of the meaning of the word, and look upon it as in some measure a term of reproach. *Nos Créoles*[1] is worth reading if only for the sake of correcting a false impression which more than once has led to awkward situations. The work is historical, and social, and gives a vivid picture of West Indian life at the present day.

In *Carnet du Soldat*[2] we have three hitherto unpublished letters of Count Tolstoï, which he dictated during his recent illness. Once more he attacks militarism and denounces what he considers the false Christian doctrine while upholding the true one. The author has written nothing elsewhere which equals the strength and even violence of these letters.

[1] *Nos Créoles.* Par A. Corre. Paris: P. V. Stock, Editeur.

[2] *Carnet du Soldat.* Par Cte Leon Tolstoï. Translated by J. W. Bienstock. Paris: P. V. Stock, Publisher.

Tolstoï et les Doukhobors.[1] Who and what are the Doukhobors? Many of our readers will doubtless never have heard the word before. In the latter half of the eighteenth century there appeared in Russia a religious sect not only refusing to conform to the customs and rites of the Orthodox Church, but which refused to accept baptism by water and the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. The history and present position of this sect, its persecution, and the emigration of many of its members to the freer atmosphere of Canada are told by several different authors in this interesting book.

POETRY.

Mr. Marcus S. C. Rickards is a prolific writer of verse. It may seem unkind to withhold from so tuneful a rhymer the title of poet, but in *Musings and Melodies*[2] we can find nothing which would quite justify us in bestowing it on him. He possesses several admirable qualities: an eye trained to the observation of nature in all her varying moods, a tender love of birds and flowers, and a quiet sense of humour, which is none the less real because it is so modestly shown.

[1] *Tolstoï et les Doukhobors.* Translated by J. W. Bienstock. Paris: P. V. Stock, Editeur.

[2] *Musings and Melodies.* By Marcus S. C. Rickards. Clifton and London: J. Baker & Co. 1902.

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LORD MILNER'S PLAN.

LORD MILNER'S Plan has but one fault. It is the work of a Balliol man; it is logical; it is symmetrical; it is supported by reports from the leading authority on Irrigation, Mr. James Willcocks; it has already won the approval of many intending settlers; but to an ordinary observer, and, probably, to a Boer observer, it appears to take no account of the Third Article of the Treaty of Vereeniging, of that article which guarantees to the Boers the undisturbed possession of their property. In other words, it is founded on a breach of trust. Its foundation is of sand.

The Treaty of Vereeniging makes no provision for the economic utilisation of any property as forming the ground on which it is guaranteed to the Boers; it draws no distinction between arid and semi-arid zones and does not, in any way, refer to the Compulsory Expropriation Act of New Zealand. It simply guarantees to the Boers the enjoyment of their personal property and provides them with means to secure themselves against foreclosure by their mortgagees by allowing them to borrow money from the Government free of interest for the first two years. In other words, we consented to leave the soil of the two new colonies in Boer hands as the price of ending the war.

Lord Milner must have forgotten this elementary fact when he penned his long despatches. He finds it difficult to obtain land by free purchase for his military colonies and he counts on the banks who have advanced money to the Boers to assist him in obtaining it. The policy is not a new one. It is the policy which inspired the Encumbered Estates Act in Ireland, although many of the worst features of the Irish question are due to the men who came in as

purchasers under that Act. To find land for his British Indian settlers, he looks to the goodwill of the great land companies of the Zoutpansberg and Waterberg; he forgets, perhaps, that the lands of these districts are mostly in the possession of Kaffirs who have never yet been subdued, and that the British Indian cultivator is anathema maranatha to half South Africa. On paper Lord Milner's plan is excellent. It fails because at least in appearance he seems to leave good faith out of his account and to attach no importance to human nature.

Three hundred years ago Munster and Leinster were colonised by English undertakers on a plan very similar to Lord Milner's. Where are those settlers now? How many English Protestants are to-day to be found established on Lord Lansdowne's Kerry estate or in that town of Bandon Bridge which was the pride of the first Lord Cork? Kerry has gone back into the hands of the mere Irishry, and Bandon and its neighbourhood is one of the chief seats of the Irish League.

The causes are obvious. Soldier settlers, unless in very exceptional cases such as that of the German Legion who colonised the Eastern province of the Cape Colony, and who were mostly volunteers and political refugees, not professional soldiers, do not make good farmers. They sell or mortgage their holdings and drift from the land. Marriage with the women of the country is far more usual than with immigrants. Amongst the uneducated classes, only the native-born women can support a country life. Even an English labourer's wife rarely becomes acclimatised in the Australian bush or even in a strange country. The children of mixed marriages follow the race and creed of the mother. Land hunger is strong amongst agriculturists who have been severed from their fields by force, and urges them to recover those fields either by force or purchase. Their efforts are as a rule successful. Save in Ulster, the English "Plantation" in Ireland did not outlast two generations. Lord Milner's Military Agricultural Settlements in a mining country, which offers the prizes of a lottery, may exist ten years. The German Government has for a century tried to colonise Posen, which is not a mining country, with German agriculturists. The only successful German settlements in Posen and Polish Prussia are the towns which were colonised by agreement with the Poles by German merchants in the Middle Ages. Everywhere else the German colonies have either melted away or become Polonised. Yet the plan on which the German Government has acted has been, in the main, that brought forward by Lord Milner.

If we adopt Lord Milner's suggestions and break the Treaty of Vereeniging, we shall do much to make true the predictions of those who said that the result of the war would be the creation of a new Ireland in South Africa.

The "Irish Question" as we know it, is the outcome of the violation of the Treaty of Limerick, by which it was arranged that the Catholics should retain a portion of their lands and the political rights which they had enjoyed in the reign of Charles II. The Irish Parliament of 1692, smarting under the memories of its sufferings during the Revolution, refused to ratify the arrangement. It strove to sever the Irish nation from its land and from its religion. The attempt has failed, and we may yet live to see a Home Rule Parliament give back the Irish land to the cultivator and haply re-endow the Catholic Church. The Irish nation owes its victory to its racial and religious organisation. Are the ties of race and religion less strong in the Transvaal and in the Orange Free State? Are the memories of Sarsfield a link of union more glorious than the exploits of De Wet?

Ireland, after the exhaustion of the Revolution, during seventy years opposed but a passive resistance to her oppressors. Fontenoy alone came to sustain the pride of the Irish race. In 1760 the land war recommenced with the outrages of the Whiteboys, and under one form or another, that war has gone on, without interruption, ever since. The vanquished Irish who surrendered at Limerick went to die beyond the seas in the service of France and Spain, and for three generations the flower of the Irish youth sought liberty under the lilies. We are repatriating forty thousand prisoners in South Africa, most of whom have seen nothing of the later stages of the war. Napoleon's return from Elba was brought about by the veterans, who had entered Russian prisons, when the star of Bonaparte had but just passed its zenith. If we violate the Treaty of Vereeniging we need not expect a respite of seventy years before retribution begins. The Irish struggle is sustained by the Irish-Americans; the Boer leaders have already told us that they count on kind gifts from Europe. It is not every European Cabinet which depends for secret service money on a Parliamentary vote.

We do not envy the new settlers in Lord Milner's colonies, who are to serve as agricultural preceptors to the Boers. Their lot will not be a happy one. South African agriculture is a trade which is not readily learnt by the uninitiated; the native population are cattle thieves and are not easily kept in order by men unacquainted with their ways, and the Boers have shown both in Cape Colony and in the Transvaal that they are as great adepts in the art of freezing out unwelcome neighbours as are the mining magnates of Johannesburg themselves. Most of the new settlers will soon rue the day when they made their homes on the arid or semi-arid lands taken from the Boer homesteads. It is true, perhaps, that most of these lands lie at present unused, but Lord Milner forgets that the great ambition of the Boer burgher is to give a farm to every one of his

sons. Boer marriages are fertile, and this unused land forms a reserve for the future Boer population. Had we not annexed Rhodesia, they would have found that reserve in the fertile lands between the Limpopo and the Zambesi. War practically became inevitable when President Kruger recalled Van Adendorp and Mashonaland passed under the British flag. War will break out once more if on any pretext whatsoever we violate the Treaty of Vereeniging in order to plant military settlements on the reserve lands of the Boer population.

We may produce a fictitious prosperity for the time by such a breach of faith. Munster in the early part of Charles I.'s reign was turned by the efforts of English planters into a very garden of the Lord. When the Rebellion broke out in 1641, the descendants of the Desmonds and of the MacCarthies, whom Essex had hunted into the hills, made it once more a desolate wilderness. Under Charles II. it bloomed again, but within the first two months of 1689 Irish rebels had annihilated the English labours of forty years. The cruelties of Essex had remained unforgotten after a century; the late war in South Africa was not made with rose water.

Our one policy in South Africa is to hold fast to the Treaty of Vereeniging through good and through evil report. It may be a bitter disappointment to many to have to lay aside all thoughts of the Irrigation Schemes and Military Settlements which were to make South Africa blossom as the rose, but unless we can get the Dutch to part willingly with their land for these purposes, our labours will prove to be but in vain. The prediction of our ill-wishers will be fully justified, and all our toil and suffering will but have raised up another Ireland in South Africa.

In the discussion on Lord Milner's despatch Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., quoted the ease with which the Highland settlers had been absorbed in Canada as a precedent of great value for the proposed Military Settlements.

Sir Gilbert forgot that the Highland settlements were made on unoccupied lands in what is now the province of Ontario, and that they were not placed in close contact with the French-Canadian settlers, whose Clergy Lands and Seigneurial Rights had been guaranteed to them by treaty on the surrender of Quebec.

The only really serious outbreak which has occurred in Canada since 1845 arose amongst the mixed races descended from Lord Selkirk's Highland settlers in Winnipeg and Indians or French-Canadians, when in 1870 they thought the tenure of their lands threatened by the transfer of the Hudson's Bay Territory to the Dominion of Canada. The quasi-rebellion of 1885 on the Saskatchewan sprang from somewhat similar causes.

Those military settlements which have succeeded in South Africa, like that in the Eastern province of the Cape Colony, were made on

lands conquered from the Kaffirs which had never either belonged to the Dutch Government or been settled by the Boers.

It may be added that Lord Milner's despatches are dated in February and March 1902. The Treaty of Vereeniging was signed on May 31, 1902, and therefore, if our Government observes it, reduces the recommendations contained in these despatches to waste-paper. They would, indeed, have been more properly published in the Reports of the Royal Historical MSS. Commission.

HUBERT READE.

THE HORNS OF THE DILEMMA.

THE introduction in these days of the subject of "Free Trade or Protection" into the arena of controversy requires little if any apology. Its growing prevalence in the columns of the press, its insinuation into Chamber of Commerce debates, and the possibility of its penetration even into Parliamentary lobbies, if not further, are evidences of the gradually increasing interest with which it is welcomed by the public.

Numerous are the writers in daily and monthly periodicals who, either contemptuously insisting on the correctness of their long-cherished protective views or gracefully endeavouring to wriggle out of a consistent championship of Free Trade, are attempting to find an answer to the resurrected riddle. And remarkable above all things is the persistence with which men with a quite indifferent grounding in political economy or logics will disport themselves before an admiring public, and with a wealth of high-sounding expressions successfully elaborate everything but the plain truth of the matter.

The one, pointing to the "years of prosperity" enjoyed by this country under the benevolent ægis of a perfunctory custom, would have it that this is a precedent under no circumstances to be tampered with; the other, finding in the competition of foreign "corporations" an increasing menace to his or his party's pocket, valiantly shouts for a reconsideration of a policy appealing in the main to "vulgar shortsightedness."

But if we are to arrive at an impartial comprehension of the question, is it not primarily essential that we should endeavour to forget all interests but those of the country at large—always provided that we are not adherents of the ancient doctrine of *laissez faire* and "devil take the hindmost."

I am aware that a great many men have written treatises on political economy, and among them some of undoubted mental genius, but whether they have succeeded in enlightening rather than obscuring the subject in hand may be left to those brilliant dissertators that throng the benches of our Representative Houses. These gentlemen, having presumably studied the works of the better known authorities, yet continue to entertain the most adverse opinions on the smallest matters connected therewith.

The truth of the matter is, that if any one of these questions

were ever looked at from the point of view of the general good they would be decided on the basis of self-evident facts. Where, however, a man has to combine a pretence of considering his constituents with a desire to safeguard his own or his patrons' bankbooks, his talents for dovetailing fiction into fact are put to such a strain that only the most heroic efforts enable him to compass a satisfactory obscuration of the truth.

In a recent article in the *Fortnightly Review*, Dr. Beattie Crozier points out that since producers are also consumers, and consumption regulates production, the amount of imported wealth must depend on the amount of wealth available in the country for exchange therewith. If, however, foreign competition by degrees undermine all the productive industries of this country, the wealth for exchange constantly diminishes, until, in fact, by means of Free Trade the country has been brought to starvation point.

The merest novice will appreciate the value of this appalling threat as a party war cry. What follows will show how absurd are such exaggerated apprehensions.

The competition pointed to is, of course, that of the American Trusts. Compared with the combinations of capital wielded by these concerns, Mr. Henry George's "bugbear of landlordism" is, in the mind of Dr. Crozier, dwarfed into insignificance. This is a pity, for with apologies to Dr. Crozier, it is an important point. Without land there is scarcely a concern in the world capable of amassing overpowering capital. Without it nearly every trust, every monopoly in America or elsewhere, would fall to pieces like a house of cards. For although certain departments of trade and invention have brought, and do bring, their promoters appreciable fortunes, so long as competition prevails these are restricted to a reasonable level; it is only when there is a monopoly that the accumulation of wealth gets beyond bounds, and since, *pace* Mr. Morgan's Shipping Trust, neither the sea nor the air are quite monopolised, there remains only the land, the complete monopoly of which can constitute a grave danger to the general public. Other monopolies may indeed be dangerous, but none can be so pernicious as this, for it covers the final source of all sustenance and wealth.

Thus to begin with, it is the private monopoly of land that enables the trusts to make profits large enough to warrant serious losses, contracted with a view to ruining rival industries, and thus gaining control of their markets. So does this great evil not only gnaw with ever-increasing danger at the root of the social tree, but, like the pebble cast into a pond, permeate to the limits of the social body, breeding numberless forms of disease that one and all spring from the central injustice.

Without this monopoly there could be little but fair competition,

and surely it is this that is meant by Free Trade; it is this that England has insisted on, nay courted, relying with its wonted courage and determination on those inherent qualities that have made it a storehouse of industry, a universal provider of the world's wants. Where then, if monopoly did not facilitate the unscrupulous attacks of foreign amalgamations, would be the bugbear of ruin that now makes even the staunchest adherent of Free Trade to tremble in his shoes?

And it is on this injustice of the United States that it is now proposed to build up an equivalent injustice in this country. For no argument can show that protection will in the very smallest degree benefit the general status of the working people of England. Already they are burdened with private monopoly of land; it is now proposed to further burden them with monopolies created by protection. For the immense profits of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie have been made either by monopoly or under the wings of a giant tariff and at the expense of the people of the United States. It is idle to say that their partners or even their workmen have benefited by increased profits and wages; the significance of this is simply that an isolated trade has benefited at the expense of the majority. Obviously it is better that the country should be able to buy its oil or steel at half the present price than that the oil or steel workers should smoke Havanas or the Vice-Presidents lounge in private cars. At the present moment there is not an important trade in the United States that could not continue to exist if the tariffs were repealed *in toto*. The dividends of overcapitalised concerns would shrink, but the immense increments of private persons would remain in the pockets of the consumers from which they have hitherto been extracted.

If now we consider the proposal of protection for this country, we shall see that it results from an utter want of comprehension of the first principles of economics.

The fact that the Red Indian carried in his breast a hatred of the white man, and in his hand a tomahawk, was an excellent excuse for the settler's retaliation with a muzzle-loader. But by no stretch of the imagination could this state of affairs be described as a sound political outlook. Peace and co-operation are the only remedies for so wasteful an antagonism of forces; yet it is expected that the identification of England with the protective mania of Europe and America will place her on a sound basis among her competitors in the world's market!

I protest that this basis is no more sound than is that of a tumbledown shanty buttressed against the slow but implacable elements. It may appear to serve its purpose for a time, but as sure as good cannot come out of evil, so surely will this system, based on injustice, work with more and more disastrous effect. For

setting aside its stupidity and wastefulness, it is, for reasons which follow, *utterly futile.*

To simplify the problem let us conceive the world to exist of two islands both producing corn and water, the two (for the sake of argument) only necessities or luxuries of life. Island A, containing 10 inhabitants, produces a quantity of water which we will call 4, and a quantity of corn equivalent to 30. Each man requires 1 water and 1 corn for subsistence. Island B also contains 10 men, and produces 20 water and 8 corn. It therefore exchanges 6 water required by A for 2 corn required by itself, and the account is balanced. If now A succeed by improvements in producing 20 water, it is self-supporting and does not require any of B's, more especially as it produces water as cheaply itself. B cannot therefore get corn from A, and must either grow more or starve. Would any one now suggest that B should prevent A from sending over either the extra 2 of corn required by B or an extra quantity of water, both free and gratis (as these would be the only obtainable terms)? Would this not manifestly be unnecessary? And has B any other course but to migrate to A?

And therefore if it can be shown that England cannot produce its own necessities, or produce anything to exchange for such as cheaply as other countries, will a mountain-high tariff keep its people alive, or prevent them from emigrating to a more favourable sphere of operations?

Could England (like France or America) be compared to an island which, making a sufficiency of water and corn, exchanged these *with itself*, its position would be unassailable, since, if another country could supply it with either water or corn at a cheaper price (*i.e.*, for less corn or water), having only a sufficiency of each, England could not pay for imports at all, and the commodity in question would either have to be given it free of charge or returned whence it came. When viewed in this manner the problem is as clear as daylight. The whole confusion lies in the supposition that the ruin of a trade means prevention of its continuance, which, however, as long as there are no other trades to make up and pay for it, is a sheer impossibility.

Under the above circumstances we could, in spite of competition, undoubtedly continue to exist, but what could be more foolish than to remain in a country that offered us but meagre sustenance combined with much labour, when, in a more prolific part of the world, we could have much sustenance at a small cost.

Take another illustration. We could supply the inhabitants of the Hebrides with every one of their necessities or luxuries cheaper than they could procure them themselves. What prevents us from doing it? The simple fact that they have not the wherewithal to pay for them. Yet, do the inhabitants of those islands require a

tariff to prevent them from starving? Certainly not, and for the very good reason that they are self-supporting.

But, argues the protectionist, at that rate England might ultimately under competition be reduced to barbarism. Very possibly; but the point is that *the absence of competition within our coasts cannot prevent it.* As soon as a country wants luxuries and the refinements of civilisation, it must, unless it can produce them with least labour itself, so increase its productive labour in other departments as to leave a surplus to exchange for them. This productive labour may, it is true, take the form of services rendered. Of such a kind is freight. Thus, although the imports of a country may exceed its exports, and it may therefore appear to be carrying on business at a loss, this may in reality not be the case, as the debit balance may be more than covered by the returns of other forms of labour. If then it is the returns of surplus labour that indicate a country's advancing prosperity, how, if these are cut away or destroyed, do the protectionists propose to save the situation?

The peculiar position of England is that, instead of being self-supporting, not only its luxuries but a large part of its necessities are paid for with its freight and exports, so that if these are undermined it will certainly be forced either to make its own necessities or starve. But with their destruction will have disappeared all its sources of surplus wealth and consequently power of exchange, and for reasons above stated no tariff in existence can rescue it. An empty cash-box will prevent imports more effectually than any duty. For all practical uses the later might be a farthing as soon as a thousand pounds per ton.

But so long as one productive occupation remains with which to buy imports, so long will the protectionists clamour for increased duty on the products of *others*, so that the community, reduced to that last means of subsistence, may still be made to pay to a section of itself more than it would need to pay to a foreign supplier. It is as if an island, producing nothing but corn in abundance, were asked to set one of its inhabitants to make boots at the rate of a pair for a bushel, when it could get them from the mainland at the rate of a pair for a peck.

Is it necessary to demonstrate any more clearly that protection means no more and no less than a bleeding of the community for the benefit of individuals?

Just this is what the people of England refused to sanction when they rioted against the corn laws. What they unconsciously said was: Why should we work eight hours a day to produce corn when we can work six and make enough machinery to buy the same quantity?

It is, and remains, our surplus returns and services that pay for our imports. If one of these goes, our purchasing capacity is by so

much diminished. Yet we are invited, not to reduce our expenses as an offset, by buying our *home* requirements in the cheapest market, but to continue to make ourselves what we can get cheaper elsewhere. And what does this last phrase mean but that we *have* some source of wealth at our disposal which can be bartered for the article in question? In the name of the prophet, figs! The boot-maker should go back to his corn and grow enough in a day to buy four times as many boots as he could himself make in the same period. But if the surplus corn cannot find a market, what then? Then, indeed, it is conclusively proved that England is an inhospitable rock and that the sooner we leave it the better.

If at one stroke our outward business were rendered dead by competition then with that stroke competition within our borders would cease. If that business covered the purchase of our entire luxuries, we should be for the time being reduced to barbarism, if of our necessities—to starvation. But in the name of all that is common sense, how is protection to maintain our exports? How, above all, is it to safeguard our freight? And if neither of these are left to us, shall we not, unless we become self-supporting, starve? Can any protection prevent it? The only efficacious protection would be such as safeguarded our *outward* trade and carriage, not our *home* manufactures, and such a protection obviously does not exist. For our home trade needs no protection, as no country in the world can compete with it if we have no outward trade or carriage with which to pay her.

But if our doom is sealed, if we cannot produce either our necessities—let alone our luxuries—or anything to exchange for them, there remains surely nothing for us but to remove ourselves to a more salubrious climate. At last it would dawn upon the most ardent bellwether of empire that his scheme of things in general is about as valuable as that of Gold Stick-in-Waiting, who sees in the babble of a State Drawing Room something infinitely more important than in the clank of a Clyde shipyard.

Turn and twist which way you will, a country's outward trade cannot be maintained by a home tariff. Far from disproving, America confirms this. Not a bushel of maize, not a pint of oil, not a ton of steel, leaves its shores that could not be exported if its whole gigantic tariff were consigned to oblivion. America produces cheaper, therefore it sells cheaper. It gives away *nothing*. To instance tobacco or matches is futile. Every dollar lost on them now will some day be regained, and that (if competition remains) at cheaper rates than hitherto. As for other trades, it would be interesting to know how much American oil, corn, cotton, machinery, boots, steel, starch, cereals, canned food, is sold at a loss in this country. The supposition that America would consistently sell cheaper than it produces is the very cream of midsummer

madness. Nor, unless with a view to ultimate profit, is it the case.

Again, is it conceivable that America, if freed from its incubus of protection, could do anything but benefit by its removal? Cannot the vast majority of its necessities and even luxuries be produced with least labour within its borders? Would not artificial prices maintained by monopolies and trusts at the people's expense vanish into thin air and be reduced to a fair competitive level? And if any particular trade were ruined by free competition, would it not be for the public benefit that it should be? It is only necessary to regard the world as *one country* instead of a hundred to comprehend that if an article can be produced in one spot of the earth's surface with less labour than in any other, it is that spot that should, and will, supply the whole population of the globe with that article. Coffee is not grown in China, nor is tea produced in Brazil. Do we look for hops in Newcastle or dig for coal in Sussex? Protection has only to be driven to its ultimate end to become a *reductio ad absurdum*, for it would, if made universal and insurmountable, be tantamount to an entire cessation of international commerce!

But let us now consider the parlous condition of this country of which we are hearing so much, and which is used as a war cry by the henchmen of protection, in spite of the fact that protection could not delay its approach for one instant.

Firstly, can we or can we not support ourselves? Taking the three principal necessities of life—food, clothing, and shelter—is there any reason why we should not be able to supply ourselves, not with one or two but with all three of them? Clothing we have, and that cheaper and better than our competitors; shelter we can also manage at a pinch, if we are satisfied with bricks and tiles instead of marble and are sparing with our wood. Of meat there is plenty. What remains but bread?

Now it would be interesting to know how many acres of arable land in England are withdrawn from use by private owners. Still more interesting would be the establishment of the fact that, with every available inch of agricultural land under cultivation, England was yet unable to keep itself in loaves. If this is so, the outlook would indeed seem to be black. But is it? Can we or can we not grow all the bread we want on a tract of land no bigger than Devonshire? I leave it to the experts. One thing I do know, and that is, that if we cannot do it our colonies can. Certainly it would be preferable, nay, for certain reasons it is imperative, to have our food within easy reach. How then, in the face of this, are there any opponents to land nationalisation left?

But, secondly, what of our manufactures and our shipping? What of our machinery and coal, our shipbuilding and our Manchester goods, our tool steel and cutlery, our ocean freight and navigation?

Is it conceivable that these should sooner or later cease to supply us with the requirements of civilisation? And if it were, how can we hinder the inevitable? I say that we have two alternatives before us. Either we emigrate to more favourable spheres of action in proportion as our outward trade is undermined without possibility of replacement, or by dint of co-operation *in the interests of the masses and not the classes*, and by intellectual business methods, we place our commerce on a footing that will give it power to defy every competitor.

Is this impossible? Already the amalgamation of Guest, Keen, and Nettlefolds is a reality, already the Imperial Tobacco Company and even Baldwins Limited are accomplished facts. How much more would the possibility of renting land from the State, the centralised control of all requisite raw materials, the combination of forces with a view to minimising expenses, the strenuous application of brains to industry and invention, not to mention the proper encouragement of labour by capital, enable us to successfully remain in the arena of the world's commerce.

Away with the futile discussion of remedies that have no virtue, of measures that are worse than useless. Consumption, says Dr. Crozier, controls production. Demand regulates supply. How great is the demand of the English people? And how is it to be supplied except by free access to its own land and water, free production and free exchange with every one who can furnish it with what it wants and requires?

FREDERICK W. MUELLER.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BECOME AN M.P.?

BY universal admission the last session of Parliament was a depressing one. It was unworthy of the high traditions of Parliament. There was a lack of earnestness about the proceedings which reminds one of the old fable of the devil entering the pulpit to preach. He was easily discovered, for his discourse lacked unction.

To account for this fecklessness among our legislators various theories have been mooted. Some say it is because the Government have been too overbearing; others that they have been too much inclined to "let the world slide." Some impute it to the divided state of the Opposition; others to the huge majority of the Government, which renders their supporters careless of their duties and heedless of whips and divisions.

Perhaps, if we get out of the habit of thinking in masses; cease studying men in multitudes and come down to the individual, and study his temperament, we shall get a clue to the disastrous apathy which is beginning to make us half-ashamed of our Parliament.

A new member who lately gave his impressions of his first session in Parliament, remarked that nine-tenths of his fellow members are commonplace men, and in spite of having M.P. attached to their names they remain commonplace. And when we read accounts of the selection of candidates by caucuses and committees and party associations, and see that some man of real eminence and intellectual power is often passed over for a very commonplace person, we begin to wonder what is the cause of so much worship of the commonplace. What do the public really consider to be the necessary requirements for a member of Parliament?

This query is answered by a very naïve volume I have beside me at this moment. It is entitled *The New House of Commons*, a subtitle being *Mems about Members*. It is issued as a *Pall Mall Gazette* extra. It consists of brief biographical notes on members, with comments more or less witty. It is written from a Conservative standpoint, but the *bona fides* of the notes is guaranteed by the statement in the preface, "Opportunity was given for the subjects of these sketches to correct or otherwise comment." We fancy, however, a number of Liberal members must have passed them by with silent contempt, for example, the gentleman who is described as being "not very wise but he is good looking," or the

Welsh Radical who is mentioned as "a characteristic specimen of Young Wales with more to learn than it thinks."

For the reason that there is in the book a slight bias against Liberals which leads to remarks like the above, more or less offensive, I have confined the following extracts to members of the Conservative persuasion. We need not of course assume that the causes assigned by the writer or writers of these notices are absolutely those that determined the choice of the various candidates. But, taking the writers of these notices as fair average specimens of the superficial glib-thinking men of the present day, we learn what are the requirements that such persons assume to be advantageous to a candidate. They give us, in an artless sort of way, an Ars Candidatoria, recounting all the artificial aids by which candidates may gain and retain the affections and votes of electors. If anything equally naïve had been published on the Liberal side, I have no doubt we might have got some equally good revelations. And one would like to see in many cases why certain candidates who were defeated came to be selected. They, however, have been allowed to sink into obscurity.

It is evident that in the eyes of these writers sportsmanship and statesmanship are closely connected, at least as far as winning elections is concerned.

"The Lancastrians are ardent admirers of sport in all its branches, and Blackburn would return their pet half-back to St. Stephens (if he would go) rather than the greatest statesman who ever breathed. So the Hornbys are popular because of their brother's fame in the football field. Mr. A. N. Hornby would be at the head of any poll that was ever taken in Blackburn."

The grammar of the above statements is rather slipshod, but the meaning is that the men of Blackburn return their members because of their legs, or the legs of their family, and not because of their brains.

Of another Lancashire member we are told: "He won the hearts of Lancashire sportsmen by telling them that Lancashire was the only county that he liked to see beat Surrey."

Another is disposed of in this important piece of political wisdom. "He owns horses, which fact accounts for his popularity in Blackburn and Darwen."

Another member, also from Lancashire, is described as the son of a certain gentleman, and as having married the daughter of a certain other gentleman. As both father and father-in-law are equally unknown to fame, his election must repose on the additional information given in the notice. "He won the Grand National with The Soarer in 1896, and owns other race-horses and polo ponies, besides the yacht *Caress*."

It is to the credit of Lancashire men, however, that not every

breeder or owner of race-horses can find favour in their eyes. They do sometimes require a slight qualification of these charms. See the following: "He is an ardent sportsman and a breeder and owner of race-horses, and was considered *too aristocratic* for Accrington."

Nor is this sort of thing confined to Lancashire. Lord A. F. Compton, a Bedfordshire representative, "possesses a figure of great elegance and activity, and knows more of sport than of politics."

Colonel Brymer, from Dorset, "is believed to take as keen an interest in sport as in his Parliamentary duties."

Another Dorset legislator is qualified to represent his constituents because "he distinguished himself at Oxford, *as a polo player*." In justice to this gentleman, we must add that "he is a useful member of the Unionist party, all the more so *because he rarely troubles the House*."

The member for Roxburgh "is a sportsman and is greatly interested in the Duke of Buccleugh's foxhounds."

Another member who finds sport an aid is the member for Harwich. "In his younger days he was a celebrated wicket-keeper, used to play for the county which he now represents, and *did not forget to remind the electors of the fact*."

To show how utterly sport eclipses politics, we must quote *verbatim* one or two notices:

"Mr. Henry William Forster is married to the daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and is a cricketer. After several years' service in the Eton eleven, he got his Blue at Oxford (making 65 not out against Cambridge one year), played against Cambridge three years, represented Gentlemen *v.* Players, and can still handle a bat when he cares to try. He is thirty-four, and was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford."

"Mr. Harry Leslie Blundell McCalmont was the owner of the famous race-horse Isinglass, and also of a yacht called the *Giralda*, which he fitted up as a cruiser, that she might be put into commission if necessary in time of war. She was sold to the Spanish Government, and figured more than once during the Spanish-American War. He is very wealthy, and has now replaced her by building a still more commodious and expensive vessel. Has been in the Scots Guards, is Colonel of the Warwickshire Militia, with which he was in South Africa at the time of the elections, and is a D.L. and J.P. for Cambridgeshire. He turned Sir George Newnes out in 1895. He is married to Winifred, daughter of Sir Henry de Bathe, and is thirty-nine. This time Tommy Loates is believed not to have repeated the error of vitiating his vote by writing, 'I vote for Mr. McCalmont, and no mistake,' across his ballot-paper, after taking a special train from the north to do so."

"Sir J. Blundell Maple is a partner in the big furnishing business in Tottenham Court Road, which his father founded and of which he has for years been the moving spirit, as a casual visit will show, but is generally believed to be a better authority on horse-racing than hair-cloth. Is a great fancier of race-horses, and keeps a stud-farm at Childwickbury. Gave £15,000 for Common, a winner of the Derby, and he says it has been a very successful commercial speculation, and had in Childwick, although he won the Cesarewitch, a greater success at the stud than on the race-course. He won his first classic race with Kirkconnell, has a house at Newmarket, and may be said to be popular on the Turf. Failed to win North Camberwell with Mr. Diggle, despite the most strenuous efforts made by him for that candidate. Drives a very smart pair. His only child married Baron von Eckhardstein, of the German Embassy, in 1896. He was made a baronet on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. Was born fifty-five years ago and educated at Crauford College, Maidenhead, and King's College, London, and is a Moderate member of the L.C.C."

Had these gentlemen had any interest in politics, would it not have been written in these chronicles? Where the notice is of some politician who has devoted himself earnestly either to the political struggle in general, or to some special branch of it, they do not fail to record the interest he takes in politics. We must needs assume, therefore, that Forster, McCalmont, and Maple have little interest in politics; and, further, that the reason of their being in Parliament is that *they did not fail to remind the electors* of their cricket scores and their race-horses, their yachts and their wealth.

While we are on this subject we may quote, on higher authority than a *Pall Mall Gazette* extra, the reasons for the selection of one of the latest recruits to the House of Commons. The reasons for the selection of Mr. E. B. Faber, recently elected for Andover, are given by himself:

"They did not select him for his abilities so much as because he was fortunate enough to have relatives living in the district, and because he was especially fortunate in having in this immediate neighbourhood a brother, Captain Walter Faber. He saw no reason why he could not come and see them very often, and dwell amongst them part of the year at any rate. He had been to a puppy show that afternoon, and made the acquaintance of many sporting friends, and he thought this was a country that would suit an old gentleman like him, for, while there was plenty of galloping, there was very little jumping, whereas in his own district of Yorkshire there was not such good galloping, but more jumping. . . . He had been told that Stockbridge was one of the homes of sport, and in the division there was another sporting place, Kingsclere. Well, he had enjoyed himself at Stockbridge races, and a friend of his and his brother's

had a filly in training at Kingsclere, and if they lived long enough they were told they would see her win a race. He was glad to come into a sporting country, and should like to have a horse or two down there, and enjoy the sporting there. They had a little sport in the neighbourhood of Leeds, but he should like to come there in that open country, away from the smoke of the cities of Yorkshire, besides which the Yorkshire country was intersected with great drains, and he thought their country would suit him much better."

Mr. Faber richly deserves a place in this *Pall Mall Gazette* extra beside the Aylwin Comptons, Forsters, McCalmonts, and Blundell Maples. This is no doubt an example of the best electioneering style of men who know more about sport than about politics. But why, in the name of common sense, do people elect them?

That sport is believed to be intimately connected with Conservatism may be seen from another remark in this *Pall Mall Gazette* extra. In the notice on Mr. Corrie Grant, the writer remarks, "That he should represent an *important* division of a *sporting* county is one of those things no fellow can understand."

It is evidently inconceivable to this "fellow" that a man as politician should be distinct from a man as sportsman. In other words the "fellow" would conclude that every man he sees kicking a ball, handling a bat, riding a horse, or indulging in any of the varieties of "sport" is bound to be a Conservative.

Let us consider another notion of the scribes that wrote this book.

Mr. Spencer Charrington is a partner in the great brewery in the Mile End Road, and is at once the greatest employer and the provider of a *very popular commodity* in his constituency."

"Mr. John Gretton, jun., is a brewer, as was his father before him. Now occupies the *highly desirable* position of director of Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton, Limited, which spells 'bitter' or 'pale ale' as you please."

"Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner is the chairman of a brewery company—one of the *snuggest* in the West of England—a J.P., and Lord of the Manor of Cheltenham."

"Mr. Ratcliff is a director of Bass, Limited, and has been so for some years. They swear by him down Burton way, and it was quite certain he was going to get in, more especially as Lord Burton was with him."

These paragraphs all point to an opinion on the part of this writer that it is an important qualification for winning an election to be a brewer. We fear that this is perfectly true, but it is hardly a matter to glory about. Statesmen keep up the fiction that they appeal to the country to decide some high matter of state. Several constituencies treat this appeal as an opportunity for deciding whether the beer of a particular firm is satisfactory or not.

When the Government dissolved Parliament last year and declared the war over, everybody knew that it was still going on. From a record of the speeches of that time we learn that the electors were urged to return Conservative candidates to show their admiration of British soldiers. We see from this volume that several constituencies went beyond the exhortations of the Government. Arguing that it must appear unchivalrous to vote against a candidate who was engaged in the war, they adopted candidates who had been, or were there, and had more or less distinguished themselves. The ruse was not always successful, as the rout of Captain Lambton at Newcastle shows. But in several instances it seems to have succeeded.

The unopposed return of Sir Elliot Lees "is due to Birkenhead's practically unanimous opinion that it would be a shame for a man who was fighting in South Africa to have to fight in England."

Captain Percy Clive "volunteered for service in South Africa, joined his battalion at Modder River, and was still serving with it at the time of his election. This and his great local popularity amply explains his unopposed return."

"Mr. Claude H. W. Lowther is one of those fortunate young men to whom the war has given a good start in life. As soon as the Imperial Yeomanry was raised, he joined its 8th Battalion with the rank of lieutenant, and on getting to South Africa was appointed A.D.C. to Sir Charles Warren. In this capacity he saw all the fighting on the Tugela and won the Victoria Cross for saving the life of Lieutenant Lethbridge under heavy fire at the battle of Fisher's Spruit. He returned home to win the Eskdale division from the sitting member, a very strong opponent and a Midland director."

"Mr. James Archibald Morrison is a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, went to the front with them at the beginning of the war, and was invalided home at the beginning of July. At the end of July he was elected for the Wilton division, the seat for which had become vacant by Lord Folkstone succeeding to the peerage on the death of his father, the Earl of Radnor."

From these paragraphs we see that the judgment of the electors was embarrassed by the appeals made to their sympathies. "Are you so ungrateful, or so unchivalrous, as to refuse to vote for a man who has risked his life and gained the Victoria Cross, or for one who has been invalided home?" This must have been the tone of the Primrose dames who canvassed for these men; and, no doubt, many a befooled elector was under the impression that to vote against a lieutenant of the Imperial Yeomanry, or of the Grenadier Guards, was to encourage the enemy.

Besides sport, beer, and war, there are other means of diverting the judgment of electors from the political questions referred to them to decide. Some of these are even more disreputable.

"Mr. Richard Cavendish is associated *as a financial member* with the Oddfellows and Foresters, and a number of various Masonic Orders. He is an officer in the Volunteer Battalion of the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment, and identified with nearly every public institution in the division."

We do not learn from this notice how much Mr. Richard Cavendish's annual subscriptions amount to, nor to what extent his *financial* membership of the Oddfellows and Foresters and other Masonic bodies goes. But it is a fair inference from this paragraph that he is exercising a species of corruption in his constituency, and relies on being returned because of his subscriptions to "nearly every public institution in the division."

Another Cavendish holds his seat for the following reason. "His election without opposition is a tribute to the Chatsworth influence in Derbyshire."

Colonel Bowles "owes something to being the son of his father, the chairman of the New River Company, an 'interest' which is important in this division."

And the strangest reason of all for a man possessing a seat in Parliament is that which accounts for Sir Samuel Scott's being there.

"He succeeded Sir Horace Farquhar in the representation of the constituency in 1898. Sir Horace was senior partner in the banking firm of Sir Samuel Scott & Co., and *it was natural that he should be succeeded by one of his firm.*" From this the electors of West Marylebone may learn that their votes are regarded as natural assets of the banking firm of Sir Samuel Scott & Co.

What is the meaning of these paragraphs with their allusions to "influence" and "interest"? From the point of view of the elector it means that he votes (or refrains from bringing forward a candidate) either because he has received favours, or expects to receive them, or fears disturbance of some kind from the influential or interested party. From the point of view of the candidate it is nothing but corruption and intimidation of an insidious character.

The most remarkable qualification for an M.P. is that which is demanded by Brighton.

"Mr. Gerald Loder is one of the Loders of Whittleberry, and, like most of his family, rich and smart. He plays tennis, rides in the park, and is fond of dogs."

"Harrow and the Grenadier Guards have made Mr. Bruce Canning Vernon Wentworth what he is—a fit companion to Mr. Gerald Loder in the representation of Brighton. He is tall, good looking, and a good shot."

"Brighton can turn out the neatest pair of any two-membered constituency."

The qualification, therefore, of membership for Brighton is to be good looking. The process of selection of a candidate for Brighton

must be a lordly spectacle. Behold the would-be candidates. Perfect specimens of English manhood as produced by Harrow and the Grenadier Guards! There they stand, sedate as Greek gods in Olympus. 'Tis beyond the powers of mortal man to judge which is fairest. A committee of the junior dames of the local Primrose League must decide this awful problem; than which none has appeared knottier since the judgment of Paris. It is not meet that the curtain be raised on the heart-burnings of the secret conclave where the perfect loveliness of each hero is put in the balance. But the loveliest survive, and "Brighton can turn out the neatest pair of any two-membered constituency."

These notes may serve as revelations of the attitude with which the British elector approaches the momentous question of electing his representative in Parliament. Ministers speak of appealing to the country; they know quite well that the actual method of procedure is the befooling of the country. In England the electors listen to appeals to their interest in cricket or horse-racing, to their appetite for beer, or to their duty of obeisance to some powerful local family. The Parliament is as the electors make it, and none need be surprised that public business is mismanaged, that members of Parliament are incompetent, or that an apathy has set in which makes us half ashamed of Parliament. As the parent is, so is the child, and we must remember that when we grumble about our members of Parliament, the fault lies not so much with them as with the electors who sent them there.

What then is the remedy? The only remedy I can see is increased earnestness on the part of reformers. Instead of a policy of slate cleaning, let reformers take as their battle cry "The old causes are not yet won, and we shall go on till we win them." There is no virtue in gingerly weeding out point after point in your programme lest, forsooth, you offend some of the weaker brethren. You offend far more by lukewarmness than by earnestness. You forget that when the British elector has not an earnest man before him, he is captivated by the owner of race-horses, or by the man with the cricket record who does not fail to remind the electors of the fact, or by the man that owns the brewery down the street, or the man whose family has influence in the constituency, or the man who sends big subscriptions to cricket clubs, flower shows, or bazaars, or the man who is connected with all the Masonic bodies in the division as a *financial member*. A story is told of an enlightened elector of Newcastle-on-Tyne who was asked to give his vote for John Morley. "Vote for John Morley!" he indignantly replied, "what did ever he do for the Byker Football Club?" This element is present in all constituencies, and the way to win it over is not to humour it, much less to pick and choose among your principles in order to construct a programme that it shall consider satisfactory,

but to tell men like these that they are ignorant, that they need enlightenment, to urge your principles before them day after day and never cease advocating the reforms you believe to be right. Then we shall have an end of the scandal of having our laws made by men whom even their own supporters treat with contempt, and the qualifications for entering the House of Commons shall be knowledge and earnestness.

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SLUM OVERCROWDING AND THE REPEAL OF THE LEGISLATIVE RESTRICTIONS ON RAILWAYS.

No room to live! Surely there was never uttered such nonsense as this statement, that any country is too thickly populated to permit of the people being sufficiently spread out to live wholesome and moral lives. Enter a train and travel in any direction from the centre of London ten miles out, and you will see vacant space enough to house in wholesome conditions not only the population of London, but a population ten times their number. Travel for a hundred miles in any direction in a fast train, and note how villages appear, and flash past, rapidly disappearing as mere specks on the landscape, and how even large and flourishing towns are passed through in one or two minutes, and that when you are a mile from them they likewise assume their true proportions to the earth, that is to say, appear as mere trifling blotches on the horizon; then turn to the newspapers, and the articles written on the subject, and realise the bitter irony of the phrase "no room to live." Call up in your imagination what the overcrowding question means, people herded like swine, married and unmarried, adults and children packed in the same room; often two or three separate families; realise that this necessarily implies conditions of physical ill-being of the worst possible description, a total and entire absence of anything approaching sexual morality, down to the horrible depths of indiscriminate incest; then ask yourself whether of all the questions agitating the public mind this is not *the* question of the hour.

In all the speculations as to the remedy of this evil it is always assumed that the desired result can be obtained by means of direct legislation, that is, by direct commands of the State to do this or to do that. We, however, contend that the remedy is not to be found in that direction, nor by any other conceivable direct method, but that it can only be obtained by the natural development and evolution of profitable business, and that the reason why this has so far not happened is solely that there are artificial obstacles to that evolution, in the form of a colossal mass of meddling railway laws, which at every turn cramp and rob railway enterprise. Remove that mass of

obstruction, and the social organism no longer artificially restrained will automatically develop the necessary organs and functions for meeting its needs in this direction, as it has done in every other.

It is now admitted by a very large majority of the people who have studied the question, that the immediate cause is the insufficiency of facilities of locomotion, both as regards space and speed. It seems an astonishing state of affairs that business concerns like railway companies should not have tackled this question to their own advantage, but the reason is transparent, and it is that as things are at present arranged the building and working of railways is so monstrously expensive that the quantity and the class of accommodation needed *does not pay.*

It is well to refer concisely to the general tenour of the schemes at present being advocated and put into force. It consists in marking out a locality, destroying the rookeries, and building "model buildings." Now invariably (and necessarily from the fact that better accommodation is provided) the number of people accommodated in the new buildings is less than the number turned out; but as the carrying capacity of the railways, trams, 'buses, &c., remains the same as before, the surplus of people has to find accommodation either in some other already overcrowded quarter; or in some not overcrowded quarter, which they of course then immediately convert into an overcrowded quarter. Manifestly you cannot reduce the density in one part of a closed bottle without increasing it in exactly the same proportion in some other part.

This is so self-evident that one might be inclined to wonder how it is that the local authorities continue to spend the taxpayers' money on such nonsense, were it not for the equally transparent fact that, knowing long beforehand which are the rookeries that are most likely to be next demolished, some of these gentry (and the most influential and active ones) can carry out a safe speculation by acquiring in their own names, or in the names of men of straw, some of the rookeries, and then when the local authorities compulsorily purchase these places, *they*, the enterprising members of the local authorities, pocket the compensation money. In fact, in colloquial language, the explanation of the apparent stupidity of these authorities is "jobbery," or "ooftish."

In order to give some idea of the nature and extent of the meddling railway laws we quote the following from the *Encyclopædia Britannica:*

"Parliament soon began to exercise control over railways by means of 'Standing Orders,' and in 1832 a passenger duty of ½*d.* per mile was levied on every four passengers. In 1842 a Government department was instituted, whereby the Board of Trade was empowered to appoint inspectors of railways, to postpone the opening of railways, to disallow bye-laws, and to institute legal proceedings against the companies for infringing the latter.

"The Board of Trade was further empowered to direct companies to make returns of accidents, of traffic, and of tolls levied. The passenger duty was fixed at 5 per cent. of the gross receipts from passengers.

"In 1848 the Commissioners of Railways, five in number, were appointed, to whom the jurisdiction of the Board of Trade was transferred; but in 1851 it was re-transferred to the Board of Trade. The Railway and Canal Traffic Act of 1854 required companies to provide reasonable facilities for forwarding and delivering their own and the traffic of other companies, and to abstain from unreasonable preferences. It appears to have been of small practical utility till 1873. The Regulation of Railways Act of 1873 establishes a new tribunal of Railway Commissioners; . . . the principal duty of the Commissioners is to enforce the observance of the reasonable facilities section of the Act of 1854.

"The Commissioners have the power to enjoin the forwarding of through traffic at through rates, the power being set in motion by the companies only."

This chaotic—self-amending or self-contradicting—interference is further shown by the following list of laws: the Railway Regulation Act of 1840 (which is described as "the first of the *general* acts," implying numerous previous *particular* acts); the Railways Further Regulation Act of 1844; the Railway Clauses Consolidation Act of 1845; the Canal and Railway Carriers Act of 1845; "followed," as we are told, "by legislation regarding the license, and the sale, of railways; the gauge, cheap trains, passenger duty," &c., &c.; the Board of Trade Railway and Canal Traffic Bill of 1888, referring to the classification of merchandise traffic, and fixing the maximum rates applicable thereto, &c., &c. (thereby preventing the free differentiation of rates by the companies in favour of particular lines of goods).

We can gather from this short enumeration alone of some of the Acts that have been passed, to what an extent the whole carrying industry of the country has been interfered with and hampered, by the malevolence, the prejudices, or the fads, of interested parties, obstructionists, or well-meaning but narrow-minded philanthropists.

Bearing in mind for how long, in ordinary cases, a legislative evil continues to exist before sufficient pressure can be brought to put the parliamentary mechanism into motion in order to attempt a remedy, the striking rapidity with which railway laws followed one upon another's heels, extending, limiting, or replacing one another, should prove to us how great must have been the evils created by these laws. "The Railway Clauses Consolidation Act"! The very name of this one Act is enough to prove the whole case to any observant and well-informed individual. What does the consolidation of the clauses of previous Acts mean but the attempt, in some measure, to remedy the chaos, and consequent obstruction, of previous mutually contradictory and overlapping Acts? And it must be remembered that in the case of concerns with tens or hundreds of millions of capital, obstruction or needless interference means the waste of millions of

money—which in its ultimate phase means bad accommodation or high fares.

Not only has meddlesome legislation entailed vast expenditure on railway passengers *as* passengers, but it has also entailed upon them expenditure as taxpayers. There is the Railway and Canal Commission, costing £7000 per annum to support, and the Inspectors of Railways Department, costing about another £7000, and these officials must do something to excuse their existence, and consequently it may be presumed that they meddle.

The parliamentary costs of the

London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway amounted to	£4,806	per mile.
Manchester and Birmingham Railway	„	5,190	„
Blackwall Railway	„	14,414	„

whilst the total bill for the South Eastern Railway amounted to £240,000.

(And a curious thing to note is, that when we generally read these figures—not observing their true import—we generally do so with a vague feeling of pride at their immensity; whereas a truer understanding of their meaning should rather make us glow with indignation.)

The average cost of construction in England has been estimated to have been, in 1857, £39,270 per mile; and in 1883, £49,260 per mile; and an average table of the expenditure per mile under the different headings (for the year 1871) has been drawn up as follows:

Law and parliamentary . . .	£2,000	per mile =	5½ per cent.
Land and compensation . . .	7,000	„ =	19½ „
Construction and stations . .	18,000	„ =	50 „
Loco and carrying stock . . .	3,000	„ =	8 „
Interest on stock, discount, bonuses, dividends from capital, and contingencies	6,000	„ =	17 „
	£36,000	„ =	100 „.

A study of this table throws into strong relief the sources of waste; a waste which it cannot be too often reiterated means, in its ultimate phase, insufficient accommodation and higher fares. But bad as it appears from this table, in dealing with the question of railway accommodation as a remedy for the overcrowding of our great cities the proportion is much greater, though it is impossible to estimate its exact amount.

Whilst the above table shows an *average* expenditure per mile on law and parliamentary expenses, £2000; land and compensation, £7000; of together 25 per cent. of the total cost; both these items *in cities* stand in a much higher ratio to the total expenditure, for compensation for *dwellings and business premises* has to be paid all along the route, whilst the opposition before the parliamentary committees,

of the householders and business men, involves a higher expenditure under the head of law and parliamentary expenses. There do not appear to be any published figures giving this information, but if we assume these two items to be, in a large city, twice as large proportionally as over the whole system (a moderate estimate), they alone amount to 50 per cent. of the total cost per mile. (From this must be deducted the just cost of the land; which cannot be done here, as all the published statistics appear to lump land and compensation.)

The effect of all this expenditure has been to almost kill genuine railway *enterprise;* most of the railways now built are little branches of the main lines, put up by the local interested and influential shareholders or directors, who look to make an extra business facility for themselves, regardless of whether the parent company will have to pay money out of pocket to meet the guaranteed dividend on the branch; or when they are genuine business concerns they are mostly only built long after they could have yielded a profit to the company. And, moreover, these branches are built with the solidity and expense of main lines—a manifestly ludicrous proceeding.

We placed every imaginable artificial difficulty in the way of railway development, including a taxation per head of the passengers. Then we discovered that one of the inevitable consequences, viz., the inability of the railways to carry the poorest classes at sufficiently low rates, produced evils which grew to such an extent that we were moved to follow up our absurdities with further Acts of a directly contrary nature, compelling companies to run cheap trains for workmen; and these Acts were followed again, with amusing inconsequence, by further ones compelling the companies to carry police, volunteers, soldiers, &c., &c., at *half rates;* tending ultimately to produce higher fares to compensate the companies for this saving to the taxpayer, and thus tending to prevent fresh developments in the way of cheap trains; in other words, tending to nullify the previous Cheap Trains Act.

Again, the passenger duty having been found to produce evils, was modified and reduced to "2 per cent. of fares exceeding the rate of one penny a mile between stations within one urban district, such district to contain not less than 100,000 inhabitants;" thereby again, whilst endeavouring to undo an evil tendency towards overcrowding created by *taxed* fares, we made a law reducing the passenger tax "within one urban district" if of 100,000 inhabitants, thus making fares relatively cheaper *inside* large towns than outside them, or than in small towns; in other words, we made a law directly tending to promote overcrowding!

Turning to the question of injury and death by accident, we find that as the direct result of obligations put upon the companies, injuries have been reduced to the following:

Deaths in one year .	. 5	= 1 in	265,000,000 passengers.
Injuries in one year	. 400	= 1 in	2,850,000 „

whilst apart from these cases there were miscellaneous accidents on railway premises *not* caused by accidents to trains: deaths, 87; injuries, 1007.

Here we see that by compelling companies to take enormous expensive precautions for the prevention of accidents to *trains*, we have reduced the injuries to people travelling in the trains (which, in the nature of things, is, and should be, a relatively dangerous method of locomotion) to about 400 per annum; whilst the natural accidents to people hanging about the stations, &c., &c., *on their own legs* are more than double that number, viz., 1094. Manifestly an unnatural state of affairs this; it is more than twice as dangerous to be in and about a railway station on your own legs than to be in a train. People are paying higher fares in order to be safer in a train than out of it! This is not exaggeration, nor laboured wit—but simple naked truth.

We cannot estimate from published statistics even approximately what this accident-preventing policy is costing the companies, but railway men state that the figure is enormous, as obviously it must be. The cost is not fully included in the working expenses, for a very large part of it is hidden in the form of capital; brakes, interlocking points, &c., &c., coming under that head. *Whitaker's Almanack* says: "It is in facilitating this security of life that some of the chief causes of the increased cost of railway working may be accounted for, such as the more general adoption of the block system, interlocking points, signals, and continuous brakes, which the Board of Trade insisted on."

In one average year in the streets of London the number of accidents was as follows (and the bulk of these accidents are of a precisely similar nature, being incident to the locomotion of vehicles):

Killed, 140;	against train accidents, killed,	5.
Injured, 5330;	ditto	injured, 400.

Here again we see the manifest absurdity of the lengths to which we have gone, unintentionally, in pursuance of our life-saving policy; we have converted our railway trains into refuges to escape death by accident! and now, finding the people herded like swine in consequence of insufficient facilities for locomotion, we profess to be astonished, and denounce the iniquity of slum landlords.

Should any one advocate the making of laws to enforce the fixing of steam brakes on all carts, waggons, carriages, &c., and the establishment of a system of interlocking signals at street corners (the equivalent of junctions), we would at once see the absurdity of the suggestion, and would laugh the reformer out of court, notwith-

standing his humane desire to reduce the number of deaths by accident; but railways of course are quite another matter!

Why we have exhibited this wonderful virtuousness in preventing accidents is because we have imagined that the *companies* would suffer the expense, although the smallest reflection shows that whatever may be the nature of the burdens you strive to place upon the shoulders of the companies, they fall ultimately on the railway traveller, and that no laws or regulations will or can, prevent that from happening.

Free competition in railways once established would bring about just as much security from accidents as is possible without bringing financial disaster on the competing lines; just so much security as is possible without damaging, or preventing the free development of, the social *organism* in other respects.

Competition would lead the companies to take all reasonable precautions, whilst beyond a certain point the expenses incurred would so affect fares that people would abandon the extraordinarily safe lines and travel by their cheaper rivals; it is this balancing of natural forces that must be left undisturbed to regulate the evolution and development of railway locomotion.

The individual must himself be the final arbiter as to how much he cares, *or can justly afford*, to pay for additional safety; but it may be predicted with certainty that no one would pay a premium in order to be safer in a train than on his own legs in a railway station, or in the streets of London.

In opposition to our advocacy of the repeal of these exaggeratedly humanitarian laws it will be said:

"You cannot surely deliberately propose the repeal of laws, one effect of which repeal might, as you yourself seem to imply, be to produce annually the accidental deaths of dozens of people; that would be tantamount to legislative murder!" to which the damaging and apt reply is:

"But *you have* made laws which have produced thousands, nay, tens of thousands, of deaths—*i.e.*, committed unnumbered legislative murders, shortened the lives of hundreds of thousands, and produced conditions of vileness and moral degradation which, whilst frightful in themselves, have done, and are doing, incalculable damage to the whole of the social structure. Whilst our policy of repealing these laws might increase the number of deaths by railway accident, it would to a vastly greater extent *decrease* the deaths resulting, directly and indirectly, from overcrowding; our policy, in short, is the life-saving policy, whilst your policy is the death-dealing one!"

Free competition in railways involves a most important point not apparent on the surface, which is that it is not a mere question of building railways similar to those existing now; rather, the door being thrown open to all, there would be built a multitude of different types of railway, to suit all varieties of circumstances, of all

degrees of expensiveness and cheapness, down to that extremely interesting variety, the "wheel-barrow" railway, costing anything down to £9 per mile, which, with suitable modifications (say for instance with horse-power at both sides instead of only at one) might conceivably prove of vast utility for ramifying extensions of electric tramways systems, and of the minor branches of existing railways.

The absurd lengths to which this tacit opposition to schemes for providing additional carrying facilities goes is strikingly shown in the recent matter of the proposed electric railway to Brighton. The promoters put up a large sum of caution money with the Government and went to great expense in surveying, parliamentary expenses, &c., &c., and brought forward a scheme which if it had proved successful and remunerative would have been a large step in the direction of thinning the density of the London population; yet what do we see to be the attitude of the legislature? It was shown by the solicitors of the existing line that the promoters had committed a number of small sins of omission in regard to the Standing Orders, faults which it was not even contended were in any way serious, nor capable of defrauding any one, nor intended to do so; yet solely for this reason the promoters' Bill was thrown out, meaning in the first place a delay of another year before the matter could be brought forward again, and in the second place the dead loss of the parliamentary expenses incurred, a loss which, be it noted, spells in its ultimate phase increased fares to be paid by travellers on the line when it is at last built!

One indirect form of interference (which will serve as an illustration of many others) can be shown to have had an appreciable influence in reducing the carrying capacity of the existing lines.

In order that railway men should go to church, laws enforcing the cessation of work during certain hours on Sundays were enacted. As every one knows, if we wish to travel on Sunday on any route where it is necessary to change from one line to another, the only chance of getting to the journey's end and back in a morning is to start before breakfast—otherwise the chances are you only arrive at your destination in the afternoon—and get back home late in the evening. The result is that every journey becomes a day's expedition, and the lines consequently miss a very large amount of passengers. Moreover, the mere imposition of the interval cuts out a lot of possible traffic, particularly on this one day of the week on which the whole community is free to go visiting friends and relatives.

All these losses of traffic are *net* losses to the companies, as the working expenses for the day are exactly the same whether the extra people are carried or not—and this being a loss on every seventh day of the year, the total amount of difference would be

quite sufficient to affect the dividends; and just in proportion as dividends are good is the ability and the inclination of the directors to develop their lines and improve their train services.

At present the owners of property required for railway building are paid far more than the market value, on the plea of compensation for compulsory purchase. There is not nearly enough honest discrimination in this matter. The great majority of the shops and businesses disturbed would manifestly suffer no loss by removal, save and except the cost of the removal itself and the annoyance of the extra work; (to say nothing of those cases where small businesses are being carried on in a bankrupt condition—a by no means uncommon occurrence—when the expropriation is, so far from being an injury, rather a blessing, and in some cases a blessing conceivably worth paying for.) Those businesses that because of their prime position are yielding a return which there is not the slightest hope of their being able to equal elsewhere, are popularly assumed to stand upon another footing. Perhaps if in most of such cases a 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. bonus were given on the market value of the property, no greatly appreciable harm would be done; but regarded from a logical standpoint—from the standpoint of pure ethics—the fact that a man has been so fortunate as to secure a position where owing to the mass of people passing his door, or congregated in his neighbourhood, there is entailed an unearned profit for himself, and has been in the enjoyment of this exceptional good fortune for some time, constitutes no reason whatever why he should be continued in the enjoyment of that good fortune, to the detriment of the very mass of people who create it. At the very utmost, all he should be given is say a 5 to 10 percentage over and above the market value of the remainder of his lease.

But there is a third class, where substantial compensation is just and right; where a man has had to lay out capital for the proper working of his business, which can only be recouped over a period of years, and which capital is more or less necessarily lost by removal, then this loss should be fully borne by the community; and this for two reasons—firstly, because it is the man's just right, and secondly, because it is politic in the interests of the community, for if not done there would be created a fear, and disinclination, to lay out capital in developing businesses of such nature.

But a rigid examination of every case before a Parliamentary Committee would probably show that such genuine cases are extremely rare.

In the case of the purchase of agricultural and waste lands, the building of lines practically speaking invariably enhances the value of the rest of the property, and there is here again no claim for compensation; on the contrary in the majority of cases it might be plausibly argued that these neighbouring landowners should compensate the companies.

In the above connection it should be remembered that the theory under which these compulsory powers of purchase are given by Parliament is that the land is not and never has been the absolute and entire property of any individual (which all interested parties, however, make a point of assuming *is* the case), but is the property of the King, from whom it is held in fief. Consequently all arguments as to expropriation stand upon a totally different footing to what would be the case in regard to all other forms of property.

Here we are brought face to face with the greatest difficulty in the way of reform. The men who sit on the Parliamentary Committees are themselves landowners, householders, or business men of the districts affected by the question, and their interests and sympathies are all in favour of these huge compensations, of this systematic blackmailing of *railway companies*, as they imagine, but in reality of railway passengers and merchants sending goods over the lines; for it is they, and they alone, who ultimately pay. Whilst even where these committeemen are railway directors, their sympathies are on the same side, and not on the side of the companies; the personal interests of directors are not identical with the interests of companies, for the simple reason that directors' remuneration received from the companies is in no way dependent upon the amount of dividend paid, but is a fixed and immovable quantity, whilst their interests as property holders, and as business men (outside of their directorial duties), are identical with those of the other committeemen.

Thus we find a solid rock of opposition planted in the very midst of the organisation from which we wish to obtain reform, and this rock will continue to silently but effectually block all progress until a public opinion of sufficient depth and magnitude will have been created to overcome it; and that public opinion can only be aroused by educating the masses of the people up to an understanding of the vast and all comprehensive nature of the evils of slum life, and by awakening our consciences to the fact that the responsibility lies at our own door for the reason that it is ourselves and ourselves alone who have the power to effect the remedy.

One of the principal arguments the use of which has brought about the attitude of opposition to new railway schemes has been that if every one who asks for powers were permitted to build new lines the whole surface of the country would be honeycombed with bankrupt lines, and that it is consequently the duty of the State to prevent this by refusing to grant the compulsory powers necessary. This argument, when carefully followed out to its conclusions, is found to be utterly valueless. The cost of building railways, even under the most favourable conditions, is very great, and the initiators of any scheme have to lay up thousands, tens of thousands, of pounds for indefinite periods as caution money with the Government, and

run the risk of losing the whole or part of it. It is this fact which constitutes the true safeguard against over-building: so long as there is not a really fine chance of doing good business with the line people will not be found to put up their money on the chance of it, even if Parliament makes no difficulty about granting them the compulsory powers; just as the number of 'bus companies is limited by the possibility of gaining a dividend or at least covering working expenses, just as the number of shipping companies, of butchers' shops, of everything, in fact, is limited by the natural effects of competition, so would the building of railways be likewise limited by this natural safeguard. No one entertains the idea of establishing a system under which any other trader must go to Parliament for the wiseacres of that talking shop to tell him whether there is a possibility of doing the trade he wishes to do, and to forbid his entering into the business in case they fail to see the possibilities of money-making; yet we have grown so accustomed to this absurdity in the case of railways that we do not notice the glaring inconsistency.

If this system of freely granting the necessary compulsory powers were adopted we should have a real and effective competition between railways in place of the present system of partial or complete monopolies, and with the creation of this active competition the main reason of the present apathy of directors and managers would be removed, for whilst at present the possibility of making *increased* dividends is no incentive to these gentlemen to bestir themselves (for the simple reason that they personally benefit not by one single iota in such increase, their remuneration being a fixed amount instead of a percentage on the net receipts), yet the possibility of *de*creased, or *no*, dividends is a real and powerful incentive, spelling, as it often does, dismissal; for the shareholder is often stupid and docile in ordinary times, but when disaster falls upon him he is often converted into a dangerous animal.

In order to show how little in the way of railway development is needed to solve the overcrowding question, we will glance at the suburban traffic of London: roughly the size of London is fourteen miles by ten miles; therefore, generally speaking, the greatest distances people are carried to and from business are seven miles east and west, and five miles north and south, and these distances are covered at present by the trams, 'buses, and trains, at the beggarly rates of from five to twenty miles an hour—and this in the twentieth century, in the heart of the Empire, whilst we are all bragging about our superiority to every one else, and our marvellous developments in the art of transportation.

One of the best services is that to Croydon, a distance of ten and three-quarter miles, to which town express trains run, *i.e.*, express in the sense that they do not stop between London and Croydon, but

they only on an average cover the distance in about half an hour, or at the rate of about twenty-two miles an hour. Express trains at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour in the twentieth century!—marvellous, is it not?

Now it is manifest that with proper access to London, and termini sufficiently large and well organised, the average speed could be easily doubled; doubling the speed means that in the same time one can travel twice as far, and, further, in deciding where he shall live a man does not take any note of the *distance* (except that very large numbers *prefer* distance when feasible), but what they do take note of is the *time* occupied; consequently, if you can carry people twice as far away as at present in the same time, they will *go* twice as far.

On the face of it doubling the distance appears to mean doubling the area over which the people would be spread; but it means more than this, it would in fact mean the addition of an area twice the size of London, over and above the present area. To see the proof of this statement, draw an oblong figure; then outside this figure draw another oblong figure, each side of which is twice as far from the centre of the inner figure as the sides of that inner figure are from that centre; then continue the whole four sides of the inner figure until they meet the sides of the outer figure, when it will be seen that the outer figure has an area three times as large as the inner one (whilst if the average speed were three times as great the new area would be to existing London as eight to one).

Incidentally it may be remarked that this doubling of the average distance travelled would by no means be doubling the average season ticket: to carry a man twenty miles does not cost twice as much as carrying him ten miles, nor anything approaching it; this is borne out by the present prices of season tickets, as every one knows generally speaking in suburban traffic the farther you go the lower the rate paid per mile. And in regard to the small increase of fares that would be necessary, there is an enormous number of people who would willingly pay a pound or two more a year if they could get an *appreciably* nearer approach to the country and pure air, and those who could not afford this extra payment, or who did not prefer going a distance from their work, would stay where they are and be satisfied with the benefit of increased elbow room.

Without going into the question of railway developments further afield than this (which, however, would be well worthy of minute and careful study), there would be in this new field alone vastly more than enough space to solve the whole overcrowding question. With an area twice the size of the whole of existing London thrown into the building-land market, prices of these new building sites would be greatly less than those of the existing sites (though the rents would be much to the advantage of the owners of these new lands, for the

poorest building rents are much greater than the highest agricultural rents), and this would tend to make the rents of the new houses lower, whilst at the same time leaving room for builders to make more profit, and thus tend to push building in these outlying parts more actively than nearer at home.

This sucking of the people away from the town would produce in time vast changes in many respects, changes which are so complex that it would be impossible to indicate them with any certainty.

It might conceivably be the case that the railway development above indicated would solve the overcrowding problem *directly;* but the greater probability is that this will be done indirectly, for the people who will first migrate will be the smaller *householders*, and these small houses being left empty and without customers would have to take a poorer class of people as tenants, thus relieving the pressure on the slums. Rent would not stand in the way of this development, for as is well known the rents paid in the slums (per cubic foot of space) are greater than for small £30 villas, greater than for £60 or £80 villas, and in some cases greater than for houses rented at as much as £100. The reform coming about in this way would perhaps be even better than by the direct migration of the denizens of slum-land themselves, for being left near their work, in more wholesome conditions, they would save any expense for transportation, and the additional one or two hours' labour of getting to and from their work.

In support of our contention that the root of the question is locomotion, it will be well to quote the following from the *Review of Reviews* of April 1902:

"Mr. Charles Booth, President of the Browning Hall Conference on Housing, has secured from all schools and parties a general recognition of the principle that locomotion is the first line of attack. One-half of the new London County Council has made a written endorsement of his policy . . . they have formulated a workable scheme. These results were laid before a meeting of the municipal authorities of Greater London, held at Westminster Palace Hotel, on March 19. The meeting agreed on the pressing need of a uniform system of London transit, and urged on the Government the consequent necessity of appointing *a central transit authority.*"

These gentlemen have arrived at the right conclusion as to the immediate cause of the evil, but they have totally failed to discover the *cause of that cause.* "Locomotion" would have discovered for itself a solution of the problem if it had been allowed to follow its natural courses, just as every other requirement of the people is met by traders in their efforts to outdo one another, but it has not been allowed to run its natural course, it has been deliberately hampered at every turn by imbecile restrictions placed upon it for the good of the public (!) by our legislature. Not only have these gentlemen failed to discover this ultimate cause of the evil, but they are

agitating for a remedy which our whole history proves will, so far from remedying anything, make the evils tenfold worse. They are rushing to the Government to institute a "central transit authority," —God save the mark!—who shall run all our railways on a "uniform system" by some patent governmental method which shall revolutionise locomotion, and before which the efforts of all our railway companies shall pale their ineffectual fires. And this is the remedy advocated by these gentlemen, who, no doubt, the moment before they entered Westminster Hall were denouncing the latest exhibition of War Office imbecility or jobbery, or cursing the Government for having done this, or for having left undone that.

After all there is some element of competition in our existing system of railways, and it is that slight element which gives us whatever there is of good in the system; remove that element of competition by appointing a "central government authority," and you remove the sole and only existing cause for improvement, or enlightened methods. Let us ask ourselves who will be the men who in succession obtain appointment to the new post; manifestly, as in all similar cases, it will be some political cat's paw, who is to be compensated for his services to a political party, or the scion of some noble house, who *must be* provided with some "honourable employment"; there will be no question of election in consequence of knowledge of the business or even natural abilities: knowing as they do that this is what is going on all around them, knowing as they do that this is the way they proceed themselves whenever they have any voice in appointments that do not affect their own businesses and pockets—men, who are actuated by the best intentions, yet deliberately advocate an arrangement under which it is absolutely certain that this same method of procedure will be followed, blindly believing that by such methods they can obtain the solution of a problem of such difficulty.

This may call up the criticism, "but you are yourself advocating the passing of laws in order to remedy the evil," which is quite true, but the point lies in the nature of those laws; Mr. Charles Booth, and his friends, and all the other reformers, advocate laws to deal directly with the evil, laws commanding people to do this, that, and the other, in order to reduce overcrowding; whilst the laws advocated here are simply laws to *abolish* existing laws, in fact what is advocated is the negation of law; *i.e.*, the absolute reverse of the wishes of Mr. Booth and his supporters. The principle advocated is to remove the obstacles put in the way of the natural development of locomotion, and leave the remedy to come about automatically as an indirect consequence of the competition between private individuals casting about to make a profitable living.

The great masses of the poorer middle classes have been housed by this method; without any legislation commanding people to do

this or to do that, our towns are being surrounded with small houses at rentals down to £30 a year, with six to seven rooms, gardens, sanitary appliances, baths, hot water supplies, handsome decorations, &c. &c., solely as the outcome of the natural competition of builders with nothing in their heads but the desire to make a profit for themselves. And what does this rent of £30 a year amount to—15*s.* a week, 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, or 5*d.* *to* 4½*d.* *per room per day;* and so, legislative interference being removed, even the very poorest would be adequately housed.

By the natural and indirect means set forth above will the horrible evil of overcrowding be overcome, or rather cease to be created, and by those means alone—for no political party, no government, no state, has ever been, nor ever will be, powerful enough to improve the conditions of livelihood of whole masses of the people; the sole and only way in which governments can greatly affect the lives of the masses for good is by *undoing* the evils that their predecessors have created, by unmaking the laws which interfere with natural developments in all directions. For a critical examination of the nature of all great so-called reforms immediately shows that the good has come from the removal of evils inflicted by previous governmental acts, inflicted either wilfully in order to curtail the rights or privileges of certain classes, or inflicted unintentionally as the result of mistaken notions of philanthropy.

"A. W. L."

NATIONAL SOLVENCY AND BANKING CREDIT.

WITH the growing tendency of to-day to question the supremacy of British trade, and to conclude from the excess of imports over exports, amounting to nearly £174,000,000 in 1901 and £498,000,000 during the last three years, that the national capital is being drawn upon, the efficiency of the cash basis upon which English trade rests demands attention. A decennial increase of imports and exports by £126,000,000, of railway returns by £24,800,000, of bank deposits by £290,000,000, of the yield of taxation by £41,000,000, a rise in the level of wages of labour, and a well-defined improvement in the standard of comfort, are, of course, very clear indications that both the volume of our trade and the aggregate of our national wealth, unmarketable as much of the latter may be, have reached enormous dimensions. But the rapid evolution of the basis of capitalism, industry, and commerce, together with the emphatic proofs furnished by the periodical trade and census returns, show that the commercial struggles of the nations during the twentieth century will be fought out, and even the destiny of the human race will be shaped, by Great Britain, Germany, and the United States.

From the Franco-Prussian duel of 1870 the German Empire arose a political and commercial unit; from the American Civil War the United States came forth an undivided people; with the result that to-day the former nation, despite many difficulties, possesses a trade of £517,677,000 and a population of 56,806,000, and the latter a trade of £483,022,000, and 76,303,000 of population. The latest figures for the United Kingdom are £870,585,000 and 41,454,000 respectively. The remarkable development of these two nations, as compared with Great Britain, is, however, more clearly shown by the following percentages of increase:

	Since Year.	Total Trade.	Since Year.	Population.	Increase in Ten Years.	
					Imports.	Exports.
		%		%	%	%
United Kingdom	1870	59	1870	31	27	17
Germany . .	1872	81	1875	34	28	30
United States .	1870	263	1870	100	12	29

The great difference between the imports and exports of the United Kingdom seems to point to the conclusion that the modern world is confronted by what, to use the words of Hume in his comment on Joshua Gee's *Trade and Navigation of Great Britain Consider'd*, published in 1729, "struck the nation with an universal panic, when they saw it plainly demonstrated that the balance was against them for so considerable a sum as must leave them without a single shilling in five or six years." No doctrine in economics has, however, been subjected to more argument than that comprised in international indebtedness—the balance of trade or balance of deferred payment theory, so aptly styled in the Middle Ages as the balance of bargain system. But since that time a long string of invisible items and impalpable factors has been spun, to intensify discussion and to confound thought. So that a discrepancy which two hundred years ago would have been a real danger is now chiefly regarded as a source of regret, and the British nation is told to console itself by settling down to the impossibility of being all things to all men.

Foremost among the modern factors which have arisen is the advanced systematisation of credit. Mutual trust, deferred payment or time, increased productive power, the growth of competition, the mobility of capital, "representative money," are all embodied in what is now understood as credit. Thus has it become a necessary medium of exchange, and a part of, and one of the forces in, the machinery of production and in the great economy of national resources. Dissecting these items still further, they are found to consist of such elements as bills and specie *in transitu*, variations in date of settlement, and therefore in the amount of interest on transactions, diverse rates of interest in different countries, movements in individual credit, want of uniformity in the currencies of two or more countries, either in standard or in appreciation, fluctuations in prices between time of purchase and settlement. Then there are the "invisible" exports, such as freights, commissions, the interest on investments, and the expenses of the Government or of individuals abroad. Other factors are the maturing of foreign loans, the undue contraction or expansion of capital investments already existing in other countries, and the extraordinary conditions under which an abnormal amount of capital profits is invested at home to the diminution of the proportion usually employed abroad. Certain special features, arising from the geographical, political, or financial position of each individual country, also participate. In the case of Great Britain, owing to the limitations to her area and the depletion of the rural districts by the exodus of the bone and sinew of the nation to the great towns, there is the enormous and increasing amount of foreign food she requires for her people. Again, she demands, from her position as an industrial nation large

quantities of raw material for her manufactures, she exacts dues as the depositary for supplies from all parts of the world to be transshipped, and takes freights in proportion to a carrying trade which absorbs nearly 40 per cent. of the shipping business of the other principal maritime countries, and over 67 per cent. of the combined tonnage of the different nationalities engaged in foreign trade entering and clearing at our ports.

PERCENTAGES OF TOTAL VALUE OF IMPORTS.

	Foodstuffs.	Raw Materials for Manufactures.	Manufactured Articles, &c.	Increase or Decrease per cent. as compared with Ten Years previous.		
				Foodstuffs.	Raw Materials for Manufactures.	Manufactured Articles, &c.
United Kingdom .	43·4	32·3	24·3	−1·0	−2·5	+3·5
Germany . .	31·5	47·6	20·9	+0·9	+3·0	−3·9
United States .	30·3	40·6	29·1	−2·2	+6·0	−3·8

PERCENTAGES OF TOTAL VALUE OF EXPORTS.

	Foodstuffs.	Raw Materials for Manufactures.	Manufactured Articles, &c.	Increase or Decrease per cent. as compared with Ten Years previous.		
				Foodstuffs.	Raw Materials for Manufactures.	Manufactured Articles, &c.
United Kingdom .	5·2	10·0	84·8	+0·3	+1·5	−1·8
Germany . .	11·4	24·1	64·5	−1·3	+3·1	−1·8
United States .	65·2	6·6	28·2	−7·7	−1·5	+9·2

An additional influence is the great fact that the world adjusts its balances of commerce through London, and comes to the one open money market for its requirements of gold. This necessitates an ebb and flow of about £50,000,000 of specie and bullion per annum. Intimately connected with this gold movement is the item in international indebtedness embracing investments in foreign securities. In particular, it is the interactionary effects of foreign

trade and foreign investments which are to-day being made responsible for the great difference between our trade imports and exports. But it must not be forgotten that the successful raising of a loan by one nation, owing to the money being readily forthcoming from others, is only a time-gaining factor, because it is but an adjournment of the payment of a balance due, the effect of which each year is intensified by the periodical payment of interest.

Much has been said of late as to the purchase of English Consols by the United States and Germany, and of the large amount of American securities held in England. Here again there are no definite statistics; but significant evidence of the amount held on this side of the Atlantic is obtained from a statement recently made by the chairman of the London and Westminster Bank, that no less than 48 per cent. of the total Stock Exchange advances of that institution, during 1899, 1900, and the first six months of 1901, had been made on American securities. So that, even if these are being returned to the United States at an average yearly rate of £50,000,000, this will not suffice to reduce our adverse trade balance to its legitimate proportions. The effects of the considerable sums lent by American bankers and merchants to England rest, however, on an entirely different basis. To pay for a portion of our imports by shipping foreign securities means the reduction of the capital of the country simply to the extent of the sum realised, whereas the influx of capital in exchange for Government stock must be taken as an addition to the sum of the home trade capital, but from which there would be otherwise a temporary subtraction. Take, for instance, the New Consols taken up by American syndicates. If this had not happened the money must have been obtained from home capital. As it was, internal resources to the sum represented by the allotment were left uninterfered with, and an equal amount requisitioned from abroad, thus producing an affirmative influence to the extent of double the actual amount taken up; whereas under the other circumstances supposed, there would have been set into action the usual negative factors which a sudden transfer of capital from one set of industries to another so often produces.

The inflow of foreign capital into Great Britain has undoubtedly assisted in the floating of those huge combines that have come to form one of the chief economic developments of the opening years of the twentieth century; but, on the other hand, after allowing for the large Government loans, new capital applications maintain a good average, and one far in excess of the amount of capital returning from abroad. The real reason why Consols, during the second week of July 1901, fell to 91—a price not touched since 1875—was that America called in some of the loan by realising the securities held. And this occurred in addition to an increase of trade liabilities to the United States of £10,609,000 during the first

six months of 1901, as compared with the corresponding period of 1900.

Hence arises the central point in the problem. A nation must either possess a not unfavourable balance of indebtedness or be able to check a drain of gold. If unforeseen circumstances spring up which create a sudden foreign demand for the yellow metal, it is impossible to correct the exchanges at a moment's notice by reducing imports and increasing exports—this result will work out mechanically, but gradually. A nation's system of credit must therefore be sufficiently sound to ensure the necessary effect by bringing into action the factor which is both the indicator and the protector of the value of credit, that is to say, the rate of discount; and it is clear that the extent to which this course can be pursued depends entirely on the international opinion of the stability of a nation's financial position, of which the best index is the course of the foreign exchanges.

The power to combat the demands for the satisfaction of an outstanding adverse balance in gold, and to meet the liabilities accruing as the time-factors composing credit expire, expresses a nation's ability to maintain its credit unsullied and in the full liberty of carrying on the complicated mechanism of which international indebtedness is composed, and finally resolves itself into the strength to control that ebb and flow of bullion which indicates to what extent the other elements of cancellation of commitments are exhausted. America has not only ceased to depend upon the foreign markets for capital, but is employing her surplus wealth in reducing her obligations for interest, freight, and insurance, by £40,000,000 to £60,000,000 annually, and in making loans to European countries, so that the possibility of New York becoming the controller of the money markets of the world is mooted. Germany has not only been selling foreign securities, but also borrowing from America. France has been accumulating gold to a record extent, and at the same time lending money in the London market. Russia has recently been borrowing from other countries in order to replenish her vanishing gold reserve, despite a favourable trade balance. But Great Britain has been intensifying the weight of her foreign obligations by paying for a considerable amount of her rapidly preponderating imports by exporting foreign securities and additional borrowing in the home markets.

The anomaly is, however, explained by the existence of a very considerable amount of outstanding commitments. Then, therefore, the floating and unsettled instruments of credit account for some large portion of the difference between British imports and exports; while the accuracy of the method adopted by many, in order to strike the trade balance, is very doubtful. By far the major part of our trade is carried on by means of three months' bills. The average daily amount of say £29,000,000 passing through the

London Bankers' Clearing House represents but a small proportion of the total responsibilities for which gold might, on an emergency, be required, and therefore furnishes some idea of the extensiveness of credit. And as the balance of commodity trade is so much against us, so must the balance of document settlement cancelling indebtedness be not only enormously increased, but also intensified by the preponderance of the aggregate of our trade over that of other nations.

On the cash reserve held by the Bank of England, reflected as it is in the rate of discount and the exchanges, the whole mechanism of credit, the whole development of international industrial and commercial relations depends. It must be remembered too that external influences have a much greater effect on the Bank rate than internal ones, and are all the more important because London, if she is really retrograding from her position as the central money market, is likely to remain the central credit market of the world, although not as Sir Robert Peel thought in 1844, through the consolidating influence of the now much decried Bank Charter.

Any one with the most rudimentary knowledge of finance is aware that the notes and gold in the Banking Department of the Bank of England do not form the real reserve, internationally considered, at all. In the event of a home crisis, there is no doubt that the expansion of the note-issue would be all-sufficient, for the Bank of England, even at the greatest crises in banking, has never been called upon to discharge its liabilities on notes; but in the case of a foreign drain, gold being the only commodity of any use, the amount in the Issue Department, which, on August 9, 1902, was £34,224,000, forms the nation's cash asset against its liabilities to other countries. Now it has already been shown what these liabilities consist of, and how the elimination of the time-element, owing to unforeseen and pressing circumstances, might precipitate the demand for an immediate settlement from many sources. It is in this connection that the thoughts turn to the utility of banking credit. The correspondingly undeveloped state on the Continent of this the primary factor in British commerce necessitates the retention of much larger proportionate gold reserves there, although evidence of the extent to which the system which has grown up in England is recognised as an international power by the civilised world, and is thus endowed with all the *prestige* attached to such a recognition, is to be found in the keeping by some foreign bankers of English bills and paper as part of their reserve.

With all the vigour and hopefulness of youth two nations have come forth as new "world powers," to learn by experience and to profit by failures as well as by success. The past internal histories of Germany and the United States show that they have, against many odds, overcome the disadvantages naturally accruing to late starters

in a race in which others have been running for a long time, but the attitude adopted by these two nations also intensifies the probability of many uncertainties and possible economic disturbances having to be faced during the coming century. It behoves us, therefore, to put our own house in the best order possible.

Since 1877, the praiseworthy custom of the Bank of England in specifying separately in its weekly returns the amount of "London, or clearing, bankers' balances" held, has unfortunately been discontinued; but it is safe to assume that the sum is now quite equal to the notes and cash in the Banking Department, that is to say, to the domestic reserve of £23,578,000. There is also the fact that the deposits of two purely metropolitan banks together, while those of two metropolitan and provincial banks separately, exceed those of "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street." Both these conditions go to prove how completely the control which for nearly two hundred years has governed the money market of the world has been largely transferred to those joint-stock institutions whose presence sixty years ago was imperceptible.

To the leading London banks conjointly with the Bank of England must we therefore look for the due protection of that part of credit which consists in maintaining a protective and defensive rate of discount and an effective rate of exchange. With a money market so sensitive as the London one is, and an influence so great as these financial mammoths possess, the possibilities are numerous.

But at present, although the matter is receiving the attention of individual bankers, the onus of keeping a cash reserve still rests with the Bank of England, the actual gold held by the joint-stock banks being merely till-money, while the money at call and short notice is an excellent medium by which they obtain a substantial profit on what possesses the semblance of a cash asset. As a matter of fact, the amount thus employed only accentuates the difficulties which would come upon the Bank of England in the event of a great international gold drain, and would be quite as unrealisable as much of the £224,500,000 which would then be found to be locked up in home investments. Now that the central institution has come to depend on the other great banks for the protection of the reserve, while she cannot be considered to be one of their competitors, it would appear to be only reasonable that they should undertake a part of the responsibility themselves. The days are past when, to use the words of David Copperfield, "What with the Bank and what with the Treasury, we are exclusive as the *Court Circular*." The two factors in the financial world which are not supported by reserves are the joint-stock banks and the Government; but the Bank of England is the depositary of and is responsible for their cash, and for the loans at call and short notice to bill-brokers, and also for the balances entrusted to the joint-stock banks as agents of the country,

colonial, and foreign banks. This is why in the crisis of 1873 the Bank rate rose to 9 per cent., and that in 1890, when the house of Baring had to be propped up, the assistance of the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Russia was obtained. And the fact that in times of high prices and scarcity of money the interests of bankers and of the industrial community certainly appear to be antagonistic, makes the necessity for a tangible reserve capable of supporting the credit of the former, and therefore that of the whole mechanism of industry, trade and commerce, of supreme importance.

Should not the banks keep their own cash reserves? The chief objection put forth—that of expense—is one demanding considerable attention, and to a certain extent beyond their control. The total of the deposits of the banks of England and Wales whose figures are available, excluding those of the Bank of England, was £650,000,000 on December 31, 1901. The average daily total of the London Bankers' Clearing House and its significance has already been referred to. It would therefore appear to be reasonable that to be effective a hard cash reserve of 10 per cent. of the deposits, that is, £65,000,000, should be maintained in the aggregate, and that it should be held in gold because of the growing tendency of nations to adopt a gold standard. This percentage is, of course, not put forth as necessarily a cast-iron one, some variation being necessary according to the number of branches or special nature of business of each particular bank. In the United States, the National Banks have to keep at least 25 per cent. of their deposits in cash in the "reserve cities," and 15 per cent. in the other towns. But it must be remembered that this land of multi-millionaires is without a centralised organisation of banking.

How to get together an adequate sum of gold is a query as vital as how the expense is to be met. To set aside a certain sum annually out of banking profits until the required percentage is attained, and to do this without so affecting dividends as to influence the prices of bank shares, and without disturbing the money market, and to allot the expense so that, especially at the present time, trade and commerce should in no way be checked or hindered, is the problem presented. The effect of the curtailment of accommodation which the maintaining of a larger reserve would necessitate, and its consequent possible restriction of trade, whilst in two ways fulfilling the object of an adequate gold reserve, that is, safety, must also be remembered in connection with the international commercial and industrial rivalry becoming annually more intense.

Taking the annual loss on the £65,000,000 necessary to maintain a 10 per cent. gold reserve at 2 per cent., or £1,300,000, the subtraction of this sum from the amounts at present absorbed in payment of dividends, would necessitate, on the scale of banking business during 1901, an average fall of 3 per cent. in the distribu-

tion on the paid-up capital of seventeen banks with head offices in London and thirty-nine provincial banks. But as the market value of the paid-up capital of the joint-stock banks of England and Wales is, on the average, three times the nominal value, the proportionate average drop would be about 1 per cent. If the establishment of a palpable cash gold reserve necessitated a reduction in bank dividends, the diminution in the risk to shareholders and to all who lend to banks, while justifying a smaller return from bank shares, would also in all probability prevent any serious fall in the market quotations.

The extreme sensitiveness of the English money market, arising very largely from its international character, is the most important difficulty to be overcome. To remove £65,000,000 of gold from circulation, even with the process spread over a considerable period, is fraught with dangers of a fundamental and chronic character, and the entire alteration of a system so firmly embedded in the English mind as the present one is would necessitate nothing short of a monetary revolution. In the seventeenth century, the apparent result of a high rate of interest in England, as contrasted with that in Holland, was the activity of the Dutch and comparative stagnation of English industry, despite our immense natural superiority. There is, however, no doubt that times of cheap money are the most propitious for any step towards the establishment of gold reserves.

It has been shown how the whole necessity for a gold reserve arises from the balance of indebtedness, and how what may be taken as a considerable part of the outstanding portion is really floating documents of credit the intrinsic value of which depends either directly or indirectly on the support and prestige of the banks; while the international character being more and more assumed by these institutions, aided especially by telegraphic transfers, disposes more completely of the balances to be settled in cash. Thus are we brought to consider the influence which the great banks have it in their power to bring to bear on the exchanges, and the additional means by which an adverse balance of indebtedness may be provided against in case of need, although not necessarily actually liquidated.

After making due allowance for the contingencies arising from the effects of "bull" and "bear" manipulations in times of war or crisis scares, and for a certain depressing influence, owing to decreased demand, on home securities, there is no doubt that investment in bonds and stocks of foreign nations would provide an available source when abnormal demand for the satisfaction of outstanding commitments arose, and meanwhile, in most cases, produce a higher return on capital. In addition, it would remove one factor of the many which helped to inflate Consols to the extraordinary prices

reached in recent years, the decline from which just witnessed has resulted in the sweeping away of bankers' margins on securities. The international investment policy no doubt possesses many of the qualities attached to all mutual dealings or indebtedness, if only by its essence of cancellation of liabilities; but to whatever extent the balance is unequal, the power possessed by creditor over debtor is created.

There yet remains another means or power of great value. The bulk of bills of exchange transactions being domiciled in Lombard Street, this international agency for settlement adjusts its rates of exchange to the prices quoted in other countries. Now the greater the demand in London for foreign bills, the more adverse are the exchanges, and this position is intensified by the periodical falling due of the bills on London which Continental bankers hold as investments.

The policy of foreign bankers, in making bills on London a part of their investments, has not been reciprocated by the English banks. There are, of course, certain weighty objections to it, such as the abstraction of a certain amount of capital from home trade to foreign countries, and the artificial increase of the supply of bills by a diminution of the demand for them, consequently lowering the rates by a cause outside the natural ebb and flow of capital. But in that such a policy would, to the extent adopted, be a set-off against the adverse balance of indebtedness of Great Britain, and would help to reduce rates for money abroad, it would, on both points, act as a factor towards the reduction of rates against us. The greater the balance of indebtedness against a country, the higher must be the price of bills in that country on other and creditor countries; and the lower the bank rates of other countries as compared with that of the Bank of England, the greater is that demand from abroad for London bills which tends towards favourable exchanges in London. Suppose even, however, that the London market rates of discount are lowered as a consequence of a diminished demand, it is clear that cheaper money will produce that increased use of capital which will before long adjust mechanically any temporary disturbance caused by too sudden or inopportune a purchase of foreign bills. Thus the only correct way to minimise or lessen the current of adverse exchanges, that is, by not withholding from legitimate enterprise the stimulating accommodation it requires, is advanced. An instance of the power of bills to withdraw gold is to be found in the rapid diminution of the bullion and the reserve of the Bank of England between September 14 and October 12, 1871, by £5,000,000 and £6,350,000 respectively, when Germany, despite successive rises from 2 per cent. to 5 per cent. in Bank of England rate, was exercising her power to demand gold for the paper on London which formed a considerable part of the war

indemnity from France. There were seventeen changes in the London official rate of discount in 1872, and twenty-four in 1873, the variations being from 3 to 9 per cent., whilst from 10 to 12 per cent. was charged for advances in 1873. By the payment of this indemnity, the export trade of France and the countries which lent to her, was temporarily increased.

It is a well-worn theme to comment on the all-sufficiency of English banking credit, and it cannot be denied that it has attained to such a zenith as to well-nigh fulfil all home requirements; but, on the other hand, the banks of the United Kingdom have yet to extend their manifold powers in the direction of making this credit that bulwark of defence against outside influences which is the most essential factor requiring development. The preliminary step in bringing about this desirable status is a combined consultation and mutual agreement amongst bankers and financiers themselves.

Meanwhile, our Continental neighbours and American cousins have the advantage over us, although the former have left the extended use of credit documents to assert its necessity with the attainment of that commercial prosperity which Englishmen have been so proud of, but cannot monopolise. To-day, in Great Britain, banking credit upholds all that is meant by a nation's financial stability and solvency, and has to respond to the confidence placed in English integrity by other nations, arising very considerably from England's immunity from gigantic boom projects and their collapse through the manipulations of unscrupulous promoters, of which American Trusts and German Syndicates furnish so many examples. Nevertheless, to those who attempt to justify a credit system pure and simple as against one fortified by assets capable of immediate realisation, it is well to recall the words of Thomas Carlyle, made so strangely true and forcible by the most recent developments of American aggression: "The lowest, least blessed fact one knows of, on which necessitous mortals have ever based themselves, seems to be the primitive one of Cannibalism; That *I* can devour *Thee*. What if such Primitive Fact were precisely the one we had (with our improved methods) to revert to, and begin anew from!"

EDWARD E. GELLENDER.

THE CHEMICAL BASIS OF LIFE.

II.

In our previous communication regarding the Chemical Theory of Life, we endeavoured to explain that this idea is based on the transmutation of chemical into vital energy (activity) through the medium of a specific arrangement of the elements of organic matter.[1] It was assumed that the relation of the molecules and atoms forming living organic matter had in the course of long ages been moulded from simpler into more complex combinations.[2] The tactical arrangement of these elements is transmissible from one generation to another, and as in the past they have been, so in the future they will be capable of further physical, and therefore of functional modifications. The question we have to consider is, how far these ideas can be verified by actual observation.

Growth in organic, like that of inorganic, matter depends upon the union of like, and the parting with unlike units. So long as a vigorous living cellule remains in a favourable environment it imbibes, or through the process of digestion integrates molecules of the same kind as those of which it is composed, the incoming units being built into the structure of the living cell through means of their organic polarity. At the same time elements which have completed their work pass into simpler chemical combinations and are in this form extruded from the organism.

The severer the struggle for existence which the various orders of beings have to contend against, the more complicated are the structural arrangements of those tissues and organs which are concerned in the work of taking in and getting rid of the elements of which they are formed. But whether in the higher order of animals or in unicellular beings, the process of growth is governed by the laws which apply equally to organic and to inorganic matter.

From growth to the propagation of unicellular organisms is only

[1] Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory regarding "physiological units" is undoubtedly of service in helping us to form ideas on this subject. His postulate of "units" as an actuating principle of vitality standing intermediately between the cell and chemical molecule, simpler than the former, more complete than the latter, is a far-reaching hypothesis which demands our serious consideration.

[2] About two hundred million million of molecules of hydrogen would weigh a millegram, the average diameter of a molecule is a millionth of a millimetre, each molecule of organic matter contains at least fifty elementary atoms.

conditions such as want of moisture, an excess of heat or cold, and so on, that the Protozoa manifest remarkable powers of reaction, whereby they are protected from influences which would otherwise destroy them. For under such conditions the surface layers of these beings, as the result of chemical changes excited by the deleterious environment, form a material capable of hardening into a protecting case for the living cell. This case preserves its contents until by means of the wind or other agency the encysted cellule comes to rest in a favourable soil, when its enveloping membrane is dissolved, and the organism it had contained bursts forth into active life.

Division is not the only method through means of which the Protozoa are propagated; colonies or swarms of these beings are frequently formed from the parent cell by a process of budding, at other times by spore formation; but these various modes of propagation are all modifications of the more primitive form of fission. But whichever of these processes is followed, after a certain period of activity some of these beings appear incapable of further propagating their species. Exhausted organisms of this kind have been seen to approach one another and then to coalesce, the two cells becoming one, which starts with renewed vigour on an active course of propagating its like. This process therefore foreshadows bisexual propagation in the higher forms of animals.

The question we asked at the close of the first paragraph of this chapter must therefore be answered in the affirmative, so far as the propagation of unicellular beings is concerned. The daughter cells of these organisms are a part of all the constituent elements forming their parent. We are in a position to affirm that the substance passed on from parent to offspring consists of two distinct and specific chemical and structural elements, which have separate functions to perform in the life history of the being. One portion of this matter, the centrosome, is devoted to the propagation of the being, and the other builds up the body substance of the organism. It makes no difference if the body is a small jelly-like particle such as an amœba, or consists of complicated organs and tissues; they are all produced from living protoplasm derived from beings possessing like structures. A part of the parent having become detached in the manner above described attracts to itself similar units to those of which it is formed, and in this way the daughter cell grows into the likeness and proportions of its parent; this is what we mean by heredity.[1] We maintain that it is the diversity of structure and the

[1] It by no means follows that because neither nucleus or centrosome can be identified in bacteria and other very minute organisms, that these parts of the cell or their equivalent do not exist in these beings. It is only lately that the nucleus of the yeast-plant has been defined. In the butyric acid bacteria, granulose is at first absent, but is formed when the time of sporulation draws near, and in that part of the organism where the spore appears this matter is most abundant which points to differentiation of the substance of these beings.

relation to one another of the atoms and molecules of centrosome, nucleus, and protoplasm which endows them with specific chemical and physical properties while under the influence of vital energy. But it is impossible for us to observe the tactile disposition or the changes which take place in the elements forming *living* matter through means of which a germ develops into the likeness of its parent.

The vast influence which unicellular organisms exercise on the maintenance and health of living beings is a recognised fact; bacteria are intimately associated with diseases such as tubercle, cholera, typhoid fever, and many of the other maladies to which men are subject. But there is something beyond organisms in most of these forms of disease, a something in the state of the tissues which form a congenial soil for the growth of deleterious organisms. It is the chemistry of these delicate tissues we must study if we are to gain full advantage of our knowledge of bacteria.

We may form an idea as to the action which certain chemical elements exercise on unicellular organisms by means of the following simple experiment. If we take a fine glass tube closed at one end, and nearly fill it with a weak solution of potassium, and then place its open end in a drop of water containing bacteria, they will swarm to the mouth of the tube, which they enter in vast numbers and crowd towards its closed end, where they can obtain a supply of oxygen from the bubble of air above the surface of the liquid. If instead of the solution of potassium water containing a free acid is placed in the tube no bacteria will come near it; on the contrary, they move as far as possible away from the tube towards the surface of the drop of water in which they are contained. The bacteria are attracted by the solution of potassium and are repelled by the acid. The reason for this is that a positive chemical affinity exists between the potassium and the surface of the bacteria, the potential energy of the former substance being converted into dynamic activity in the organism by means of which its cilia are thrown into action, and the organism is attracted towards the tube. The acid solution produces a reverse (negative) reaction on bacteria. Professor J. Loeb refers to another instance, which is in his opinion an example of a chemical substance exercising an attractive influence on the motion of living beings. If during the heat of summer we place a piece of meat in the open air, and also an equal quantity of fat, in the course of a short time the former substance will be covered with a number of flies; but the putrid fat remains free of flies. The reason for this state of things is, that the elements resulting from decomposing meat pass into the surrounding atmosphere and then come in contact with a certain number of flies; the chemical emanations from the rotting flesh affect nerve organs on the surface of the fly's body, and their activity is transformed into motion. It is in consequence of

the motor response thus excited that the fly is driven to the meat where it lays its eggs, the larvæ feeding on the putrid matter. In the case of the decaying fat, there being no similar chemical emanations to that which proceeds from meat, it does not excite reactions in the nerve organs of flies, and they are not attracted to it. Other forms of energy are described by Professor Loeb as having a similar action, as, for instance, the rays of light or energy proceeding from a lamp, which act upon moths and draw them to their destruction. The action of sunlight upon plants is another example of motor action resulting from a far distant source of energy.

In the previous chapter we referred to the stimulus of light in its effect on the movement of unicellular organisms, some of the rays of the spectrum inducing positive while others call forth negative reactions. Heat, light, electricity, and contact with foreign bodies are all capable of stimulating, or in other words of transferring energy to the unstable elements of specialised organic matter, which in the case of these beings produce a natural motor response.

The formation of pseudopodia are probably largely the result of influences such as those above referred to. These processes of protoplasm have been attributed to the action of the physical law of liquids, and in particular to that of surface tension. There can be no question as to the circulation of fluid through some of the growing pseudopodia; a stream of moving granules may be seen passing up their centres and then outwards along the sides of the protrusion. If such a stream were arrested at certain points it would cause turgescence and force the protoplasm outwards. But in the long narrow pseudopodia no such stream can be detected; in fact, purely physical laws are incapable of explaining the phenomena in question, and still less the irritability and contractility of living protoplasm. Progress, however, is being made in those departments of science which deal with the relations of matter and energy. Within recent times matter in even a more subtle form than atoms has been discovered; and without speculating as to what science may reveal regarding vital energy, we know that unicellular organisms without mouths, digestive organs, or motor appendages, nevertheless digest and move freely from one place to another. They appear to select their food, to propagate their like, and to possess the power of protecting themselves from deleterious influences. They have specialised organic matter in their composition through which they carry out all the essential physiological functions of the higher animals, the difference between them being one of degree and not of kind.[1] In making this statement

[1] Mr. Griffiths remarks that "through all the multitudinous changes that have taken place during the lapse of ages in the development of the mammalian kidney, we find that the physiological functions are the same as occur in its original or primitive form as represented by Protozoa."—*Proc. Royal Society Edinburgh*, xvi. p. 131.

it should be distinctly understood that it applies to the physiological functions of animals, a subject absolutely independent of their psychological properties. Physiology and psychology are widely different branches of science, of vast and absorbing interest, so much so that it is difficult to conceive how any individual could master them both; and a superficial knowledge of either of them is a dangerous thing to handle, even by men of high culture and intellectual abilities.

As beings advance physically from Protozoa upwards the external sensitive layers of the more simple organisms become adapted for purposes necessary to the maintenance of the species. This change may be traced through its various stages until, from the external layer, nerves and nerve centres are developed, including the brain. This fact is one of vast importance, for it proves that the modified form of protoplasm forming the sensitive layers of unicellular organisms consists of the material from which the nervous system of the higher animals, including man, are formed. We have already referred to examples demonstrating the reactions excited in the outer layers of amœba to chemical stimuli and also to light, heat, and so on, where they give rise to what we call reflex actions in the higher order of animals. The protoplasm, therefore, of the amœba's body and external layer, in addition to the other functions which we have referred to (WESTMINSTER REVIEW, August, p. 164), possess properties which enable it to transform energy derived from its environment into motion, and motion thus produced is employed for the preservation of the species.

Accepting the theories of evolution and of natural selection as best explaining the adaptation of organic matter to its environment, it is nevertheless difficult to gain anything like clear ideas as to the process which has effected these accommodations of matter. The remains of existing forms of Protozoa are found in tertiary strata; previously, therefore, to that period a gradual evolution of organic matter must have been in progress, through means of which simpler forms were moulded by their environment into higher beings. But this pre-tertiary period had its limits, because the complex stuff of which organic matter is composed could not have existed on the earth until its surface had cooled down to something approaching its present temperature. According to the evolutionist's idea, inorganic matter must at this stage of the world have been acted on by laws similar to those now in operation, so as to bring these elements into such relation with one another as to form an organic substance; a combination of inconceivable delicacy and complexity being developed under these laws, which must also have preserved this matter from its natural tendency to revert to its primitive condition. Granting all this or something like it as having taken place, there would in all probability have been many such centres of action, and it is difficult

to understand why they should not still be in operation, and therefore why new species of organisms should not be constantly evolved. Which is contrary to experience.

One of the chief difficulties in the way of accepting the chemical theory of life is the fact that vital activity only emanates from living matter and cannot be transformed into other forms of energy. It is perhaps merely shifting the difficulty from one point to another when we state that, as the various forms of energy require a specific arrangement of elements for their transmutation, so vital energy can only be manifested through means of organic matter during a specific arrangement of its elements. So long as this disposition of its molecules continues, this form of matter is enabled by a continuous adjustment of its internal to its external relations to manifest properties which far exceed anything witnessed in inanimate matter. It is, we believe, in consequence of the complexity and the specific structural arrangement of the elements forming organic matter that it possesses these properties of adaptation and co-ordination. We have every reason to suppose that these functions of organic matter will continue, and lead to a higher development of beings than those which now exist; an opinion which, in our estimation, places even unicellular organisms at an immeasurable distance above any combination of elements forming purely inorganic matter.

N. C. MACNAMARA.

SOCIETY AS AN ORGANISM.

STUDENTS are familiar with the tendency to credit early man with the philosophy which is a product of advanced civilisation and to read into the past the thoughts of the present. Another tendency that we often meet with is the tendency, when we have found an analogy, to push it too far, and to become the slaves of metaphor. One of the stages through which man has passed in his upward progress is the stage of Socialism, the two principal features of which are absence of property and the tyranny of man over man. It is natural that it should be so. Neither the hunting nor pastoral state suggests appropriation of the land. Again, some form of government must have arisen very early from the natural inequality of men enabling the possessors of superior strength or ability to gain power, and from the natural preference of the majority for security and direction leading them to prefer even arbitrary rule to anarchy. For many years the Liberal Party were employed successfully in striking off, one by one, the fetters of the past, and it seemed as if the great truth was firmly established in all educated minds that through liberty was the only road to well-being. But of late we have seen a backward movement and a desire to clog our limbs again with the shackles of an earlier time. This again is natural. The well-being produced by individualism has begot, as it always does, increased impatience with the evils that still remain, for it is well known that popular assertions that society is getting worse are an unfailing sign that it is getting better. There is now a large number of persons of good intentions but little knowledge, many of them in high places, who wish to better the lot of their fellows and take what they fancy is the short and easy road of compulsion. No doubt this tendency is increased, unconsciously it may be, by the natural desire which we all feel to order others about. This gospel meets with a ready acceptance from the crowd because it humours another universal passion—the desire to lay the blame on others instead of on ourselves. But here and there among the mob we meet with a man of more intelligence, who deliberately tries to justify Socialism on scientific grounds. It is due to a man so well read and clever as Mr. J. A. Hobson, to meet seriously his ingenious attempt in the February number of the *Contemporary Review* to squeeze Socialism into the theory of evolution.

those personal freedoms that are doomed to disappear, they seem minded to make hay while the Individualist shines. One very eminent Socialist says we ought to have co-operative housekeeping, which he truly says would be cheaper, as one fire and cook would do for several families. Now there must be a sufficient number of Socialists in London, personal friends too, to put this idea in practice. But I shrewdly suspect that however much Mr. Socialist would like it, the difficulty would come in when Mrs. Socialist was asked to agree. If only the prime features of human nature were changed what wonders we should see!

Next, Mr. Hobson says that there is a sort of corporate mind or spirit in any assembly or body of men, a spirit of the hive, which is not only different from the mind of any of the individual members of the aggregate but is not even compounded of their minds and is opposed to all of them. This is quite true. So in a chemical compound, the properties of the whole are not only unlike those of any of the elements which go to make up the compound, but are not compounded of them. What Mr. Hobson forgot to notice is that this "corporate spirit" is notoriously worse than the spirit of any of the members of the body, both morally and intellectually. It is a matter of every-day experience that a body of shrewd business men, competent and successful managers of their own affairs, will waste the public money, and a collection of men, kindly and honourable in their private capacity, will be guilty as a body of acts of harshness or dishonesty which each would be ashamed to commit in private. Whether it be a government managing a war, a county council conducting a Works Department, a body of Irishmen, individually perfectly reasonable and friendly with Englishmen, but collectively expressing a wish for disaster to the English nation, the universal tendency is for collective action to be inferior, both intellectually and morally, to what the individuals who compose the whole are capable of. Doubtless it has happened to most men to find themselves, either accidentally or intentionally, members of a mob or large meeting, and they have been conscious of a tendency to vote for measures or commit actions very foreign to their nature when alone. Clap-trap and sophisms will work a body of men up to fever heat, which would fall perfectly flat when addressed to any one of the number in a room by himself. Those who have to deal with large masses in an institution, be it school, reformatory, prison or monastery, whether the members are children or adults, male or female, know that there are evils and difficulties arising from the mere numbers, apart from those which might be introduced by a casual black sheep.

If it be answered that national action is largely directed by individuals, we only get in an exaggerated form the supposed evils that Socialists so constantly denounce as springing from the present

social order. A Socialist state would be a magnified edition of the Capitalism and Landlordism that are denounced as the cause of all misery and want. If great power has a tendency to make the wielders of it tyrannical, every step in the numbers of those in subjection and the kinds of activity brought under direction, is a step towards increase of tyranny. Besides, there is no parallel between the evolution of a brain, and the selection by a mass of individuals of one or more among them who are most profuse in their bribery either in money or promises, to whom they are willing to surrender their freedom.

Mr. Hobson tells us that in the happy State of the future the idea of natural individual rights will disappear. There is a great deal of confusion of thought on this subject. What do we mean when we say that a certain individual, say John Smith, has a right to live where he likes, to be a carpenter instead of a blacksmith, to work twelve hours a day instead of eight, to take three shillings a day if he cannot get four, and so on? It is only another way of saying that some other individual, say Thomas Brown, has no right to prevent him doing what he wishes or to compel him to do what he does not wish, so long as he, Brown, is not injured. If, then, the natural individual rights of Smith which do not interfere with Brown are diminished, it can only be by the rights of Brown to interfere with Smith being increased. It is impossible for the rights of every one to be diminished at once, for they can only be diminished by some person or persons, who for the time get an increase of rights, which it is for them to justify. It is true that the sum total of freedom will be lessened by this Socialistic action, for not only will Smith suffer a loss, but the time spent by Brown in coercing him will be lost, producing none of the solid satisfaction which it would do if spent in quietly seeking his own welfare. Besides, injustice and tyranny always provoke reprisals. No party is sure of always being on top, and legislation to keep down the wages of labourers is sure to be followed, at a turn of the wheel, by legislation to force them up. I decline, then, to be drawn into a discussion as to the origin or validity of the natural rights I claim. If any one objects, it is for him to justify his right to interfere with me.

Again, what is meant by sacrificing the individual to maintain the race or the State? The race or State is made up of individuals.

> "So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life."

True. Of any one single life, but not of all, for if they go the type, race, and State go too. Why is it that the maxim

> "Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori"

has gained acceptance? Horace, wisest and greatest of the Romans, supplies the answer in the very next line:

"Mors et fugacem persequitur virum."

In other words, if cowardice tended to the preservation of the individual, according to the couplet attributed to Hudibras, Horace's noble saying would never have become a rule of conduct. Of a tribe of one hundred men, if all died for their country, there would be an end of the tribe. But it was found that if the first ten who fell in with the enemy bravely resisted, even if they were killed the other ninety escaped. Whereas if they fled or surrendered, not only were they equally likely to be killed, but many or all of the rest would probably fall too. Thus in the course of thousands of years, partly by the survival of the fittest, partly by direct observation, was built up and inherited that body of doctrine which we call morals. Catlin has made us familiar with the horrible tortures that American Indian youths went through at their initiation. The difference between such a state of things and England is not that Englishmen are less ready to expose themselves to danger and death than Indians are, but only that, owing to their happier circumstances, they are not so often called upon, and it is not therefore a necessary part of their education. When, as in the mutiny of the *Bounty*, a boat's crew have to face a voyage of weeks on a small store of provisions, each gladly restricts himself to an amount barely sufficient to sustain life, for he knows that such a course of action is his sole hope of escape. The boat and the crew, like the State, exist only for the welfare of the individuals, not the individuals for the crew. The highest form of State, like the highest form of organism, is one in which all minor and internal or local matters are governed by a minor local unit of sensation, consisting of an afferent and efferent nerve connected with a subordinate ganglion, and the central government is not troubled unless the matter concerns the organism as a whole.

HENRY WILSON.

THE SCIENTIFIC ITEM IN THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY

A BRILLIANT and learned Irish lawyer has just contributed a volume to the now well-stocked library of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. His Honour Judge Webb, an ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, is the author; so that its contents have more than ordinary claims upon our attention. As a Fellow of the University of Dublin, the mental endowments of the writer can hardly be called in question. As a lawyer in high place, he should be peculiarly well qualified to produce such a controversial document as *The Mystery of William Shakespeare: A Summary of Evidence*, which is the title of the attractive and brilliantly-written volume now before me. The text is sub-divided into ten chapters. The eighth bears the title: "Of Shakespeare as a Man of Science." The heading attracted my notice, so that I read this chapter through. I there found statements which surprised me not a little, and modes of reasoning which surprised me rather more. Accordingly, I propose to examine the principal items; as they appear to me startling specimens of legal science and legal logic, as applied towards the decision of a literary claim.

The learned judge opens the discussion of the scientific attainments of the author of the Shakespeare dramas, and of the author of the *Novum Organum* and the *Sylva Sylvarum*, in a drum-like tone of martial confidence. The employment of such aerial adjuncts of intellectual prowess may be "proper," and even necessary, in legal controversy. It undoubtedly influences the opinions of the audience in literary and historic debate, in which it is almost certain that neither candidate will ever completely succeed in convincing his opponent. But in scientific discussion, before a scientific audience, it is neither proper nor necessary, nor is it even effective. It is merely suggestive—of the good old adage which has crystallised the popular opinion regarding the acoustic properties of "empty vessels." Thus we are informed (p. 173) that "Shakespeare was not only a scholar and a lawyer, he was also a man of science"; and, in the next sentence, we are told that "If the language of the scholar and the language of the lawyer almost told his name, the language of the man of science actually tells it." The *confidence* of these statements can hardly be surpassed—even throughout the annals of the progress of science and of the drama. The *Natural History* of

the great Lord Chancellor is, of course, the most important document examined for the Baconian items of evidence. As Judge Webb opens this document for the information of his cosmopolitan jury, he casually enunciates the remark that "as the result of the inquiry on which we are about to enter we must (*sic*) conclude that Shakespeare was the author of the *Natural History*, if we refuse to admit that Bacon was the author of the plays." While introducing the volume to the acquaintance of his readers, he comments somewhat "tropically" on its title; and tells them that this "Wood of Woods" "is a wilderness as unlovely as the 'wood obscure' of Dante, and no one would traverse it for mere amusement." This statement is not absolutely correct. I can tell the learned writer of at least one votary of knowledge, in all its protean shapes, who still occasionally spends an evening half-hour in turning over the pages of the *Sylva Sylvarum*, and still continues to enjoy the perusal of its contents;—as a colossal monument of the utter irony of human reputation, and of the monstrous incongruity of the union of puerile scientific attainments with the most brilliant intellectual projects, and the power of offering advice and suggestion, often almost inspired, and sometimes absolutely prophetic.

Descending from generalities to particulars, Judge Webb rings up the curtain for the display of his first item of scientific evidence by gravely informing his readers that "Of all the theories entertained by Bacon the most peculiar (*sic*) is his *Theory of Spirits*." Shades of Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus von Hohenheim, of Basilius Valentinus, and of Johannes Baptista Van Helmontius, awake from your slumbers, and criticise the "evidence" which is now placed before the reading world regarding the authorship of the *Theory of Spirits!* When the first-mentioned of those three, the "Luther of medicine," attacked the authority of Hippocrates and Galen with a foul-mouthed energy closely resembling that with which his crazy prototype assailed the doctrine of the Catholic Church, he formulated, in a very crude way indeed, a theory of supernatural agencies which I do not propose to examine. I am quite sure that he did not understand it himself. Paracelsus destroyed, for his own honour and glory; he was utterly unqualified to reconstruct. Basil Valentine is much too shadowy an individual to be discussed on the present occasion. But the explosive theories of the undisciplined Paracelsus attracted universal attention by their noise; and they were carved into some sort of shape by that devoted student of mysticism, of theology, of alchymy, and of medicine, Jean Baptiste Van Helmont. This last, the contemporary (1577–1644) of Bacon and of Shakespeare, defined the localisations and the functions of the all-pervading *Archeus* with greater precision than Paracelsus appears to have been capable of doing. Many words and things appear to most of us too familiar ever to evoke the spirit of critical research; and it is, perhaps,

possible that the familiar monosyllable GAS, which is a specimen of Helmontian coinage from *gahst* [*–geist–gust–ghost* (spirit)], has never attracted the etymological attention of Judge Webb. But what must in future give this small word a penetrating interest for the worshipper of the Bacon-Shakespeare centaur is the fact that the *original* "gas" was the *Spirit of Wood*, the invisible vapour which gave it life; and which, being, of course, indestructible, escaped whenever wood was exposed to the destructive action of fire. This *Spirit*, the *Archeus* of wood, was isolated, baptized, and studied, for the first time, by Van Helmont. It is, of course, the carbonic acid gas (CO_2) of the chemist of the twentieth century, which is produced in such vast quantities in the great Dublin brewery of Messrs. Guinness and Son—which gives the characteristic creamy "head" to their nonpareil "XX" porter, so dear to the urban artisan. It is the agent which noisily expels the cork of the familiar soda-water bottle, and gives the inspiring "fizz" to the various brands of champagne; which tickles the palates, and elevates the souls, of our political rulers and our professional luminaries, at the close of each honest day's exertion. It is hardly to be wondered at that Shakespeare fancied its existence in an "empty barrel." Even the despairing speech of Cassio can be illuminated by a sidelight from the pages of Van Helmont (English version, 1662):

"But Aqua Vitae is a volatile liquor, *Oylie* (as it is wholly enflamed) and wholly *Salt* (as being sharp, biting, as being detained the longer in the mouth, it burns the upper skin of the gums and lips). But the *Wine* as to its Winie part, contains a spirit answering to *Aqua Vitae;* For this is snatched through the Arteries of the stomack into the head, without the maturities of other shops. So that if more wine be in the Stomack than is meet, drunkennesse follows, as the spirit of the wine doth flow more hastily into the head, than that by a fit space or interval, it can be changed by an individuating humane limitation."

On pp. 178–9, the *Theory of Spontaneous Generation* is examined. On the latter page it is called "Bacon's theory"; and in such a way that, taken with the context, the impression must, I think, be made on an uninformed reader that this theory was one of Bacon's own innumerable creations. Everybody versed in the history of science knows, of course, that the theory of *spontaneous generation* was that of the "learned Vulgar" down through all the centuries; and that the first deadly attack was made upon it by William Harvey, Lord Chancellor Bacon's own physician. The inability of his illustrious patient to adopt, or to grasp, Harvey's view, was one of the data for the latter's contemptuous summary of Bacon's scientific attainments: "He writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor."

The next item in this "Summary of Evidence" is one of which the perusal actually makes the reader who knows something of the

subject feel as if he had suddenly bumped his head against an invisible lamp-post: "Bacon maintains a *Theory of Flame*, which apparently was peculiar to himself. He holds that 'flame is a fixed body' and that 'commonly it is made of some tangible body which hath weight.'" In the name of University Fellowships and of County Court Judgeships, what physicist of those older centuries held any other theory? Time and space would be wasted in quotations; so that I will dismiss this item by recommending Judge Webb, when preparing the second edition of his entertaining "Summary," to consult the article *Caloric* in one of the elderly encyclopædias.

The next item is dealt with in a paragraph commencing with: "Nothing in the history of science is more astonishing than Bacon's *Theory of the Celestial Bodies*." I beg to state that there is nothing at all astonishing in it—to any one who knows what Bacon's scientific *non*-attainments were, and who is able to appreciate his mental attitude towards scientific discovery. It is, indeed, a striking example of the inconsistencies of human nature, and of the contradictory relationship between preaching and practice, that the accomplished lawyer and philosopher, who gave so much brilliant advice to his contemporaries with regard to the best ways and means for the increase of human knowledge, and the expansion of the horizon of discovery, actually proved himself utterly incapable of appreciating any single one of the various great physical discoveries of his contemporaries. Galileo was born in the same year with Shakespeare; and was, accordingly, Bacon's junior by three years. Kepler entered the world ten years after Bacon. The scientific investigations of those men thrilled Europe; their results were utterly rejected by the great English Lord Chancellor. I have already referred to the interesting fact that William Harvey was Bacon's medical adviser. That famous scientist exploded the "theory of spontaneous generation"; but his patient failed to grasp his reasoning, and refused to accept his conclusions. Harvey was the successful *demonstrator* to the scientific world of the "circulation of the blood" in the animal body; for the *discovery* of which, I may remark, in passing, that he has received far too much credit. This, the most important of all the discoveries which relate to the physical welfare of the human body, was also rejected with scorn by Bacon. Another (more senior) contemporary, Dr. Gilbert of Colchester (1540–1603), had *practised* the painstaking experimental observation which Bacon so volubly *preached*; and published (in 1600) the book which—broadly and firmly—forms the foundation of all our knowledge of magnetic and electric science. Bacon's "scientific" works abound in references to the properties of the magnet, which are everywhere expressed in terms of the most childlike innocence of the subject. Somewhere he contemptuously refers to Gilbert

himself as having so far merged his personality in his life-long study that "he has himself become a magnet." Another contemporary of Bacon was Napier (1550–1617), of logarithmic immortality, whose discovery "doubled the lives of astronomers"; the "founder of the inductive philosophy" knew nothing of him or of his "Tables." While the great Lord Chancellor's philosophic counsels scintillated so brilliantly in all directions that it might be thought that they were fitted to illuminate the intellects of all his contemporaries, his own scientific receptivity remained that of a veritable *Rip Van Winkle*. His scientific attainments, properly so called, continued to be those which his (learned) mother had taught him.

Judge Webb next passes on to the subject of gardening, and quotes Baconian and Shakespearian "science"; which is simply that of an intelligent gossiping gardener, and was the common property of the "herbalists" of the period.

He then proceeds to discussion of *The Transmutation of Species*, and manages to discover a veritable "mare's nest." "Here we have the germ of Darwin's *Origin of Species*." As I have already observed of another item of this "evidence," the remark is introduced in such a way as to leave the impression on the mind of the unknowing reader that Bacon was the true founder of this once startling doctrine, and the *only* precursor of Darwin in that line of research. This garbling of evidence must be designed, not accidental. Judge Webb has, I presume, read his Bible; and, overstocked as his mind is with University—and legal, and Baconian, and Shakespearian—lore, he can hardly have forgotten how Jacob bred "ring-straked and spotted" cattle; while engaged, with the characteristic instincts of the original Israelite, in cheating his too-confiding father-in-law. The "germ of Darwin's *Origin of Species*" is to be found in Aristotle's *History of Animals;* and it has reappeared, at intervals, down through all the centuries since the time of the immortal Stagirite. The University of Bologna, which many believe to be the premier University of Europe, includes a natural history museum which was founded by the enthusiastic naturalist, Ulysses Aldrovandus (1522–1605). If Judge Webb will take an early opportunity of peeping into this building, he will have "evolution" indelibly imprinted on his mental vision by a single glance at the arrangement of the skeletons and stuffed specimens. And the thirteen gorgeous folios, into the contents of which Aldrovandus collected the results of his life-long researches, will be found to illuminate nearly all the dark places of the famed Darwinian theory.

The remaining (small) "scientific" items discussed in this *Summary of Evidence* are, of course, common to Bacon and the author of the immortal dramas. They easily may be; as they are, mostly,

derived from the *Natural History* of the elder Pliny, of which Sir Thomas Browne truly remarks: "There is scarce a popular errour passant in our dayes, which is not either directly expressed, or deductively contained, in this worke, which, being in the hands of most men, hath proved a powerfull occasion of their propagation, wherein, notwithstanding the credulitie of the reader, is more condemnable then the curiositie of the authour." This remark happens to be peculiarly applicable to the bulk of the Bacon-Shakespeare lore which Judge Webb denominates "science."

The prognosis of approaching death—common to the *Atriola Mortis* and the play of *Henry the Fifth*—is practically identical with that of the "knowledgeable" old woman of every West of Ireland parish in my boyish days; who, in her own classic phraseology, "did not know B from a bull's foot."

Judge Webb is everywhere of the uncompromising opinion that Bacon could have written every line of the Shakespeare dramas. I will set down a few lines which he *could not* have written. They are to be found in the play of *Coriolanus:*

> "'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
> 'That I receive the general food at first,
> Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
> Because I am the store-house and the shop
> Of the whole body; but, if you do remember,
> I send it through the veins of your blood,
> Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
> And through the cranks and offices of man,
> The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
> From me receive that natural competency
> Whereby they live.'"

The writer of the above lines had an (at least) approximate conception of the circulation of the blood in the human body. The frequent allusions of Bacon to the blood and its functions in the human economy exhibit, *in every instance,* a scientific "darkness which may be felt."

I will close this communication by an observation on the opening sentence of page 190 of Judge Webb's *Summary of Evidence.* We are there told that: "'In his experiments solitary touching the impossibility of annihilation' he cites an obscure writer, who had said that 'there is no such way to effect the strange transmutation of bodies as to endeavour and urge by all means the reducing them to nothing.'" Bacon does not give the name of the "obscure writer" who was cognisant of that *most important* scientific fact, and Judge Webb does not appear to have been able to supply it from the vast stores of his Bacon-Shakespeare scientific spoils; but, as an enthusiastic inquirer, I feel sure that he will be glad to know it—so I will tell him. The name of that "*obscure* writer" is Jean Baptiste Van Helmont, to whom I have already referred; the contemporary

of Bacon-Shakespeare, "the greatest chemist before Lavoisier," the scientist who first inculcated the necessity for the employment of the *balance* in all chemical experimentation; and who, by the use of this instrument, demonstrated, to the satisfaction of even the crudest observer, that no form of matter was ever "destroyed" by that most "destructive" of all known agents—*fire*.

JOHN KNOTT, M.D.

UNCONSCIOUS MAN.

WHEN Turgot, the great reforming minister of the last days of the *ancien régime*, said that "La masse du genre humain, par des alternatives d'agitation et de calme, avance quoiqu'à pas lents vers une perfection toujours plus grande," he in reality disclosed one of the greatest truths of sociology; for, during the last two thousand years, the conditions of social life have undergone great changes, and, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out, man's nature, though elastic, has been slow in adapting itself to the comparatively new system.

Now, whether philosophers are justified or not in holding out to humanity the hope of a future period of approximate conformity between human nature and social conditions, where virtue shall be synonymous for happiness and the pleasurable be identified with the advantageous, is immaterial for the present purpose; but the process of adaptation is a reality, and further, history shows that the evolution of human nature is not only a matter of considerable time, but that it is also subject to alternating periods of progress and reaction.

At the close of the Middle Ages, the social, economic, political, and religious institutions of Europe had stagnated and become stereotyped; they were so much out of date that the progressive element in man found its direct expression in the great movements of the Renaissance and Reformation, the foundations of what is generally termed "Modern times." The age of feudalism was over, and Europe now consisted of a number of more or less independent states; the lines of social cleavage, which had hitherto been perpendicular, now tended to become horizontal; paternal Catholicism was no longer suited to the progressive states of Northern Europe, and Protestantism arose; the age of scholasticism was over, and thought began again to expand. There was, however, a great reaction, which in the sphere of religion took the form of the Counter Reformation.

At the end of the eighteenth century a similar great social change took place, culminating in the French Revolution. The meeting of the States General in 1789 was occasioned by the financial difficulties of the Government, but, in the period which followed, all the social institutions which had become out of date and effete were attacked and overturned. The privileges of the nobles, of the clergy, and of the guilds, which in former times had been a species of payment for services rendered, had now no consideration, and were accordingly

cancelled. The movement found its ultimate expression in the personality of Napoleon, and the long wars in which France was involved, from the Campaign of Valmy to the battles of Leipzig and Waterloo, were in reality a struggle between the spirit of modern times as represented by France, and that of the *ancien régime* as represented by the rest of Europe. With the fall of Napoleon the inevitable reaction occurred. Metternich ruled Europe, and in France itself Chateaubriand's views were accepted by the majority. Nevertheless the work of Napoleon survived, and the great social upheaval of which France was the mouthpiece is one of the many proofs afforded by history of the law that human nature adapts itself but slowly to the new conditions of human life, and that the process is one of alternating periods of excitement and calm, of progress followed by reaction.

It is apparently in consequence of the recognition of this law of reaction that it has been inferred by certain writers of the present day that, owing to the abnormal progress of science during the nineteenth century, modern thought has assumed an exceptionally materialistic aspect; that science, having made great advances within its own sphere, has captured positions lying beyond its proper limits, which it will be compelled to abandon; that a reaction in favour of idealism is bound to occur; that men will sanction the conception of a noumenon as a reality, and as being necessary to prevent sensuous perception from claiming to extend to things in themselves; that, while it is recognised to be merely the conception of a limit, a conception which is negative in use, it nevertheless serves to check the presumptions of sensibility. It is further urged that when this wave of materialism and religious scepticism shall have passed by, the rock on which a blind belief in an Unknowable is built will rest on a firmer basis than ever.

Prophecies of the future are ever dangerous, but this particular theory, though liable to the most ridiculous misinterpretation, is deduced from at least one sound principle of human nature, *i.e.*, the important part played in social life by blind instinct.

Now it is quite conceivable that unthinking minds, having been dazzled by the conquests of science, have exchanged their blind belief in some form of religion for an equally irrational faith in the infallibility of all that has the slightest pretensions to be termed "scientific." Should the suggested reaction take place, and such persons no longer honour the process of science with their approval, the truths which have been discovered would not be vitiated. All the sentiment in the world cannot disprove a single fact that really rests upon a scientific basis; and should there be any revulsion in the mode of thought of the coming generation, the position of science would not be altered in the slightest degree.

Nevertheless, the notion that the present spirit of critical inquiry

is to be followed by an age of comparatively blind unquestioning faith is plausible; for, though reason is ever the means of overthrowing social institutions that have served their purpose and are out of date, it is only a portion of man's nature. When the Jesuits were expelled from France, Spain, and Portugal, Voltaire wrote:

> " Du vil berceau de son illusion
> La France arrive à l'âge de la Raison,
> Et les enfants de François et d'Ignace,
> Bien reconnus, sont remis à leur place,"

and the eighteenth century has been not inappropriately called by historians the " Age of Reason," for rationality was the weapon with which the numerous portions of social machinery, which were out of date and consequently pernicious, were overturned. But, just as Bossuet and Pascal in France gave place to Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot and the Encyclopædists, so the European Age of Reason was followed by the romantic period. Heine and Byron were the direct expression of a reaction after the progress of the eighteenth century, and romanticism, by placing its ideal in the past, acknowledged its dislike of the present. Human nature being rigid protested against the fresh advance in thought; nevertheless, in spite of the romantic movement the scientific discoveries of the preceding century remained intact.

Man, however, cannot live by reason alone, any more than he can do so by bread alone; actions may be termed rational or the reverse, but in either case the ultimate ground is an emotion. When Pascal said: *L'homme n'est qu'un faible roseau, mais c'est un être pensant*, he wished to emphasise the fact that man is distinguished from the lower animals by the gift of reason; nevertheless, unconscious instinct is just as much the property of man as it is of the animals, though with the latter, it is their sole possession and guide in life.

Social instincts far from diminishing have probably multiplied with the increased complexity of human life; and those men who wilfully shut their eyes to certain truths are only following one of their many instincts. It is better both for them and for their fellow human beings that they should remain in the dark than that they should see light prematurely, better that they should be guilty of mental cowardice and dishonesty than that they should submit to the judgment of reason particular beliefs which they instinctively know cannot stand the test, but with which, in their weakness, they dimly feel they cannot dispense. Human nature is so constituted that the most ridiculous beliefs and superstitions will retain their hold on men's minds, if judiciously drummed in during childhood, a fact only too well recognised by the Jesuits. As Seneca has said: " *Unusquisque mavult credere, quam judicare*," men are lazy and prefer to accept facts on hearsay to inquiring themselves into the evidence

to be offered, but this is particularly the case during childhood. It is not surprising, then, that till comparatively recently there was an almost universal belief in the evil powers of witches, and that even at the present day there are many well-educated people who believe in ghosts, and who yet have never seen one themselves.

If, further, an unfortunate child is threatened with hell-fire and the most awful torments imaginable, if he does not believe in a particular form of religion, it is hardly to be wondered at that on that question his mind becomes virtually paralysed. The doctrine of Justification by Faith is one that can be applied with equal success as a means of gaining converts to any religious creed; if applied literally, it becomes a mere stultifying device, for it eludes the question of authenticity by simply declaring, *ex plena potentia sua*, that there is to be no inquiry at all into the facts in issue. It is, however, inconsistent with the general tone of Christian morality, for, in forbidding all honest inquiry, it teaches the individual self-deception, and the priest deception of the flock. The Jesuits exploited this doctrine to the full, and in so doing they incurred the odium of all Protestants and Catholics; but the methods of Protestant pastors are somewhat similar at the present day, the difference being only one of degree. They have not acquired the same worldly influence and authority over thought, because Protestantism was itself an outcry against the claims of priests to legislate on men's minds; still, it was only a half-measure, and Protestant pastors often attempt to work on the same lines as those same Jesuits, to the iniquity of whose methods they owe their very existence.

To argue with a person on some particular belief with which his mind has been already saturated is clearly futile, but it is still worse to attempt to reason with a priest on the validity of the particular form of belief he professes and teaches, be he Catholic or Protestant, Buddhist or Rabbi; for to have become a priest he must either have been so imbued in childhood with the doctrines he preaches as to regard them as axioms or intuitions, things which do not require and which from their very nature are incapable of proof, whereupon all those who require proof are, in his eyes, fools if not knaves; or else, from the very beginning he cannot have believed in the truth of his doctrines, in which case it is hopeless to expect honesty on his part, since, in confessing his disbelief, he would now, as a rule, have so much more to lose than formerly when he was a layman.

From the very fact that men of education and thought tenaciously hold the most discordant beliefs, it is clear that the mere repeated assertion of the truth of a fact during childhood is a force often more than equal to the most obvious and logical proof to the contrary; and sentiment thus, if embodied in custom, is a power in human

nature which reason can only subdue after a long period of incessant struggle. Moreover the victory, if premature, may prove most pernicious; as Schopenhauer has said: "Truth cannot appear before the profane vulgar in her naked form, she can only appear before them closely veiled," and it is one of the most beneficial provisions of nature that those individuals who would probably become a most disruptive element in society if they did see the bare truth in many points of importance, should be kept in the dark by the force of sentiment and custom.

It is not, however, only in questions of morality and religion that nature thinks fit to delude man; in every sphere of human life sentiment persistently defies the attempts of reason to act as the guide of unconscious man. A moderate amount of athletics is almost essential to health, and during youth it is especially beneficial in that it is perhaps the very best form of moral education; still, under the present conditions of social life, it is not normally a means to earning a livelihood, and those who excel in athletics are often like so many artists, poets and musicians, objects sacrificed to humanity. Enthusiasm is as necessary to the athlete as the belief in "art for art's sake" is to the artist; and if an athlete is particularly successful, he often acquires such a love of his pursuit that he forgets it is a mere means to an end, and is gradually deluded into regarding it as an end in itself; if he is in the position of the normal man and has to earn his own living by his head, his former success proves to be a great source of weakness in his struggle for existence.

Similarly with sport. The true cause of its popularity lies in the fact that physical exercise in the open air is always healthy, and that, if the mind can be temporarily deluded into believing that the attainment of the most trivial object is of the highest importance, the body is capable of undergoing an additional amount of exertion, which in the absence of the delusion would become most irksome. It is further an imitation of what, in former days, was a real means of obtaining food, and, as human nature adapts itself but slowly to changes in the conditions of life, sport becomes the means of gratifying this surviving instinct; in civilised countries it is a form of luxury which can only be indulged in by the rich; this however lends it a special attraction, to which the English mind is most susceptible.

The life of a hunter has a fascination for many people, for, the individual is here satisfying the cravings of a deep-rooted, but somewhat out-of-date instinct, and is at the same time eking out a living. The keenest sportsman must admit that in such a country as England the total value of the game shot is always far below the costs of preserving, and it would be absurd to maintain that in a civilised country sport can be anything but a mere pastime,

and that it has any merit beyond that of affording healthy exercise in the open air; but in order to avoid the conclusion that the sportsman, like every other type of man, is necessarily subject to delusion, it is sometimes urged that sport possesses a special sanctity and should be regarded as an end-in-itself; for the sportsman is measuring his skill against that of the animal. It is not complimentary to such persons' intelligence to be forced to point out that neither wild lions nor tame pheasants are equipped with a double-barrelled breech-loader. Nevertheless, almost every Englishman, when told he is not a sportsman, regards himself as personally insulted; and even if he does not think so, he feigns resentment.

Nature then employs sentiment as a method of duping humanity. The real causes of men's actions and beliefs are often found to be simple and practical; but of this they are not aware.

Recognising the inherent vanity of the human race, nature furnishes man with sentiments, through whose instrumentality he is duped into believing that the ultimate grounds of his actions are far higher and nobler, as he in his ignorance imagines, than those which nature really has in view. The force on which these delusions rest, and by which they are bolstered up, is sentiment whose methods differ from those of reason. Those for instance who do not appreciate the fine arts are called Goths, which has now become a term of opprobrium. But no argument in the world can create the sentiments which are lacking in these Goths; those who preach a particular religious belief are similarly compelled to ignore reason and to rely on sentiment as a means to the propagation of their creed; as a consequence they invariably endeavour to retain their hold on the popular mind by vaguely accusing the champions of truth of "being superficial," of "lacking depth" and the like. Not a shred of evidence is ever brought forward, for the effect might be disastrous from their point of view, and so recourse is had to mere abuse with usually the most happy results; for they instinctively recognise the truth that the stimulation of the sentiments is a course normally far more effective than an appeal to reason in the case of unconscious man.

A. L. P. WEEDON.

EARLY WRITERS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

WHEN the first of this series of articles appeared, dealing with men and women who in the past had advocated justice for women, the writer prefaced it with the query, Was there ever an age when women had not asked for justice? The question was then asked more from intuition than from actual knowledge, but further research has brought to light many a forgotten treatise, English and foreign. Many others have doubtless been lost or cast aside as worthless. Enough however remain to bear ample testimony to the fact that certainly from the fourteenth century down to the present time, as the generations have come and gone, so there has always arisen some man or woman of genius or of sterling character who has made strenuous effort to secure justice for women. Handicapped as they necessarily were in early times, these pioneers yet did their best to spread abroad the principle of equality between the sexes, and to show how unwise, ungenerous, and more than foolish was the enforced subjection of women.

Among these advocates were scholars of both sexes, at least one great prose writer and poet, and some—indeed, there are reasons for thinking there were many—recalcitrant priests. It has been as interesting as curious to read in almost entirely obsolete orthography, and quaint forms of expression, the very same arguments which women have found useful and needful to use in this generation. As century after century has passed, social and political systems have varied, and women have been more or less respected, but the claim for the eternal verity—the equality of the sexes in the eye of the law—was the same yesterday, to-day, and must be the same for ever. The chief difference is that the early advocates were more outspoken on the need of perfect equality, more full of admiration for the character and genius of women, than the claimants of this age, who have, with the wisdom of the serpent, worked more for details, and with a wise and loving prudence (worthy of the dove) have been content to place their feet step by step on the upward path of justice.

Dr. Alexander[1] tells us that Boccaccio was the first who started

[1] Alexander. *History of Women.* Published 1779.

the idea of writing anything better than a song or sonnet to women. "He set the fashion, and in a few years no less than twenty authors followed suit." Francis Sardonarti is reported to have added the names of one hundred and twenty remarkable women, whose lives had escaped the attention of Boccaccio. According to the same writer a monk, Hilario de Costa, then took up the theme, but soon his labours were eclipsed by Paul de Ribera, "who brought forth a monstrous work, giving the triumphs and the exploits of eight hundred illustrious women."

Boccaccio was, as is well known, in his early days a lewd and licentious writer, but owing to a romantic message carried to him by a friend from a dying monk, he changed the character of his writings, redeemed his corrupt past, and about the year 1363 published a biographical record of illustrious women. This work attested his learning, research, and repentance, and by it he made an effort to undo the wrong he had done to womanhood in the past. The enthusiasm generated by these writers assisted one development of chivalry, for with chivalry and its discordant elements of military glory, religion, and love, women's hopes and women's aspirations had become incorporated. A claim for true respect from womanhood had arisen, a respect which these writers had largely promoted. When chivalry failed or was failing, women turned to the sciences and literature, and gained from such studies a temporary lustre. This development reached its height in England in the sixteenth century, but lasted later on the Continent. In England the Queens Mary and Elizabeth, and a host of other noble English ladies, became no mean scholars. Learning taught Lady Jane Grey and Anne Askew not only how to live, but, as young women, how to die. Dr. Wotton said that no age was so productive of learning, and Erasmus, who corresponded with Elizabeth Darcy, one of Sir Thos. More's daughters, said: "The scene of human things is changed. The monks, famed in times past for learning, have become ignorant, and women love books. It is pretty enough that this sex should now at last betake itself to the ancient examples." Another learned lady, the daughter of Sir Anthony Coke, became the wife of Cecil Lord Burleigh. That learning had not made of her a less lovable woman we know, for the bereaved husband wrote: "Written by me at Collingbourne in Sorrow. . . . I ought to thank Almighty God for this favour in permitting her to have lived so many years with me."

We have before told how in 1503 the learned and chivalrous Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim wrote *The Superior Excellence of Women.* Though written early in the sixteenth century circumstances prevented its publication until 1529, when fortune had again restored him to the presence of her to whom the treatise had been originally addressed, viz., Margaret of Austria, then acting as

Governor of the Netherlands. Count Segur, who wrote towards the end of the eighteenth century, avers that: "In the sixteenth century there arose the famous question of the equality of the sexes. . . . It cannot be doubted but that it was proposed by women. Parties were formed on both sides in the grand controversy that was raised on the subject. Cornelius Agrippa was at the head of the conspiracy which was then formed in favour of women." He adds, concerning that marvellous man, "There was no situation he had not filled, no country in which he had not travelled. He demonstrated the superiority of women in forty chapters, and supported his system by physical, theological, historical, and moral arguments." From Nicholl's *Recollections*, and from other works, there is evidence that women were engaged in printing early in the sixteenth century. Robert Stevens, one of the celebrated Stevens family, married Perette, daughter of Badius the Printer. She was a very learned woman—understood Latin and helped much in the business, and it is not improbable that she may have been the woman who bequeathed the printing press to Agrippa's friend, Brenman, living at Metz, the printing press of which he writes when he speaks joyfully of some day printing Agrippa's works.

We know that Agrippa's work must have produced good fruit, and to it we very probably owe *The Defence of Good Women*, written by Sir Thomas Elyot, published in London in 1545. Sir Thomas Elyot was a man of sterling worth and an accomplished scholar. He had travelled much in Europe before he settled down at the Court of Henry VIII. It is highly probable that he was conversant with the works of Agrippa. Both men were diplomatists, and are credited with having been employed as Envoys in the divorce of Katherine of Aragon, Agrippa for the Emperor and Sir Thomas for the King. Sir Thomas's abilities were not only highly appreciated by Henry VIII. (himself no mean scholar) but also by Sir Thomas More, Leland, and many others. *The Defence of Good Women* is a quaint production. It is an argument between two friends, Caninius and Candibas, and is supposed to have taken place during the reign of the Emperor Aurelian. Caninius is always "carping at women," whereas Candibas "ever judgeth well and reproveth but seldom." The Emperor Aurelian is appealed to, and he, acting as umpire, clinches the argument in favour of Candibas and women by adducing the example of the great Queen Zenobia. Zenobia was at that time the captive of Aurelian, but acting as instructress to his children, an office for which her abundant learning well fitted her. Aurelian avers that, "She ever so regulates her conduct to the intent that the name of a woman should not among the people be held in contempt." It is easy to realise the thrill with which very possibly Lady Jane Grey and many another learned lady of the period read the stimulating praise of Sir Thomas Elyot.

Forty years later Anthony Gibson published *A Woman's Worth Defended against all the World.*[1] Gibson's work would seem to be a translation, as in his preface he calls it, "A translated Apologee of Women's Fair Virtues, written in French by a Lord of Great Reckoning; given to him by a very Honourable Duchess." We have no clue as to whom the "very Honourable Duchess" or the "Lord of Great Reckoning" were. The work is dedicated to the Countess of Southampton, presumably the wife of Shakespeare's patron, and a further dedication among other noble names includes that of Mistress Mary Fitton, the lady supposed by some Shakespearian scholars to be the original of the "dark lady" of the sonnets. Gibson avers that women are more perfect, excellent, and absolute in all virtuous actions than any man of any quality soever. "Written by one who hath heard much, seen much, but knows a great deal more." He says that the translation was given him as a trust, "to see it should not wander about the world disregarded." The preface is crowded with quotations, and translations from the ancient poets Ennius and Menander. The translations are evidently given to illustrate the miserable condition of women during the dawn of civilisation.

It is argued that "there is a natural sadness in women which leads them to discourse wisely and to be prudent and apprehensive, whereas men, governed by gross appetites, act rashly and unruly for frivolous and fleeting considerations." The writer is so convinced of the virtues of women, that if it were of use he would reverse the wish of Plato "who thanked the gods for making him a man," and asserts that "the very main goodness of the world consisteth in women." Examples of many women are given who excelled in State affairs, and the consistency and faithfulness of the sex are lauded. Demosthenes is quoted, who, hearing Lais discourse, said that "the Athenians do but stammer in their schools, but women at Corinth spoke Orator."

Our author's advocacy touches chivalrous heights when telling us of a Gascoigne gentleman who pursued a virtuous maid, and afterwards in revenge scandalised her reputation, and "she spared not to kill him in a very worthy assembly, and was afterwards at the Parlement of Bordeaux" condemned to lose her head. But "when their rigour became more moderate she was confined into perpetual prison, whereat I would very willingly deliver her if I could convert myself into a shower of gold, as sometimes did the Son of Saturn. Oh! sex, not only good, but in very deed to be called goodness itself, how in these ungenerous times art thou hindered from reconciling men with their equals?" Such is the gist of Gibson's pamphlet.

[1] Published in London by John Wolfe, and to be sold at his shop in Pope's Head Alley, near the Exchange. 1599.

Among the many of whose services to women we can have but the faintest record, we have the name of Lucrezia Gonzaga, who corresponded with Hortensio Lando. Her Letters were printed in Venice in 1552. John Poulet, Marquess of Winchester, translated *The Gallery of Heroic Women* from the French of Pierre le Moyne, a Jesuit. It was published in London in 1652, and James Howell, the poet, wrote some lines in praise of the work. No copy of it exists in the British Museum.

Lucretia Marmella is said to have published at Venice in 1601 a book in Italian in which, not content to make her sex the equal of the other, she undertook to prove a superiority. The same contention was undertaken in Paris in 1665 by Jacquette Guillaume (supposed to be a pseudonym). In 1617, under the name of Olivier, L'Escale published *Le Champion des Femmes.* From 1673 to 1692 no less than seven editions were printed in France of *The Woman as Good as the Man* by Poulain de la Barre.[1] Another work by the same author, *A Claim to Read the Holy Scriptures*, was published at Geneva in 1720, possibly a late edition, but the only copy given in the British Museum Catalogue.

Pierre Bayle in his *Historical Dictionary*, quoting from Johann Scheffer, tells us that Jerome Bucelli in 1552 published an Italian book in which he gave the superior excellence to women. He also gives the names of several other Italian writers, including Lucrezia Marmella.

There is also incontestable evidence that numerous treatises on the subject were published in France during the whole of the seventeenth century. In that country the women's cause would seem to have had alike its upholders and its detractors.

In 1624 Heywood published his *Tonachen ; or, nine Books of various History concerning Women.* The books are inscribed to each of the nine Muses. A later edition, almost identical, was published in 1657. The first book treats of the goddesses and is named Clio, typical of "glorious learning, poetry, and wisdom." The name of Clio brings to mind that it was under that pseudonym that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu some half century later addressed her poem on Friendship to Mary Astell. From Heywood's collection we will only cull the charming legend of Agnodice. He tells us :

"There was a damsel of that name who, disguised as a man, learnt the art of chirurgery, and having helped many matrons in dangerous labours was, being considered as a man, viewed with suspicion, more as a corrupter of their chastities than as an aid to their infirmities. The Senate took action against her, when she bared her breasts to prove her sex. At this the physicians—for no woman was allowed to know chirurgery at Athens —were much incensed that a woman dare enter into the search of that knowledge. The cause being ready to go against her, the noblest matrons

[1] *The Woman as Good as the Man : or, the Equality of Both Sexes.* Printed by J. Brooks at the Angel in Cornhill. 1677.

of the city pleaded for her before the Senate; their importunity prevailed. The first decree was abrogated, and free liberty granted to women to employ themselves in those necessary offices without the presence of men. So that Athens was the first city of Greece that freely admitted of midwives, by means of the damsel Agnodice."

Apparently it was not until 1671, more than one hundred and sixty years after it was written, that *Female Pre-eminence; or, the Dignity and Excellence of that Sex above the Male*, by Cornelius Agrippa, was translated from Latin into the English language. The translator was one Henry Case, and he dedicated his translation to poor unfortunate Katherine of Braganza. In 1677, stimulated possibly by the above, there was yet another translation, this time from the French.

Bayle, in his *Historical Dictionary*, says that in 1673 an ecclesiastic of Lorraine, who eventually became a Protestant, wrote a book entitled *The Equality of the Sexes: A Discourse Physical and Moral, wherein is to be seen the Importance of Clearing the Mind from Prejudice.* He expected his work to be refuted, but as it was not, he two years later wrote *Of the Excellency of Man against the Equality of the Sexes*, a work of which the historian says: "We shall discover that he had no design to confute his past book, but rather to confirm it indirectly." The two books he tells us were reprinted in 1679, and it was a long time before the author was known. Bayle does not give the author's name, though he would seem to know it. Dr. Alexander, in his *History of Women*, tells us that a monk published two quarto volumes in favour of Roman Catholic women, excluding all other. It seems not unlikely that both Bayle and Alexander had in their minds the author of a most able treatise, now accredited to Poulain de la Barre, and which was translated from the French in 1677 by A. L.

If this treatise of Poulain de la Barre be the one to which Dr. Alexander was referring, it is not a fair inference to say that the author only praised Roman Catholic women. It is true that he cites the work of the Sisters of Charity at the Hôtel Dieu, Paris, as the most disinterested example of the virtues of women, but he does so only to draw the deduction that other women are equally virtuous. There is internal evidence that the writer, whilst fully appreciating the virtues of Roman Catholic nuns, has also a leaning towards the establishment of other sisterhoods, and it is not improbable that it was from this writer (very possibly at one time an ecclesiastic) that Mary Astell took the idea which bore fruit in her *Serious Proposal to Ladies*, a work which advocated Protestant sisterhoods. There is abundant internal evidence to show that later writers, including Mary Astell and the militant "Sophia," were largely inspired by this able work, and even copied much from it verbatim. And indeed they could hardly have chosen better arguments or illustrations. The writer

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themselves, should refuse to observe the rules thereof. Men think it concerns the honour of our sex to take the place of all. I believe it to be justice to render to every one their right. The two sexes have not only need of light to find their own happiness in the practice of virtue, but therefore need thereof to practise aright."

In marriage the writer argues that "promises and covenants should be reciprocal." The subject condition of women had arisen "because force hath ever prevailed. . . . All laws seem to have been made to confirm men in the possessions they have got." Dominion had gradually become natural to men, hence they became "usurpers." The writer asserts that in early times the women were kept by the jealousy of the men from visiting the only learned men of the time—the priests; custom had "enjoined an impertinent decorum that men durst not come to their homes, nor women visit them for fear of giving umbrage." Thus women "made no disciples or founded sects, but all the light which they had attained died with them." Prejudices had been fostered against the sex by poets and painters representing them as furies and harpies. Whereas it was forgotten "the devil had been represented with the face of a man." He compares the virtues of women to the lustres of the opal, and wonders at the wisdom so many show in ruling their homes. True knowledge would lead to wisdom. "If both sexes had worked for truth it would the sooner have been discovered." Such is but a brief sketch of the admirable theme ascribed in the catalogue of the British Museum to Paulain de la Barre.

The "spirit of the age" which prompted this chivalrous writer to encourage women to religious exhortation was also stirring the heart and brain of at least one woman. *The Ladies' Calling*, published in 1663 at Oxford, is now known to be the work of Dame Dorothy Packington; the companion work, *The Gentleman's Calling*, as also *The Whole Duty of Man*, having been previously published. Dame Dorothy tells us in her preface: "Not having been very successful in raising the tone of men" by her previous works, she "assays to inspire women," her object being

"to acquaint women with their own value, to animate them for higher thoughts of themselves. . . . Not to yield their suffrage to those injurious estimates which the world had made of them from a supposed incapacity for nobler things; from which God and nature hath no more precluded the feminine than the masculine part of mankind. . . . Histories of all kinds assure us that the Gynœcium has still had a rival suffrage with the Senate."

The writer is convinced that had women the same advantages for learning as men, the same result would be secured. "Let me solicit ladies to be just to themselves, and not to take their own measure by anything below the advice of the heathen, 'revere thyself.'"

We are to conclude that whatever impotence women are under, it was acquired, not natural,

"not derived from any illiberality of God, but from the ill-managery of His bounty. . . . In short, they (women) have so many advantages towards virtue, that though the philosopher made it one of his solemn acknowledgments to God that he had not made him a woman, yet I think Christian women have now reason enough to invert that form, and to thank God that He made them women and not men. . . . Women followed Christ to the cross when His most devout followers forsook Him."

It is noticeable that Dame Dorothy uses one, at least, of Anthony Gibson's striking illustrations. The whole preface is imbued with just that dignity and self-respect which one would expect from a pious and learned woman, writing in an age that demanded self-effacement from such women.

The length of this article precludes further comment on this interesting woman and her works, the first of which was published in 1657; works which for years were regarded as religious classics, and which contemporary bishops, according to George Ballard, were mean enough to allow to be associated with their names and to take credit for.

In closing with Dame Dorothy Packington we need only say that we have brought our series of women advocates of justice up to within twenty years of the time when the pure and learned Mary Astell took up the thread. Of her and of the militant and sprightly "Sophia" this REVIEW has already given particulars. Later on we shall find that the warfare of the sexes was continued from the time of "Sophia" by many a writer of the eighteenth century up to the period of Mary Wollstonecraft. Then on through the nineteenth century to the time when that ever-to-be-revered champion, John Stuart Mill, brought the question of the parliamentary franchise for women before Parliament.

HARRIETT MCILQUHAM.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE GAEL.

"THE ground of a man's joy," says R. L. Stevenson in an essay entitled *The Lantern Bearers*, "is often hard to hit." It is as true of nations as it is of individuals. It would not be easy, for example, to state in a few words whence arises the peculiar self-satisfaction for which the Anglo-Saxon race is noted. The Celtic race, too, has its own little vanities and private sources of complacency, and as for those members of that great family who endeavour to live and have their being in the distressful country it would require a series of psychological studies to enable us to locate all the secret springs of their gaiety. One of them might be found in the fact that they present, under existing circumstances, an insoluble character problem to their rulers. To be misunderstood is in itself a keen pleasure, only tinged with sadness, but that a ruling race, and a race which continually boasts of its superiority, should fail to understand a subject one simply because of a failure in those intellectual processes in which the subjected are supreme, must be an ineffable satisfaction to the latter. In spite of the political, commercial, and educational inconveniences which this failure to understand involves, there is a joy at the bottom of every Irishman's heart because that on the intellectual and emotional sides the lesser, represented by the Saxon, cannot contain the greater, represented by himself.

Take the Celtic revival which has aroused so much enthusiasm amongst Irishmen of all sorts and conditions. Mention it to the average Englishman, and he will tell you gravely that all Irishmen are possessed by innumerable devils and their angels; and it is pathetic to note that in this irrelevancy he is quite *bonâ fide*. He is intellectually incapable, mainly because of the attitude he assumes towards the question, of understanding why at this time of day Irishmen want to preserve a language which is commonly believed to be practically useless for commercial purposes, almost moribund and difficult to learn, and in his want of understanding he attributes it all to depravity.

Now it is probably a sheer waste of energy to assure Englishmen that the efforts made to resuscitate the language of the Gael are not the result of any desire of using them despitefully. Irishmen are instinctively conscious of many valid and independent reasons for considering the revival of Celtic studies an affair of importance.

That it is a national duty to rescue from oblivion one indefeasible claim to a distinct national existence, the language which is for all time associated with every hill and valley in the land, and every ruined temple of sanctity and learning, in which are enshrined the records of ancient Irish civilisation and art; in which is crystallised the wisdom of Ireland's sages and scholars, and the devotion of her heroes, the language of tuneful bards and valiant chiefs, of Brian and of Columbkille; the language which in an age of splendid achievement echoed through Europe from Bangor to Bobbio, which to-day is the outward and visible sign, the "crown and top" of racial separateness, is a proposition which claims assent from Irishmen as a first principle. In her language Ireland may hope to find the secret of never-failing vitality. Decay is impossible to the nation in whose soul are preserved the impressions of its youth. The loss of memory in the individual amounts almost to the loss of identity, and of the consciousness of all that has been achieved by that identity. In her language exists the memory of Ireland, her consciousness, her identity. In the hour that the language fails, Ireland, as the counterpart of the idea that lives in the hearts of millions who love that storied name, ceases to have a *ratio essendi*. These reasons are written large on the surface of things, and Englishmen might be argued into the admission that the Irish perception of their force is only natural. For these reasons alone the language movement is important. But there are others of infinitely greater force arising out of the interdependence of language and character, and the understanding of them would involve some insight into the causes of the existence of the Irish question.

Words are something more than mere conventional signs with which to signify our mental concepts. They are the loom in which the warp and woof of our ideas are woven into a determinate texture, or rather they are the mould into which shapeless ideas are discharged from the furnace of the mind. The thinker who is born to the noble inheritance of a highly developed, copious, and flexible language has the same advantage over one born at the time when that language was being formed and inflected that a train running at full speed along a clear and well-equipped track has over the trucks used by navvies in the work of cutting a road. Without a language well adapted and measured for its work the most powerful intellect is as helpless as a locomotive in a country lane. The Schoolmen divided the faculties of the soul into three—Memory, Will, and Understanding. They might have almost added a fourth, which would be the mastery of a rich vocabulary in which the others might run as in a perfectly fitting groove.

Again, the excellence of a language consists in part in its being most convenient, taking the word in the strict sense, to the mind using it—that is, possessing a pliability corresponding to the mental

energy, and furnishing to the mental processes combinations, inflexions, idioms, and shades of meaning ready to hand, and going into the work smoothly and silently. So far, therefore, as this peculiar excellence is concerned, the value of a language must be determined with due regard to the aid which it is capable of affording in the acquirement, development, or preservation of a temperament, disposition, or whatever is included in the general term *character*, which from one cause or another it is desirable to acquire, develop, or preserve.

It may be taken for granted presumably that there is such a thing as the Celtic temperament. It has broken out too frequently and too extensively for any one to reasonably doubt its existence. As to the desirability of its continued existence there may possibly be more than one opinion. Irishmen, at all events, have made up their minds to retain their peculiarities for some time longer, and to do this the more effectually they are devoting themseves to the study of the language which is at once the outcome of these peculiarities, and the only medium in which they can be directed to their noblest achievements. A nation may go to the dogs with ease in any language which comes uppermost, just as a man of education going to the bottom will lose the refinements of speech, and get to the end rejoicing in vulgarities and indecencies. But on the onward and upward track progress must be marked by appropriate diction, by words which confer upon the speaker the sense of having brought to the birth a shapely, integral idea, legitimately and becomingly equipped, and unhampered by the splints and bandages of a halting, unnatural idiom; and if a language be thrust upon a people in which harmony between their perceptions and their words is wanting, the very sense of fitness in such a people will be a bar to the development of their natural qualities. By way of illustration, let us suppose a people blessed with an abounding humour, much given to laughter and a sunny outlook on life, and at the same time using perforce a language in which these things have no place, and in which their expression would appear incongruous, a language in which there is no rebound or lightness. What is the result? Inevitably the overlaying with a foreign dulness the saner qualities which make for mirth and the freezing up of the springs of humour. Anything rather than adopt the sterile process of uniting different species. A witty nation endeavouring to use the speech of a dull and slow-witted one is an absurdity, it is only surpassed by the hideous spectacle of dulness masquerading as wit.

Furthermore, a language which has grown with the growth of a race contains the garnered experience of the race. It holds the thought of successive generations arrested. And true racial development must proceed along lines illuminated by the light and marked off by the wisdom of the past. What would be thought of

the nation which would break with its traditions, forget its history, unlearn the lessons taught it in camps and courts, scatter to the winds the fragments which are the memorials and the records of its ancient success in art and letters, and hold as naught the strenuous deeds of those from whom it unworthily inherits? And yet in expecting Irishmen to forego the knowledge of their ancestral tongue these things are involved. Only by the knowledge of Celtic can the Celtic spirit be perpetuated: by it and through it, alone can Irishmen take their place in the scheme of racial evolution. The most troublesome enemies of English rule in Ireland since the landing of Strongbow have been either Englishmen losing their nationality in Celticism or Celts losing theirs in Anglo-Saxonism. Such men are out of line and are bound to upset all calculations in which they are concerned. Even from an English standpoint the *policy* of educating Irishmen without the aid of their mother tongue is a *foolish one*: it has produced in modern times a hybrid type, difficult to deal with, and almost impossible to understand.

The question might be asked here, for the development or preservation of what phrase of his character does the Celt require the assistance of the Celtic language? It is the same as to ask, how does the Celt differ substantially from his English neighbour who has presented him with a powerful and plastic language full of the most varied capabilities? It is not a matter which one is inclined to dogmatise about, but the weight of opinion seems to be in favour of the answer that the Celt is more highly spiritualised and more under the influence of lofty ideals than any modern type. No matter where he is found, north or south, of mixed descent or pure-blooded, and without reference to his particular form of faith, the Celt is simply saturated with religion, and his life is one of an abiding faith in the supernatural. In the Celtic mind there is an unremitting consciousness of an awful and resistless power exercised over human affairs. Nor have circumstances been wanting to force him back on this consciousness, to increase his faith in, and his reliance on, a supreme ruler. Suffering is the stereotyped path to spiritual perfection and the Celt has had ample access to it. His experience of matters of fact was not such as to cultivate inordinately his love for the practical. If the tragedy of existence was to be played through he must light it up with gleams of imagination, with snatches of poetry, and the make-believe that it will all come right in the end. Who shall say that he was, or is, wrong? "The ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit . . . his life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it in which he dwells delighted." The Celt is the master builder of this golden chamber. In it he dwells—careless, defiant, enduring, and delighted.

"To Ireland as to Israel has been assigned a spiritual vocation,"

to quote Aubrey de Vere. To enable him to follow his vocation the Celt requires a language rich in spiritual capabilities, as is the language of his ancestors. High ideals to be preserved must be associated with a lofty language, they flourish only in the bracing air of the mountain-top. They must haunt the consciousness in words which are as appropriate to them as are the swelling notes of the organ to the mighty chant of a great triumph. It is as impossible to link noble aspirations to a mean speech as it would be to keep alive the Arthurian legend in the words of Mark Twain's Yankee. The most sacred operations of the soul are precisely those which are most exposed to ridicule when externated, and perhaps it is for this reason that men speak but seldom on those subjects which are dearest to them. The nobler the thought the more it is charged with emotion; the more difficulty is experienced in giving it expression through lack of words in which nobility does not degenerate into high-falutin' and emotion into sentimentality. And the Celtic race in abandoning the language in which alone its better nature might find expansion, literally sold its soul into perdition and blinded itself to the light which alone could guide its feet along the narrow path of national righteousness. To attach the highest importance to spiritual things may not be wisdom; ideals and illusions compare badly with dividend warrants; but the nation which possesses its soul and keeps a lofty consciousness need not be afraid of falling out of the front rank. The Celt especially has no need to fear. His ideals are not inconsistent with the material benefits of domestic peace, healthful industry, and sufficient prosperity.

As befits his spiritual nature the Celt is a poet. It is rather late in the day to venture on a definition of poetry, but the statement may pass that some of the functions of a poet are exercised in experiencing and in giving full and free expression to emotions which are but dimly perceived, and as a consequence not at all expressed by ordinary people. The music and the passion of the language of the Celt reveal how wide is the range of his emotions, how intense his love for all moral and physical beauty, how sacred the fire of his affections, how responsive to his environment, and how vividly and accurately he puts into words what passes in his mind. His eye has seen, his ear has heard, and he gives perfect literary form to his perception. He wonders, and loves, and hates with vehemence, because he knows how accurate is the equation between his sentiment and its object. He is reacted on by his environment so powerfully that when he gives expression to his attitude the phases of his mind are so merged with natural phenomena that he seems to speak with the voice of nature itself; he is a medium, an interpreter between the spirit of the earth and the less favoured children of the great mother. The timid vesture of the spring, the insolent flush of the autumn, the flight of wild birds, the shadow

of a passing cloud, the recurring beauties of the fruitful earth, the sunshine and the shower, the seed-time and the harvest, are never so articulate, never so loaded with subtle associations, as when they find interpretation in words coined in the white heat of sympathy which fills a Celtic soul.

The Celt is an extremist. As a missionary the uttermost ends of the earth do not exhaust his zeal, which is as ardent to-day as when it fired the hearts of Columbanus and his companions. As a soldier he must needs be in the van, and if the cause is a hopeless one, if it is bound up with some Utopian theory of liberty or justice, the better he is pleased. At home he wrestles cheerfully with mental and physical want rather than abandon the principles which have been handed down to him as sacred. Under his poor roof the virtues which are the foundations of social order flourish to a degree beyond any power of expression save that of statistics. As a citizen his quality is best shown by the absolute crimelessness of the country. White gloves are so familiar a feature of Irish Commissions of Assize that the fact scarcely receives comment. He is an extremist and badly balanced, but the scales are depressed on the right side. Firm believer in the unseen, mystic, poet, missionary, soldier, the eloquent advocate of desperate causes, chivalrous adherent to time-worn principles of patriotism and national honour, prodigal of his affections, violent in his quarrels, but always preferring with a fine instinct to fracture his opponent's skull rather than injure his feelings, courteous, hospitable, and kindly, the Celt stands for some things for whose existence the world is the better. He is not a paragon; the tale of his faults as recited by his enemies is a long one, and there is no danger of the world forgetting it. It is not likely that he will be selected as an illustration for the painted cover of a Sunday school book prize, but there are more things in heaven and on earth than are to be found in the pages of a volume of Sunday school literature, and it is just possible that the Celt is one of them.

The type seems permanent. Unthinking fools have compassed its extinction; they and their plans have passed and the Celt remains. He has survived centuries of spoliation, proscription, exile, poverty and all that is involved therein, patronage and neglect, schools endowed with good British gold and schools endowed with nothing but unlimited fresh air and the shelter of a friendly hedge. The chances are he will survive the era of illustrated halfpenny newspapers, music-halls, and removable magistrates.

What is to be done with him? He refuses to be exterminated, suppressed, or submerged. If his idiosyncrasies are driven below the surface at one point, they are certain to appear somewhere else seventy-seven times aggravated. The ruling race cannot absorb him, and the effort to make him amenable to English ideas has driven him into ways so devious that it is a liberal education to have anything

to do with him, an education, however, which is productive of much melancholy. Every method of dealing with him has been tried except that of leaving him to himself. There is not much to be lost by making the experiment; it would be impossible to make him more disaffected than he is. One thing at least might be gained from it—a better understanding and, as a consequence, a certain amount of concord.

It might perhaps be admitted without giving undue offence to even the most advanced of Irish Nationalists that many of those Englishmen to whose hands Providence has entrusted the destinies of the Empire are actuated in their dealings with Ireland by a desire of doing justice. It would require a considerable amount of cynicism, and a very low estimate of human nature, to suppose that the misgovernment of Ireland is wholly malicious and the result of bigotry, greed, racial hatred, &c. And this method of reasoning when examined into has little to recommend it except a certain rough-and-readiness, and an appearance of being a complete explanation of all the difficulties of the Irish question. That it is grievously offensive to Englishmen and not a little flattering to the misgoverned is also in its favour. But is it absurd to hold that the members of any particular Government, who are individually supposed to be men of character and probity, with little or no personal gain proportioned to their power to be hoped for from their connection with politics, should advertently and wilfully set themselves to the work of ruining a people to whom they are bound by numberless ties of interest and honour? But the hideous fact of misgovernment remains, and seems likely to remain, and unless we are prepared to assert that the sense of justice is altogether dead in the hearts of English statesmen—a statement which would require to be well supported—we are constrained to look for some less popular explanation of the phenomenon. It is a pity that the old theory which referred one effect to the principle of good, and another to the principle of evil, is no longer tenable. We could then assign the affairs of Ireland to the latter and be spared the labour of searching for causes. Failing this comprehensive solution, we are forced to the conclusion that so long as things remain as they are misgovernment is a matter of necessity, and belongs to the nature of the case.

The Englishman's point of view ought to be changed. There is as much intellectual pleasure to be found in discovering differences as in discovering resemblances. An Englishman directing his attention to Irish affairs starts on the hypothesis that a good Irishman should approach the Anglo-Saxon standard as far as is humanly possible. For his own good an Irishman must be cast in a British mould. If this attitude were abandoned, if the English mind were once made up that the Celt does really represent a distinct type, and

that he should be treated with some regard to his sentiments and traditions, a great stumbling-block would be removed from the paths of domestic peace. Instead of being scandalised, as at present, by Irish vagaries, an Englishman might find these a source of pleased interest, and he might even borrow something from his poor neighbour with which to round off some of his own numerous angles. Acts of Parliament are very excellent instruments in their way, but men, and especially Irishmen, have such a habit of acting without reference to Acts of Parliament, and theory is so different from practice, that somehow things don't fall out just precisely as they should. So much of the machinery of life responds to nothing except sympathy, insight, and understanding that perhaps a more liberal exercise of these in adjusting the relations between Englishmen and Irishmen might produce that smoothness which is so eminently desirable.

The death of a language is a solemn thing; it is so replete with human passion; it echoes so audibly the beatings of human hearts; it is the record of history and the romance of life itself. Surely outside the turmoil of politics and the atmosphere of the counting-house sympathy will be felt with the throwing back of a race to whatever is best in its national life. The language movement in Ireland is not the faddism of a few cranks, the enthusiasm of a handful of scholars, the dream of a poet, or the vapouring of village oratory. It represents the flower of Irish youth; it carries with it the best brain and the best manhood and womanhood in the country. Its business is open and above board, the subject of wide newspaper report, and it furnishes ample data to the student of modern conditions in Ireland. It is impossible that it could have assumed such dimensions unless it was founded on the bed-rock of Irish sentiment and underpinned by some great idea. Let Englishmen train their intelligence on the movement; let them examine it for its final cause; let them observe its growth and circumstances. They will get nearer to the soul of Ireland by this method than by the study of Blue Books and the digestion of leading articles. They will learn how inadequate are the sections and sub-sections of long-drawn-out Acts of Parliament to sap the pulsing vitality of the racial instinct, or how unlikely is the Celt to decline on a lesser love than his "Dark Rosaleen," his incomparable mistress. They will discover what it was that nerved the arms and steeled the resolution of brave men on stricken fields now glorious with the memories of their fruitless valour. By this road they may penetrate to the citadel of Nationality, and hear the great heart of the race beating with a mighty throb, true to its supreme ideal, the heritage of the ages—IRELAND A NATION.

THOMAS MCCALL.

1902.

THE ART OF RICHARD WAGNER.

ONE has come to associate certain places in the old world with classic thoughts; even in the twentieth century we link the Acropolis with Art, the Mount of Olives with Religion, and Rome with the palaces of the Cæsars and the pomp of papacy: and now we link Baireuth—the little quiet town afar in mediæval Germany, the city of old Markgrave days, Baireuth we link for ever with the greatest genius of the last century—with that movement of modern dramatic music which Richard Wagner, after years of toiling and unrequited labour, so successfully inaugurated.

Wagner gives us the picture of an indomitable courage, a restless genius, capable of moving the mountains of obstruction in time in order to gain the ear of man at last and raise his beloved art—the *one* art to Wagner—from the slough of false, trashy, meretricious rubbish it had sunk into. Misunderstood, hasty, and capricious, irritable and restless, as genius so often is, maligned and scoffed at, ever ploughing through obstacles that would long before have broken the heart and soul of another man, yet the invincible will and sublime hope of the man carried him through and upheld him.

Wagner contended that the music drama was the one art, and that poesy, painting, sculpture, &c., should be merged with it. He was an optimistic philosopher, and always believed in the good in the world overcoming the evil. The inauguration of the new school of opera, in pursuance of his strong belief in the union of drama and music, marks a turning point on the road and progress of musical history; he contended that the drama and music were bound together and should not be separated. He believed the orchestra to hold, so to speak, an analogous position to that of the Greek chorus, and one might say the Greek chorus has metamorphosed and become the orchestra of the Wagnerian music drama; and, indeed, this idea Wagner has worked out in his system of *leit motif*, and the employment of the *leit motif* throughout his operas demonstrates in the highest form the utility of this valuable and helpful accompaniment.

Wagner has invented nothing new, for nothing really new has probably been invented in either music or drama since Beethoven or Shakespeare; but Richard Wagner concentrated the arts into a focus, combining them into a perfect and blended whole. Each

art, we may say, is complete in itself; and so it may be, but as a means of conveying impressions, as a medium for the expression of thought and feeling, a combination of the arts is far more potent.

Wagner looked around and found the opera in a bad state, trashy and shallow; the brilliant but superficial and gaudy style of the Italian opera had swamped everything; dramatic and poetic truth had been sacrificed to mere tunefulness. The old opera form—scena, aria, ballet, and recitative—disappeared when Wagner took up the pen, and the story runs along smoothly and continuously, unfolding itself and developing without breaks and silly hindrances.

Wagner gives us ever the changing picture of Nature as a background for man, passionate and breathing, striving and struggling, living and dying.

The silver knight of the Swan stands one moment in his frail skiff against the glistening sheen of the Scheldt and is gone again; the melody rolls on, and again we see the living mass of the brightly-clad populace thronging the cathedral steps as the organ peals forth the climax to the sublime wedding march. Tannhäuser, restless and satiated, frets for freedom and the woods and streams in the rose and green unholy light of the Venusberg; then the joyous spring, the wonderful changes of scene—later, the mournful autumn eve. The wild mariner against the tempestuous billows, doomed to roam unceasingly. The dying Tristan, on his rocky cliffs against the dull loneliness of a blank and silent ocean and the mournful wail of a solitary shepherd's pipe. Siegfried, joyous and full of life, now in the leafy green heralded with songs of birds, now on the fire-girt rock, lurid and red. Parsifal, guileless and strong in the garden of enchantment—and so on!

Wagner, with his wonderful orchestration, has for ever united the arts of poetry and tone. Who that has once heard can forget the haunting beauty of the Swan *motif* in *Lohengrin?* That short and sweet refrain so redolent of woe to come; and other *motifs* too in in that work of delicate mould where the wonderful picture of life in mediæval Germany, with its constant strife waged against Magyar hordes, is depicted and brought before us as the drama rolls on.

The magic bridal chorus is perhaps one of the best-known passages of Wagner's music in this country, and that wonderful burst of inspired melody and triumphant orchestration—the introduction to Act III., like a burst of gladness, the overflowing of a joyous heart. *The Flying Dutchman, Tannhäuser,* and *Lohengrin* are well enough known in England now; but the beauties of *Tristan,* perhaps the most perfect and loveliest gem of all Wagner's works, are as yet but known to the few music lovers and enthusiasts. This wonderful drama of life, love, and death seems to be the one on which Wagner dwelt most lovingly, pouring out his yearnings and strivings, his

hopes and aspirations, and at times his hopelessness and despair. What could be more intensely depictive of loneliness and utter desolation than the weird prelude to the final act, when the dying Tristan wails and bemoans, rambling in his delirium to the mournful piping of the shepherd? Of Tristan one might say it is all too painfully sad, and the impression lingers over one for long after seeing the opera; one would scarcely care to see its presentment too often; the prelude is a never-to-be-forgotten performance should one have the fortune to hear it at the hands of Richter's fine band, powerful and impressive, pulsating and throbbing, the beating of the strings, the pulsing of the cellos, the dash of the waves and the bursting of the spray on Tristan's rocky walls, blended with the bitterest, the most beautiful, heart-haunting of song.

Wagner's hand in scoring for the orchestra was like that of a magician; he produced at will for us the dashing of waves, the storm, the crackling of fire, the falling of water—anything. Truly wonderful was the magic way in which at will, and effortless apparently, the master threw in the most enchanting and mystic passages. He delved into the mediæval legends of mid-Europe and Germany, and found the rough stones from which he cut and polished such gems of art—from the old Wartburg Krieg where Venus or Holda of the Hörselberg held her court and lured mortals to destruction. In *Lohengrin* Wagner has extracted the incidents from several legends, and has welded these into a brilliant gem of exquisite setting, most delicate in mode and form. *Der Yungere Titurel* and *Der Schwanenretter* have been each drawn upon. "His orchestra becomes the echo, the transparent veil, through which we note all the heart beats of the characters."

In *Tannhäuser* he has painted in vivid colours—red and black on a majestic canvas—the eternal struggle between the senses and the soul, the hard, narrow-minded, and cruelly senseless idea of papal Christianity of the early time, the free and sensuous life at the Renaissance; then Christ was far away and turned to stone, and the time came when revolt swept over Europe.

The Baireuth of to-day is vastly different from that of olden times, though vestiges still remain that recall for one the scenes of early times, and the feeling of bygone days is everywhere portrayed —a statue here and doorway there.

As one gazes over the silent town at night away to the hill on which rises darkly the temple of art from which the trumpeters announce the commencement of the performances in chosen bars of motifs, one thinks of the solemn *Grail* motif, the *Spear*, "take eat," and all the greatness of the last grand crowning work that came from the master's hand; or at early dawn one is irresistibly reminded of that beautiful and perfect prelude to Act III. of the *Meistersinger*, which, with Wagner's usual magic touch and charm, depicts so

beautifully the Sabbath morn breaking on an old-time German city—Sabbath peace and the ringing of church bells. So it is with so much of his music, subtle spells are interwoven, magic passages that captivate and arrest lingering for a few moments, then gone, ere we capture them almost, to return no more.

The Wagner theatre completed drew to Baireuth in 1876 a vast concourse of people, the best in music flocked to the shrine, and the master, recognised at last, found himself famous, and his works fittingly enshrined and endowed with a theatre worthy of them.

"Wahnfried" is the mystic word inscribed over Richard Wagner's house, the dwelling where, after so many years of cold buffeting about and restless wandering, the great composer found a peaceful resting-place, to lie at last beneath the pine in the quiet garden of Wahnfried and near to the temple of sweet sound for ever associated with his name. His fame and glory are gaining year by year. Of the band of loving friends and disciples, the great and best of musical art who flocked around him in those later days of success, few are left. Richter is still with us, wielding his baton as a magician's wand over his great orchestras; but Liszt is gone, the old world abbate with the wonderful profile and long white hair, the prophet of the romantic school; one of those chosen few who received the kiss of Beethoven, perhaps Wagner's best friend of all—he is gone. Bülow too is gone. Hueffer, Materna, Vogel, a host of names; few are left of the charmed links of the ring.

FREDERICK GRAVES.

CONCERNING OPINIONS.

WHAT a great deal people talk about their opinions, and what a vast importance they attach to them! Yet how little value can be credited to the bulk of the opinions we hear expressed! Opinions are freely uttered about politics and religion, trade and finance, and are generally supported with an obstinacy quite out of proportion to their foundation in reason. If we examine the causes of people's opinions we shall find that very few "convictions" are the result of reflection or of a careful weighing of arguments *pro* and *contra*. Many so-called opinions or "views" are, of course, merely assumed and worn as one wears a dress; for a decent clothing is requisite for the intellect no less than for the body. Other opinions, however, which a man thinks he holds (and which he really does hold, so far as he is capable of holding an opinion at all) are not the result of any process of reasoning, but are the effects of his mental constitution and of his education. People take up opinions because they suit them, and are perhaps necessary to their happiness.

Even where opinions seem to have been honestly reasoned out, the individual's peculiar mental constitution determines beforehand the direction in which he will reason. There is no such thing as pure reason; you always have to make an allowance for the personality of the reasoner. He is bound to have a bent or prejudice in one direction or another.

Just as effect follows cause in physical matters, so it does also in things of the intellect. Although a man who holds certain opinions may not be able to render any adequate *reason* for them, there must always be a *cause* why he holds them. The cause or causes are to be sought in the mental constitution with which he was born, in the nature of his up-bringing and education, and, in short, in his entire previous history. With a thorough knowledge of these data one could generally predict with tolerable accuracy what the man's opinions would be.

The general trend which the opinions of a thinking man are likely to take is determined from birth. External circumstances merely mould the particular form. The views he expresses are the result of the impression which external circumstances make upon his mind. It was an old saying that everybody is born either an Aristotelian or a Platonist. This did not mean that when each man

was born he held those definite opinions which are associated with the name of Aristotle or with that of Plato, but that he was born either with an Aristotelian or a Platonist cast of mind. The distinction corresponds to that between the inductive and deductive types of mind, and indicates a real and fundamental difference in the mental constitution of men.

The Platonist is apt to reason more by deduction, while the Aristotelian relies mainly on induction. The Platonist wishes to grasp the universe as a whole, and to attain some formula from which all other knowledge may be deduced; the Aristotelian, on the other hand, setting himself laboriously to work to gather facts, and being suspicious of hastily-formed theories. The Platonist has a religious cast of mind, while the mind of the Aristotelian is scientific. The Platonist professes to know things by intuition, and, especially if a woman, has a fine scorn for evidence. His (or her) motto is: "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." On the other hand, the Aristotelian regards St. Thomas as by no means the least among the saints, and may declare (as Professor Huxley once did) that that is the apostle with whom he feels most sympathy.

The ordinary Englishman is of a distinctly Aristotelian type of mind. Although often, at least nominally, religious, he seldom lets religion interfere with business. In everyday life he wants facts and not theories; and it is difficult to make him understand that a true theory is worth much more than a single fact, inasmuch as it is the condensed essence of a thousand facts.

Even the English man of science shows the national characteristics. Too frequently he exhausts himself in details, and has no eye for the meaning of the facts which he has collected. We have known a distinguished entomologist who spent his life in collecting and classifying insects, but who thought Darwinism a very venturesome flight of fancy, and declined to consider the bearing of the theory of Evolution upon his own branch of knowledge.

Even Darwin himself, although the Aristotelian entomologist referred to would have regarded him as an undoubted Platonist, was really of an essentially Aristotelian cast of mind. He did not attempt to formulate any cosmical theories, and his aim seemed to be to cause as little shock to the religious world as possible, although, as a matter of fact, he caused a great deal more than he had anticipated. He sought to discover only the origin of existing species (as the title of his book indicates), and did not attempt to explore the mystery of the origin of life—a task which his successors have often light-heartedly undertaken.

Darwin merely aimed at showing that species are not immutable, and that a few—or, perhaps, even one—original species might, through modifications, give birth to a great variety of species. He

concludes his work with a few modest words evidently intended to stay the wrath of theologically-minded people. "There is a grandeur," is his remark, "in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one." And Darwin stopped where he did, not only from modesty and from deference to religious prejudice, but also because he had the scientific man's aversion to asserting more than he could prove. He says himself that he never felt confidence in deductive reasoning. He tells us that when he read the grand and sweeping deductions contained in Herbert Spencer's works, although they seemed plausible at the time, they left him with no abiding conviction of their truth.

Darwin must thus be classed as Aristotelian. Spencer, on the other hand, although he works largely on Aristotelian lines, yet has a breadth of view, a fondness for vast generalisations, and a *penchant* for reconstructing the universe that can only be called Platonic.

In short, the Platonist lives in the general, the Aristotelian in the particular. The Platonist loves theories, the Aristotelian facts. The former is Greek or German; the latter is English or American. The Platonist is a philosopher or a metaphysician; the Aristotelian is a man of science or a man of the world. The pure Platonist is a mystic; the unadulterated Aristotelian is a man who lives on facts, and never forms a theory.

The pure Platonist and the pure Aristotelian are both equally rare. Most of us have both elements within us, but with a preponderance of one of them.

We have heard that

> "Every little boy or girl
> That's born into this world alive,
> Is either a little Liberal
> Or else a little Conservative."

It may be interesting to compare this Gilbertian observation with the more ancient aphorism, viz. that every one is born either an Aristotelian or a Platonist.

Speaking generally, the Platonist tends to be Conservative in politics, and the Aristotelian Liberal. It is amusing to notice, in conversing with a Conservative, how frequently he takes his premises for granted, and argues with confidence from them. Recently I was discussing the Transvaal question with one of these Platonic Conservatives. He said that he looked upon the war as merely a rebellion amongst ourselves; and he evidently thought that this mode of looking at the matter quite settled the whole question, leaving the advocate of the Boers not a leg to stand upon. Indeed, the Tory Government itself seems to have taken the same view; for they made the late Queen, in her Speech at the opening of the

first session of the present Parliament, refer to "the disturbances *in that part of my dominions!*"

As opposed to the proceeding of the Conservatives, the average Liberal endeavours to find some foundation in fact for his theories, and thus may be classed (politically) as an Aristotelian.

Closely allied with the distinction of Liberal and Conservative is that of Individualist and Socialist—a distinction which, indeed, is deeply rooted in human nature. The tendency is for the Aristotelian to be an Individualist and for the Platonist to be a Socialist. The connection between Liberalism and Individualism is, we think, well recognised. It is also of long standing. In fact, it was much more obvious in the past than it is now. The connection between Conservatism and Socialism, though less recognised, is, we are convinced, no less certain.

The Aristotelian tends, by the structure of his mind, to try all things and to hold fast that which seems to him to be good. He makes his own way in life: he does not want the State to help him. He agrees with Emerson that "every true man is a nonconformist." He is a Dissenter in religion, a Liberal in politics, and an Individualist in economics. Just as he dislikes Toryism because it is associated with the exercise of authority and the curtailment of the liberty of the citizen, so he abhors Socialism, because he is confident that, with whatever good intentions it be started, it must ultimate in the control of citizens by the Government and the checking of their free activities. He feels that he can attain the full height of manhood only in perfect freedom.

On the other hand, the Platonist is inclined to reverence authority. His religious cast of mind leads him, perhaps, to think less of himself and his private ambition and more of the world in which he lives, of the interests and claims of society at large, and of the solidarity of the race. He is a member of the State Church, perhaps feeling with Matthew Arnold that it is better to err with the majority than to be right with a small minority. His tendency is to be a conformist; and, not being so full of initiative and self-assertion as his Aristotelian brother, he does not object to Governmental authority. He loves order; and if there is to be a reorganisation of society he would prefer a well-constructed system of State Socialism to anything of the nature of anarchy. He is, in short, prepared to merge himself into any form of social organisation that may suit the nation as a whole. He considers himself but as a unit, a drop in the ocean of humanity, and is prepared to do his duty in that station of life to which it has pleased the powers that be to call him.

Classifications of men, however, such as those with which we have been dealing, must not be pushed too far. The lines of cleavage made by the three modes of division we have suggested

are not, of course, coincident. What we have indicated is merely a tendency, not an actuality; and external circumstances often make one's avowed opinions different from what they would otherwise have been. Still, the words Aristotelian, Liberal, Individualist, do indicate certain mental characteristics that are often found together; while the terms Platonist, Conservative, Socialist, indicate another set, also frequently found together. And although these remarks may not seem very applicable to mankind in the mass, yet if what we have advanced be considered with reference to that minority of the human race who do their thinking for them, it will, we think, be found that our propositions have in them much truth.

WALTER J. BAYLIS, M.A.

REALISM.[1]

REALISM, not to seek an accurate definition, may be described as the attempt to portray in fiction, the drama, or painting (I exclude all other art from the purview of this paper) life as it really is without regard to conventions. The depicting of life as it is, "the holding of a mirror up to nature," is in a true sense the object of all fiction, dramatic art, or painting. I say in a true sense, because, properly speaking, "life" includes not merely external relations or objective facts, but feelings, emotions, impressions, and ideas of the imagination, which correspond, or may correspond, to no facts of nature outside the mind in which they exist, and it is, of course, a purely arbitrary act to exclude all such subjective phenomena from our conception of life. They must, however, for the purposes of this description of realism be to some extent excluded. Every writer aims at, and more or less succeeds, in accurately representing in words his ideas, and in describing the acts and vicissitudes of those creations of his mind which have or have not their counterparts in external nature, but the object of the realist is to depict from his own standpoint, of course, but still as dispassionately as he can, those facts and occurrences which have their counterpart in the occurrences of ordinary life and ordinary people, without regard to any received canons of art. He will not select episodes for description or narration, but will describe or narrate everything which came in his way. Mental phenomena, the feelings and emotions of the people he deals with come, of course, within his scope, but imaginative creations such as angels or fairies are equally, of course, outside of it. The most distinctive quality of realism is, however, that it professes not to select, or rather it professes that it is not bound to select, its province being life as it is; matters which other writers have regarded as unfit subjects for artistic treatment are not discarded by the realist. In fact, he chooses them by preference either as a protest against their neglect or because he finds a more congenial field in dealing with them.

Any attempt to give anything like a history of realism would be certainly unsuccessful, and is hardly necessary. It is, in fact, impossible to say where realism begins or leaves off. In literature, however, the modern French school first seem to have reduced it

[1] A paper read as the opening of a discussion on Realism.

to a system. Balzac nobody would call a realist, because in Balzac there is so much that would have to be ruled out in any definition of that word, but the germs of realism are certainly to be found in Balzac's novels: take, for instance, the description of the boarding-house and its inmates in *Père Goriot*. Gustave Flaubert, however, in his *Madame Bovary*, is an example of typical realism, and it is perhaps approximately correct to call him the founder of the school of which Zola is the great example among contemporary French novelists. Realism has never attained the same sway in England, though the influence of French literature has, of course, been strongly felt. This has always been the case. The influence of Balzac may be easily traced in Thackeray, who, however, still less than Balzac can be called realistic, though there are more elements of realism in Thackeray than in Dickens—Dickens scarcely ever attempts to make his puppets resemble men and women in anything more than externals, whereas Thackeray not only attempts, but succeeds; but he is bounded by the conventions of his day, and he was satisfied with the scope allowed him. George Eliot in some respects went beyond Thackeray in this direction, but her books are all deeply tinged with idealistic feelings, and she cannot be classed with the realists. The typical English realists are perhaps George Moore and Gissing; Thomas Hardy has some of the characteristics of the realists, but he is not one of them.

The object of this paper is, however, not to discuss particular instances of realism but rather to inquire whether the assumption underlying realism is a correct one; whether there ought to be selection of subject in art; or whether the only criterion to be applied in criticism is the consideration of how far the artistic product corresponds to reality.

In the first place, everybody must see at once that some selection is postulated in every artistic representation. The very nature of artistic representation renders this necessary. If the analogy of the mirror be taken, then it must be remembered that the very slightest fault in the mirror will produce a corresponding distortion of the image. Now the mirror never is perfectly true, and the rays of light are always deflected to some extent. The personality of the artist must come in; but the analogy of the mirror is, of course, imperfect. The mirror reflects everything and misses nothing out, whereas in art and literature something is always left out. Dramatic representation (in its own field, which is limited to what can be seen and heard), comes nearest to the image of reality, but to closely correspond with the events it is supposed to represent the action of the play would have to be confined to what could in the outside world take place during the exact time the representation lasts; in other words, the old unity of time would have to be strictly observed. So also with unity of place. When, however, we come to literature,

absolute realism is still less possible. Take a newspaper report of a speech, words only are given, the pauses, the emphasis, the tones of the speaker are left to the imagination of the reader. But a novel to be absolutely realistic would take as long to read as the events it relates, and would have to relate all the words and acts, to say nothing of the thoughts, of all the characters, whether or no many of these things assist or carry forward the action of the plot. Moreover, to seek for extraordinary or exceptional events, or to make use of these on a scale larger than the average occurrence in ordinary life, would be to cease to be realistic. Let any one consider what this means, and it will be seen that any approach to it is absolutely impossible. So with pictorial art. I will here quote from Ruskin:

"But why not give everything just as it is without caring what is dominant and what subordinate? You cannot. Of all the various impossibilities which torment and humiliate the painter, none are more vexatious than that of drawing a mountain form. It is indeed impossible enough to draw by resolute care the foam on a wave or the outline of the foliage of a large tree, but in these cases where care is at fault carelessness will help, and the dash of the brush will in some measure give wildness to the churning of the foam and infinitude to the shaking of the leaves. But chance will not help us with the mountain; its fine and faintly organised edge seems to be definitely traced against the sky, yet let us set ourselves honestly to follow it and we find on the instant it has disappeared, and that for two reasons. The first, that if the mountain be lofty and in light it is so faint in colour that the eye literally cannot trace its separation from the hues next to it. The other day I wanted the contour of a limestone mountain in the Valais, distant about seven miles and as many thousand feet above me. It was barren limestone; the morning sun fell upon it so as to make it almost vermilion colour and the sky behind it a bluish green. Two tints could have hardly have been more opposed, but both were so subtle that I found it impossible to see accurately the line that separated the vermilion from the green. The second, that if the contour be observed from a nearer point or looked at when it is dark against the sky it will be found composed of millions of minor angles, crags, points, and fissures which no human sight or hand can draw finely enough, and yet all of which have effect upon the mind." [He continues:] "It is impossible to draw outlines rightly.

"And if not outlines, *à fortiori* not details of mass which have all the complexity of the outline multiplied a thousandfold and drawn in fainter colours. Nothing is more curious than the state of embarrassment into which the unfortunate artist must soon be cast when he endeavours honestly to draw the face of the simplest mountain cliff—say a thousand feet high and two or three miles distant. It is full of exquisite details, all seemingly decisive and clear, but when he tries to arrest one of them he cannot see it—cannot find where it begins or ends—and presently it runs into another; and then he tries to draw that, but that will not be drawn neither until it has conducted him to a third, which somehow or other made part of the first. Presently he finds that instead of three there are in reality four, and then he loses his place altogether. He tries to draw clear lines to make his work look craggy, but finds that then it is too hard; he tries to draw soft lines and it is immediately too soft; he draws a curved line and instantly sees it should have been straight; a straight one, and finds when he looks up again that it has got curved while he was drawing it. There

is nothing for him but despair or some sort of abstraction and shorthand for cliff. Then the only question is, *what is the wisest abstraction*, and out of the multitude of lines that cannot altogether be interpreted which are the *really dominant* ones; so that if we cannot give the whole we may at least give what will convey the most *important facts about the cliff?*"

Is not the analogy with fiction complete? Further, since nobody can paint or write about everything subjects must be chosen.

Selection is then absolutely necessary and inevitable both as regards subject and as regards the treatment of that subject. Every one must admit this. Nobody sits down and paints his dust-bin or the chimney-pots seen from the window. The realist chooses his subject as much as any one else, but the question then arises: Are some subjects more fitted for treatment than others, more worthy of time and labour? Are some, on the other hand, less suitable material for the artist or the novelist? Are some things utterly unsuited as such material? Is beauty to be sought and ugliness to to be avoided? Is the contemplation of the mean, the sordid, to be deliberately indulged in? Are art and literature to be food and stimulant to the mind? Are truth and fidelity to nature alone the ultimate criteria? These questions appear to me those, answers to which decide the attitude we must adopt to the realistic school.

It is impossible to avoid dealing with the question of the relations between art and morals, or as it may be put, whether there is any such relation, whether the two things are in the same plane. It appears to me that most discussions on such subject suffer from an absence of logical precision. Before going any further I wish to make it absolutely clear that by the term morals or morality I do not mean any particular theory or system, and above all I do not mean to confine the terms to the narrow significance sometimes given to them in which they relate to questions arising out of sexual relations.

Is there then any relation between art and morality? The artist is, of course, free to say that he follows art for its own sake; that moral questions do not concern him; that it is vain to allege that this choice of subject or that treatment is better ethically than another subject or a different treatment. If he chooses to say that art is for him the one and ultimate consideration, that he is impelled to follow the bent of his own mind, and that follow it he will, there is absolutely no logical answer to be made. Argue as the moralist may, he is beating the air, he is not on the same plane as his adversary. When you know where you want to get logic may guide you, but logic will never tell you where to go more than a map. That it is a tendency of the artistic mind so to regard the world outside of its own sphere seems to me probable. The fact that it is so, however, does not in the least decide the question.

The fact is that the ultimate sanction for morality is an ultimate

question, and an ultimate question means a question to which there is no answer. We have indeed to make an assumption, and a purely gratuitous assumption, to start with. We have to assume that there is a sanction for morality. That moral sentiments and feelings exist, of course, nobody doubts; it is the simplest matter of every day fact. If, however, we are not absolutely anti-social we assume and recognise the existence of moral *obligation*. In doing so we are as illogical, or, rather, as extra logical, as the artistic lay-figure we have set up to state the other side of the case. He takes this stand upon art, we take our stand upon the social nexus. What we *can* say, however, is this, that art cannot on any grounds of reason be possibly excluded from the sphere of moral obligation the moment we have admitted that the latter exists at all, for then, being itself judge in its own cause, it assumes dominion over the whole of human life. It will be vain for an artist to complain, or, rather, he cannot complain, if his artistic proclivities, pursued without regard to considerations outside of his art, lead him into contact with the police. If his conduct is regarded by the community, or by members of the community, as dangerous, it will be visited with their displeasure or regarded by them with disapprobation, and if he objects to their censure or to their interference on the grounds of unfairness or injustice he will be easily answered: such things are no concern of his, and by referring to them he is taking up the most absurdly illogical position.

When we ask, ought "art" to be subordinate to "morals," we are answering our own question; the word "ought" involves the idea of duty, and asking the question in those terms, the only possible reply is that it ought. This is not, however, to say that the artist ought to become a moralist, but that art is not supreme and that social welfare *is*. Having once placed art in this subordinate position, we are nevertheless free to contend that it should be given wide scope. If high excellence in art is, as most people will admit it to be, desirable in the interests of the community, it is desirable that as few restrictions as possible should be put on the artistic temperament—always impatient of restraint. The novel with a moral purpose is apt, for that very reason, to be a failure. However, art is free. To *insist* that every work of art should express ethical ideas would be to end by killing art altogether. Preaching is not the business of the painter or of the novelist.

This brings us back to the consideration, what is the business of the artist, using that term in its widest sense? If his business is not to preach I contend that neither is it to usurp the functions of the man of science. This confusion between the province of art and science is, I believe, the explanation, or one explanation of the realistic movement. We have seen that its great claim is to clear presentation of things as they really are, and that no subject is looked upon by the actors in this movement as from its nature unfit for

artistic treatment. What is this but to adopt the standpoint of the man of science? Nothing that he can possibly investigate does he hesitate to examine. To object that this or the other natural phenomena (and natural of course includes human) is disgusting or ugly and should therefore be left alone will be merely met with a smile by the chemist or the biologist. Nothing in nature, he will say, is unworthy of diligent study and observation. Knowledge must be pursued apart from any consideration of utility, for in that way it will be best pursued. What it will yield in interest to mankind it will be for the future to show. If, however, we are by similar reasoning to support the practice of the realist, we are assuming that the functions of science and of art are the same, or at least similar. If they are we must admit that the realists are right, but this is the very crux of the matter.

Here, in my opinion, the whole case for realism absolutely breaks down. The functions of the novelist are not the same or similar to those of the man of science. In support of this view there seem to me several reasons to be given. The artistic temperament is not the same as the scientific, and the work of art will always be coloured by the imagination of the author. The imagination plays a part no doubt in scientific investigation. The mere accumulation of facts has to be supplemented by hypothesis suggested by those facts. Here, however, an important difference comes in, the hypothesis of the man of science has to be tested by experiment before it is accepted, whereas the theories of the artist as embodied in his work are not subjected to any experimental test. The personal factor is so considerable as to render the result unreliable. An easy and imperceptible variance from facts may creep in and vitiate the argument. Moreover, what happens is this: The artist forms his theory on what grounds we do not know, and writes his book to illustrate that theory. Zola, for instance, has described his own root idea as "the beast in man," and certainly the beast comes out. Finally, when facts and hypotheses can be presented to us directly why should we choose an oblique presentment with every chance of error creeping in made more likely by that indirect method? All this is assuming that the realist is teaching or endeavouring to teach us something we do not know already, or, at least, calling our attention to facts of which we should otherwise miss the significance. If this were so it would have to be placed to the credit of realism, though that it would outweigh the considerations urged just now I am unable to admit. In fact, however, this assumption is a gratuitous one, or, at least, the fact assumed is not in any way of the essence of realism.

George Moore, in *Esther Waters*, devotes a characteristic chapter to the minute account of the sufferings and symptoms of his heroine during the hours immediately preceding the giving birth to

her child. Similar passages abound in the works of realistic writers, and are of the essence of the method of such writers. Leaving for the moment all other considerations on one side, it certainly appears to me a proposition which, at least, requires to be refuted by argument before it can be dismissed that mere accurate presentation of known facts, without more, is a work of no value whatever.

Even if we should, however, allow (what I have endeavoured to show is not the fact) that the functions of the artist are the same as those of the man of science, there is something more to be said in depreciation of the methods of the realist. "Leave nothing out," he says, "whatever corresponds to reality has its place in art." We have seen that science cannot indeed put anything on one side on æsthetic grounds, but even in science or any branch of science some facts are of more importance than others, and since it is impossible to deal with all in any scientific treatise choice has to be made, not, it is true, on grounds of taste, but made nevertheless it has to be. Our quotation from Ruskin is really again in point here. However we look at the subject we come back to this: that selection is inevitable.

We come back to the questions asked early in this paper, questions which may be surmised thus: The necessity for choice of subject being admitted, is such choice merely a matter of individual caprice? The answer to this depends on the answer to another question with which we have at present only dealt negatively, what are the functions of the artist, seeing that they are not identical with those of the man of science? To this question there can be but one answer, the moment we have decided that mere accurate presentment of facts is insufficient: the functions of the artist are to give pleasure to mankind (to use the language of Ruskin) by the conveying to the mind of the "greatest number of the greatest ideas," an idea being great "in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received," and he refers all the sources of pleasure to be derived from works of art to five heads, namely: Ideas of Power, Ideas of Imitation, Ideas of Truth, Ideas of Beauty, and Ideas of Relation. Now unless we are prepared to disagree with the statement of the same writer that ideas of beauty are the noblest which can be presented to the human mind, what are we to say of a school which takes no cognisance of them and which resents the idea that is under any obligation to have to regard them, a school which deliberately elects *not* to choose beauty rather than ugliness?

It is said, of course, that there is no such thing as inherent ugliness, that everything depends not on the subject but on the way the subject is treated. George Eliot says something of this kind

in defence of the plot of *Adam Bede*, a plot, by the way, which no one at the present day would consider stood in need of defence. It may readily be conceded, then, that there are always two factors in art: the subject, and the way it is treated, and that either factor being varied there will be a corresponding difference in the result. This is obvious. If the mode of treatment be varied, the difference in the result caused by such variance will in art be almost incalculable. Still, however, there are some subjects which the idealist or the romanticist cannot touch; use his art as he will he cannot mould them into forms of beauty. Verse may indeed "build a princely throne on humble truth," but not on every truth. Admitting, however, if we like, that everything in a work of art depends on execution, still evidence is really wanted that realism does really triumph over intractable material to such an extent as to justify the use of such material. But, indeed, a deliberate choice of squalid subjects is best accounted for by a taste for squalor. Perhaps it will be denied that there is such deliberate choice. The realist, it is said, merely shows in his work the inevitable march of events. Possibly. But it is the inevitable only because by choice of subjects the author has made it so. Moreover, is the statement true in fact? Is not the spirit of realism felt everywhere in the typical works of the adherents of this school? Realism is not merely subject—it is method as well. "For Zola I have no toleration, though the curious eminently *bourgeoise* and eminently French creature has power of a kind, though I would he were deleted. . . . Romance with the small-pox . . . diseased any way and black-hearted and fundamentally at enmity with joy." This is the judgment of the author of *Weir of Hermiston* on the present day incarnation of realism.

"Diseased and fundamentally at enmity with joy!" It is because it is diseased that it is fundamentally at enmity with joy. Absence of humour, absence of charm, absence of beauty, absence of joy, these are all the symptoms of disease, and these are all the characteristic marks of realism. Take the plays of Ibsen, admit freely the power and depth of that dramatist, but do we not feel as we read him that all his characters are mad, and is there not something morbid about the mind of the author which accounts for this impression?

This is indeed the final answer to realism, that it is unreal: that tried by the test which it itself puts forward as the only one, it is found wanting. The realist tries by omitting beauty, humour, charm, joy from his work in order that he may portray life faithfully, and only succeeds in showing us not the life of men as we see them to be, but the life of beings made in the image of the disordered mind of their creator.

Realism corresponds to a certain attitude towards life, a sort of

pseudo-philosophy. "I am a lone born creetur," said Mrs. Gummidge, "everything goes contrairy with me." Those who refuse to adopt this attitude need not fear the charge of shallow optimism if it is brought against them. "We," they may say to their opponents, "we are as willing to face realities as you are. Let us see things as they really are, keep nothing back, see life steadily and see it whole" (by which we do not mean see life steadily and see it foul), "but it is just because we see it whole that we refuse to admit that your squalid picture exhausts the sum of realities.

"The difference between you and the great masters in the history of art is that they are greater than you. They were inspired and you are not, and your lack of inspiration is not to be accounted to you for insight. The great men of the past were not deceived; they saw whatever of reality you see, but they saw more; only you despair whereas they did not—in short, they were heroic figures and you are pigmies. We may have to spend our lives in the plains, but do not let us make this necessity a perpetual choice, and when we can escape into the mountains, and from some lofty summit see spread out before us, high above the clouds, forms of 'beauty destined to endure, white, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure through all vicissitudes . . .'—beauteous forms which will remain with us when we come down, and will not long in absence be

> 'As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
> But oft in lonely rooms and mid the din
> Of towns and cities (*we shall*) owe to them
> In hours of weariness sensations sweet,
> Felt in the blood and felt along the heart,'

do not let us then prefer to these glorious visions the heat, the dust, the smoke, the defilement of the cities of the plain."

Art should, I think, in its highest forms have some such *rôle* in life as this, and it is because realism appears to me to be radically opposed to such a conception of the artistic ideal that it is, in my opinion, injurious.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

THE *Statistics of New Zealand for the Year* 1900[1] which have just been published contain much that is interesting, and indicate clearly the rapid progress that is being made by that enterprising colony. Not only has the population increased in five years from 696,331 to 765,668, but the revenue per head has risen from £6 10*s.* 10*d.* to £7 14*s.* 4*d.* The annual expenditure on old-age pensions has reached £197,293 within three years, and there appears every probability of a still greater increase. The vital statistics are very complete, and give much food for reflection. The increase in the number of deaths from cancer, which appears to be a feature of modern civilised life, is but too apparent. On the other hand, the mortality from tuberculosis shows a slight diminution. The time appears to have arrived when this scourge of mankind is forced to yield to the weapons which the progress of bacteriology has placed in our hands.

One of the most recent publications of the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. A. Tuckerman's *Index to the Literature of the Spectroscope*,[2] will be found a useful guide for physicists and chemists. It is a continuation of a previous index by the same author published in 1888, and includes the literature on the subject to the end of 1900. The author has carried out his work with exceptional thoroughness, and has omitted no article that has the slightest bearing on spectroscopy. Works of this kind are of the greatest value to the specialist; they may be compared to a good library catalogue, indicating at once where the information sought for may be found.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

Human Evolution: An Inductive Study of Man,[3] by Dr. G. Rome Hall, is a somewhat unequal piece of work. Human Evolution is a

[1] *Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand for the Year 1900.* Wellington: J. Mackay. 1901.

[2] *Index to the Literature of the Spectroscope.* By A. Tuckerman. Washington: Smithsonian Institution. 1902.

[3] *Human Evolution: An Inductive Study of Man.* By G. Rome Hall, M.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. 1902.

vast subject, and to treat it at all adequately in 300 pages requires a master-hand. Dr. Hall has evidently read widely and read deeply, but he has imbibed too much of the bitterness of the thoroughgoing Socialistic school. Hatred of individualism is quite justifiable in that stage of a nation's life when it has become antagonistic to the common weal, but it is nevertheless a stage through which every nation must pass, if it is to survive in the struggle for existence. Thus we must not blame too severely the men or the race which unconsciously or from necessity adopted its principles, inflicting, it is true, so much misery and hardship on the masses of their fellow-countrymen. Dr. Hall has throughout drawn analogies between social diseases and those which attack the human frame. As this book is avowedly written for the average man, we rather doubt the utility of such analogies. The average man is scarcely competent to understand them, and the scientific reader can draw them for himself. In his composition Dr. Hall is too involved. In almost every sentence there is one and frequently more parenthesis. His grammar, too, is somewhat lacking. "In regard to" when he means "in the case of" is an instance of careless expressions. He has also coined a number of new words. Why "criminous" for "criminal," "progressence" for "progress," and "slaver-caste" for "slave-owning class"? Having said so much, we have said our worst. On the whole Dr. Hall is on the right lines, and writes very much to the point. The subject is one of profound interest, and this book will appeal strongly to all who take the trouble to think out social problems for themselves. The chapters on "Barbarian Europe," "Western Feudalism," and "Commercial Britain" are particularly fascinating. On page 179 we notice a bad mistake, "gravel-kind" for "gavel-kind." Finally, we may add, Dr. Hall is a Social Democrat. Social Democracy is the keynote of the book. But whether we agree with the author's views or not, it is worth reading.

M. Paul Beurdeley is a many-sided man. A member of the French Bar, Mayor of the 8th Arrondissement, and Président de l'Association Générale des membres de la Presse de l'Enseignment, he is at the same time a scholar, a man of the world, and an educationist in the best sense of the term. He has now presented us with the third edition of his well-known *L'École Nouvelle*,[1] which is mainly responsible we imagine for the new school of educationists in France, of which M. Edmond Demoulins is a prominent member and who in his *L'Education Nouvelle* advocates the system of ed· ·- cation carried out so efficiently at Bedales School near Petersfie ld. The present edition has been entirely recast and brought up to d· ate. M. Beurdeley is saturated with the modern spirit, and educatio· ·nists both in this country and in France will derive much v· ·aluable

[1] *L'École Nouvelle.* Par Paul Beurdeley. Paris: Librairie Ch. Dela· ·n hif· ·re.

information from a perusal of this original and inspiring little work.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE first biography of Marie-Josèphe de Saxe, the mother of Louis XVI., Charles X., and Louis XVIII., was written by the Abbé Proyart in the eighteenth century. In 1898, however, Casimir Stryienski discovered in the Bibliothèque Polonaise at Paris upwards of a hundred letters of Marie-Josèphe to her favourite brother, Prince Xavier. The Sienkiewicz collection also contained the replies of that prince, and a part of the correspondence of Martange and the Princess Christine. With this and much other matter derived from researches in various archives, the learned author has been enabled to produce in *La Mère des Trois Derniers Bourbons*[1] an exhaustive life of this good princess, who remained faithful to her husband, occupied herself with her children, just like the wife of an ordinary citizen, and passed uncomplainingly a life full of trials and bereavements. Up to the appearance of this valuable monograph very little was really known about Marie-Josèphe, though pious legends about her and her husband had been fabricated to serve political and religious purposes. "Pour nous la mère de Louis XVI. méritait d'être mieux connue."

Baroness Durand de Fontmagne is a descendant on the paternal side of the House of Perth and Melfort, which followed James II. into exile at Saint Germain. In *Un Séjour à l'Ambassade de France sous le Second Empire*,[2] she has given us a most interesting volume of memoirs, which is both a valuable historical document and a sympathetic study of Turkish manners and customs in 1856–58—an epoch when French influence was predominant in the East. The Turkey so picturesquely described by Lady Wortley Montague in 1717 no longer existed, but, nevertheless, national habits were but slightly modified by European civilisation. "Les Turcs y ont-ils gagné? On ne le dirait pas. Leur fortune a changé: voilà le plus clair. Leur manière de vivre devient plus mesquine, ils ont moins d'esclaves, de chevaux et de femmes; les costumes sont moins nobles et moins riches; les soies indigènes sont remplacées par des lainages venus d'Angleterre et d'Allemagne. . . . J'ai eu de la chance d'aller en Turquie quand il y avait encore des Turcs." The author records a singular instance of second-sight which happened to her at the time of the attempted assassination of Napoleon III. by Orsini:

[1] *La Mère des Trois Derniers Bourbons, Marie-Josèphe de Saxe et la Cour de Louis XV.* Par Casimir Stryienski. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1902.

[2] *Un Séjour à l'Ambassade de France à Constantinople sous le Second Empire.* Par la baronne Durand de Fontmagne. Paris: Librairie Plon.

"La nuit même où cet attentat a eu lieu, *je l'ai vu en rêve avec tous ses détails :* l'entrée à l'Opéra, les fusées, la bombe, le bruit, tout tellement exact et conforme à l'évènement, que M. et Mme. Thouvenel, auxquels j'ai raconté ce rêve en déjeunant, ont été moins surpris quand la dépêche télégraphique est arrivée." She attributes this gift of second-sight to her Scottish origin. *La Revue de Paris* published in September last an extract from this book relating to the cessation of diplomatic relations between France and Turkey in 1857. Baroness Durand de Fontmagne is an accomplished linguist, she quotes Vergil, converses in Italian and Greek, and appears to have acquired a fair knowledge of Turkish. That the strength of Turkey rests on the mutual jealousies of Europe is a fact patent to the Turks themselves. "Vous nous croyez fragiles?" said Fuad Pasha in a conversation here given. "Notre solidité n'est pas factice, puisqu'elle repose sur vos divisions."

From Slave to College President,[1] by Mr. G. Holden Pike, is a readable account of Booker T. Washington, who has acquired a world-wide reputation by the distinguished work he has performed at Tuskegee, an institution founded by him for the instruction of the negro race in the arts and crafts, for which experience has shown they are most fitted. He was persuaded, when he began his labours at Tuskegee, that most of the efforts at training his people in purely academic directions were almost entirely thrown away, and that the time was not ripe, nor were the negroes prepared, for the higher scholastic training of which the Greek and Latin classics are the basis; but that they needed to be taught trades and handicrafts, how to be better farmers, how to appreciate thrift, and to resist the money-lender's inducements to mortgage their crops in advance. The annual cost of training 1100 or more students at Tuskegee amounts to not less than £16,000. Booker Washington, a negro himself on the maternal side, has practically solved the race problem which has exercised American politicians since the close of the Civil War.

Problems and Exercises in English History, Book D. 1715-1820,[2] by Mr. J. S. Lindsey, is the third instalment of a series of eight volumes designed to cover the entire range of British history. This monograph, if used intelligently, should prove, like its predecessors, of the utmost service to students, tutors, and examiners, being at once illustrative and stimulative. Twelve closely printed pages are devoted to general and special bibliography, and this is not the least valuable part of the work. Great praise is due to the learned author for having so far accomplished successfully a difficult and laborious task.

[1] *From Slave to College President, being the Life-Story of Booker T. Washington.* By G. Holden Pike. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902.

[2] *Problems and Exercises in English History, Book D. 1715-1820.* By J. S. Lindsey. Cambridge: Heffer & Sons. 1902.

THE DRAMA.

THANKS to the editorial labours of Mr. W. Fraser Rae, we are now in possession of an authentic and handsome edition of *Sheridan's Plays.*[1] The many editions commonly current of these plays have been made from the edition published by Murray in 1821, and to which Tom Moore prefixed an introduction, although he disclaimed responsibility for the text itself. "Mr. Wilkie" (who may be assumed to have acted as editor), "did not like some things in Sheridan's published version of *The Rivals*, and he drew his pen through them without notice. The result is that readers of that play have now before them the truncated version which Mr. Wilkie prepared for Mr. Murray, and which subsequent editors have copied. Some of the alterations are trivial, yet none should have been concealed." Many of Sheridan's manuscripts are very carefully preserved in the library at Frampton Court. With the exception of *The Rivals*, none of these plays were given to the world in print by the author himself. Now, the manuscript of that particular play was acquired by Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and was probably destroyed when that theatre was burnt to the ground. When the success of *The Rivals*, which was first acted on January 17, 1775, was assured, Sheridan prepared a copy for publication. This is now a scarce book, and valuable because it contains the author's acting version of his comedy. Here are several remarks, by the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, which it would be well for actors and actresses to take to heart. "For instance, in *The Rivals*, there is always a danger of the innocent rusticity of Bob Acres becoming loutish vulgarity at the hands of a second-rate comedian, while perhaps even greater skill is required to prevent the fire-eating tendencies of Sir Lucius O'Trigger from dimming the charm of his high-bred and chivalrous demeanour. . . . Again, I have sometimes seen the effect of Mrs. Malaprop's charming eccentricities of diction marred by the actress showing her consciousness of their nature."

[1] *Sheridan's Plays, now Printed as he Wrote Them, and his Mother's unpublished Comedy, "A Journey to Bath."* Edited by W. Fraser Rae. With an Introduction by Sheridan's great-grandson, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. London: David Nutt. 1902.

BELLES LETTRES.

IN his thoughtful "Literary Introduction" to *Macaulay's Lays*,[1] Mr. W. J. Addis writes: "Macaulay's spiritual development, indeed, was not that of the poet. His maturity advanced along the paths of the Newdigate, never towards Parnassus. A glorified sixth-form competition, a brilliant college exercise—the 'Lays' pretended nothing more and nothing more have they attained. They are good reading for young people, whose combative pulses they stir, and whose scenic imagination they arouse; and to the dispassionate critic both the rhapsodical eulogy of Mrs. Browning and the singular disdain of Matthew Arnold seem equally hard to understand, and equally out of place." The notes are good, but they would have possessed a higher educative value had Mr. W. J. Addis added references to parallel passages in Vergil and in Horace, of whom "Lake Regillus" and "Horatius" are finely reminiscent.

The introduction to the third volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica (New Volumes) is entitled, *The Influence of Modern Research on the Scope of World History*.[2] It is from the eloquent pen of Dr. H. Smith Williams, and, whilst mildly Conservative in tone, its aim is to put the average citizen in possession of the latest results of scientific investigation rather than to aid the specialist, for whom, after all, Encyclopædias are primarily designed. How thoroughly this volume is up-to-date may be gathered from the article on "Edward VII.," which states on June 27, 1902, his Majesty "was pronounced to be out of immediate danger." Daudet and Coppée are the chief literary names which occur here. No less than six contributors have collaborated in the article on "Egypt," which covers thirty-six pages. Dr. W. M. Flinders Petrie and Mr. J. S. Griffith are responsible for a solid and at the same time brilliant survey of "Egyptology." To Sir Joshua G. Fitch we owe a lengthy article on "Education." The longest of the Law articles is that on "Divorce," by Sir Francis Jeune and Professor Walter F. Wilcox. Next in importance comes "Copyright" which is a masterly *resumé* of the modern enactments under the twofold division of Literay and Artistic Copyright. "Conveyancing" receives but scanty treatment; Sir F. Pollack's "Contract" is more popular than scientific, and under "Criminal Law" no mention is made of the Swiss Code, nor of the Bill, embodying the latest conclusions of criminologists, which has been several times presented to the Norwegian Parliament during the last

[1] *Macaulay's Lays: Horatius, Lake Regillus, Armada, and Ivry.* Edited by W. J. Addis, B.A. London: Allman & Co.

[2] *Encyclopædia Brittanica.* Vol. XXVII. CHI—ELD. London: The *Times*, Printing House Square.

six years. Vol. XXVIII. has unfortunately reached us too late for notice in the September number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Out of the newspaper accounts of the Humbert case, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, has, in *The Phantom Millions*,[1] compiled a book which will be read by men of the next generation with even greater interest than by those living now, in whose minds the details of that gigantic fraud are yet fresh. "It is a story," writes Mr. O'Connor, "impossible in England, because no English woman could ever have the power or the access to certain personages or to certain unseen foundations of society, law, and politics, which a French woman can reach. In short, the whole story is another chapter in the long history of the influence of woman for good or ill in the doings of the world. . . . I should add here that in the great kingdom of liars, women are the true potentates. I hope I will not be considered cynical if I say that there is a certain proportion of women who require all our centuries of tradition, all their own heroic efforts, and even the assistance of Divine Grace to keep them from being liars."

Paul Bourget's latest novel, *L'Étape*,[2] is a scathing indictment formulated against the political principles which have created modern France. It is the logical complement of *Le Disciple*, *Terre Promise*, *Cosmopolis*, and *Les Drames de Famille*. The Monneron family, of which Professor Monneron—a stern Republican of the old school—is the living representative, are only one degree removed from the peasant class. Anti-clerical himself, he refused to permit any of his children to be baptized. Jean, his youngest son, is in love with the daughter of Professor Ferrand, but the latter declines to sanction the engagement until Jean conscientiously declares himself a Catholic. Meanwhile troubles are brewing in the Monneron household; the eldest son commits a series of forgeries at the bank where he is employed as a clerk, and the only daughter shoots herself, but not mortally, after inflicting a dangerous wound on her high-born seducer. The catastrophe wakens the father to the sense that the education he had given his children was fundamentally wrong, and that his own transition from the plough-tail to the university had been too abrupt.

Bonheur en Germe,[3] by Jean Blaize, is the story of a young man on whom the examination craze had taken so strong a hold that he became utterly absorbed in his books until his health gave way, and he lost all interest in life. Fresh air, exercise, and the love of a delightful American girl at length effect his cure. It is a wholesome story, at once pathetic and humorous; Mrs. Trollope's unconscious vulgarisms of language, acquired whilst engaged in

[1] *The Phantom Millions: The Story of the Great French Fraud.* By T. P. O'Connor. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

[2] *L'Étape.* Par Paul Bourget. Paris: Librairie Plon.

[3] *Bonheur en Germe.* Par Jean Blaize. Paris: Librairie Plon.

charitable work amongst the poor in the neighbourhood of Saint-Germain, afford most amusing reading.

Rose du Vernay—the heroine of *Le Jardin du Roi*[1]—is an *ingénue* of a more interesting type than one generally meets with in French novels. Being both rich and pretty, she has many suitors; of these, two attract her fancy for a time, but one alone touches her heart. He is the architect employed at the Palace of Versailles, and is almost as enthusiastic a dreamer of its bygone splendours as Rose's devoted uncle. He does not, however, venture to press his suit until the rumoured loss of her fortune has driven away the mercenary crowd, representing the best society in the place, that had paid her court.

In *Rédemption*,[2] Philippe Mertin, a novelist and poet, in easy circumstances, has enjoyed twelve years of perfect married bliss: in fact, both he and his wife have become so surfeited with happiness that they are on the point of wrecking both their lives when the awful news of their daughter's suicide throws them once more into each other's arms. This daughter, Nette—loving, tragic, and passionate—had brooded over a remark she had heard that her parents needed either a great joy or else a great sorrow to save them. It is a masterpiece of psychological analysis.

In *l'Italie des Romantiques*,[3] Dr. Urbain Mengin has grouped together a number of passages from writers, representative of the Romantic school, who have been enthusiastic admirers of Italy. The following names are included in this group, viz.: Chateaubriand, Mme. de Staël, Lamartine, Lord Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Alfred de Musset. The exclusion of Goethe, Browning, Stendhal, and George Sand from the list is, at first sight, strange; but neither Goethe nor Browning was, strictly speaking, a true Romanticist, and Stendhal's frigid style, notwithstanding the charming Clélia Conti of *la Chartreuse de Parme*, renders him no fitting exponent of Italian poetry. According to Dr. Urbain Mengin, fear of inaccuracy is paralysing the genius of our contemporaries who write on Italy. "La poésie est submergée par l'histoire. Les meilleurs de nos poètes seraient incapables aujourd'hui de créer une Italie comparable à celle de la fantaisie romantique. . . . Quand reviendra ce printemps de la pensée, les jeunes poètes iront encore parfois chercher leurs inspirations dans l'inépuisable Italie."

"The wise man will consider whether by bicycling he will become a better citizen, if in the world above, and whether there or here, if he will become more apt to meditate on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good." Such are the words put into the mouth of Eremus by Mr. R. J. Muir in *Plato's Dream of Wheels*[4]—a

[1] *Le Jardin du Roi.* Par Paul et Victor Margueritte. Paris: Librairie Plon.
[2] *Rédemption.* Par André Lichtenberger. Paris: Librairie Plon.
[3] *L'Italie des Romantiques.* Par Urbain Mengin, Docteur ès Lettres. Paris: Librairie Plon.
[4] *Plato's Dream of Wheels.* Communicated by R. J. Muir, Magdalen College, Oxon. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902.

dialogue wherein Proteus proves that the true bicyclist is possessed of wisdom, courage, temperance, justice, and holiness, and the superiority of this form of exercise over fives, cricket, and other sports, including the ancient and royal game of golf. So convincing are the arguments adduced by Proteus that Socrates himself resolves forthwith to learn to cycle in the Elysian Fields. It is to be hoped that this scholarly *jeu d'esprit* will not be caviare to the general, but to appreciate its exquisite humour and unobtrusive scholarship needs some acquaintance with Plato's dialogues either in the original or else in an English dress. The appendix by certain cyclic poets shows that Mr. Muir is capable of writing verse, both in English and good Scots. This little book is very appropriately dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour, "cyclist and philosopher."

We have received from the University Tutorial Press a handy little edition of *Plato's Euthyphro and Menexenus*,[1] edited by Mr. T. R. Mills. The notes and introduction, which are scholarly and concise, contain everything that any student who is preparing for a pass examination in these dialogues has a right to expect.

ART.

Messrs. Bell and Sons have brought out a new edition of Mr. Walter Crane's lectures on *The Bases of Design*[2] originally addressed to the students of the Manchester Municipal School of Art. The great number of illustrations, chosen from all the decorative arts at all periods of their history, render the book pleasing and interesting to a high degree. They are classified according to the main divisions of the text: architectural basis; utility basis and influence; influence of material and method; influence of conditions in design; climatic influence in design, chiefly in regard to colour and pattern; racial influence in design; symbolic influence, or emblematic element in design; graphic influence, or Naturalism in design; individual and collective influence in design. References and indexes are good, and there is a deal of good picking—literature, suggestive philosophy and history—in the text. Like the majority of English books seemingly intended for instruction, this series of school lectures is lacking in that clear exposition which should be the highest literature in this kind of writing. It is true

[1] *Plato: Euthyphro and Menexenus.* Edited by T. R. Mills, M.A. The University Tutorial Series. London: W. B. Clive.

[2] *The Bases of Design.* By Walter Crane. London: George Bell & Sons. 1902.

that the multitude of examples, mainly grouped in order, help to classify what the reader learns by the way.

The book of *Gerard Dou*[1] (in the series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture") is a veritable addition to the English literature of art history. Its author, Dr. Martin of the Hague Gallery, has overseen the English translation of a work that leaves nothing to be desired. There are forty-one illustrations, reproduced from photographs of paintings; a good bibliography; five chapters on Art in Holland during the seventeenth century; Dou's life before 1631, and from that year until his death; a painter's studio in that century and Dou's pupils and followers; Dou's pictures in the market—prices and purchasers (not the least interesting); with forty very complete pages of a catalogue of Gerard Dou's works, as they are now found in collections from Austria to the United States. With the aid of this handy volume, the lover of the pleasing art of a painter whose name is wound up with the ideas of great art in the English literature of the hundred years from 1750 to 1850, may find and profit by the examples existing in so many galleries. The book may also help to a saner and more human appreciation of art for ordinary mortals.

[1] *Gerard Dou.* By W. Martin, Sub-director of the Royal Gallery of Paintings at the Hague. London: George Bell & Sons. 1902.

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MR. RHODES' SCHOLARSHIPS.

AT first sight Mr. Rhodes' munificent gift to the Empire appears to be but his natural recognition of the meaning of the word "Empire," when interpreted into the language of modern democracy. The idea came naturally to a man who was not only the earnest student of Gibbon, but the chief exponent of the modern commercial theory of statesmanship. Since the time when Daniel was a page at Nebuchadnezzar's court, founders of Empires have always sought to attract to themselves the younger aristocrats belonging to the conquered peoples. Most of the Barbarians who wore the purple during the decadence of Rome had in their youth been "of Cæsar's house"; the courts of the Tudors swarmed with the sons of Welsh and Irish chieftains; King James I. sent the heir of the O'Neills to study at Eton under Sir Henry Wotton; in our own India the Ajmere College and the Corps of Imperial Cadets are the outcome of the same policy; many a potential O'Neill walks in the procession at the balls at the Winter Palace. Mr. Cecil Rhodes would use those means formerly employed by autocrats to consolidate their conquests to bind to the British Empire those leaders of the democracy by whose goodwill the Empire can alone continue to exist. He has expressed in a concrete form its motto, *Imperium et Libertas.* Under his scheme there will be at Oxford an assemblage of youth far more cosmopolitan than ever gathered round the throne of an Attila or of a Suleiman.

Mr. Rhodes has realised in actual life the theories of Machiavelli.

Whether, however, his plan will succeed under the conditions laid down in his will is a very doubtful point.

We should, on the whole, fear that the experiment will prove a magnificent failure, especially if the chief object which Mr. Rhodes

had in view was to form a band of missionaries, a "Company of England," who would do for England what the "Company of Jesus" did for the threatened Church of Rome, and who would spread a love for England far and wide through the Teutonic world.

The question naturally arises whether Mr. Rhodes has caught his potential missionaries young enough to enable his agents to mould them into men suitable to carry out his wishes. Jesuits enter on their novitiate at fourteen, and the earlier part of a training which, for those who attain to the fourth, or highest, grade, lasts thirty-one years, is intended to make their will but the expression of that of their Director. *Perinde ac cadaver* is the Jesuit counsel of perfection. Mr. Rhodes, on the contrary, would have those students chosen who have already, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, given clear proof to their school-companions and teachers of their capacity to lead boys, and that, therefore, they are in the future likely to prove leaders of men. Is he sure that candidates thus chosen would be sufficiently pliable to be guided by the influences of Oxford in the direction which he desires, or that the constituencies which elect them are such as to be good judges on this point? Are the qualities most prominent in boyish estimation the same in the case of an English schoolboy, especially of an English public schoolboy, and of a youth educated in our own Colonies or in a lesser American State? Are the qualities which go to make a successful leader of men defined in the same sense by Englishmen and by Colonials? We fear not. Neither Americans nor Colonials entertain any great respect for those qualities which we define by the word "reverence," and which comprise deference to those superior to us by their age, education, or standing in society, combined with respect for the lessons inculcated by that collected experience of the past which is known as tradition and history. We must remember that everywhere, save in a few centres of culture like Yale and Harvard, the dollar is king in the Teutonic lands beyond the seas. The great charm of the English universities and public schools, on the other hand, lies in their insensibility to the claims of mere wealth. In this insensibility even Rome did not share. Athens might be the "City of the Violet Crown," Rome was "Golden Rome"; an eagle, not a flower, is her emblem; her beauty lay in the splendour, not in the delicacy, of her architecture. What, then, are likely to be the qualities which in the eyes of Colonial schoolboys would mark out one of their fellows as a leader of boys, and therefore potentially, though by no means necessarily, as a future leader of men? They are those qualities which characterise the successful money-getter. Amongst them shrewdness, pertinacity, a disregard for sentiment and tradition, a love of innovation are the chief. Business in newer lands does not run in a narrow groove, and engrosses a boy's

thoughts at an early age. Urchins in the Natal schools are said to have made large sums by speculation during the South African mining boom in 1895. Mr. Rhodes himself made a fortune at the diamond diggings when he was eighteen. He had been a successful cotton grower at seventeen. The chosen of the colonial school will then certainly be a fair man of business when he is called upon to face those "commercial infants," the Dons; he will by no means necessarily be a "gentleman," in the sense in which the word would inevitably apply to a popular captain of the boats or president of "Pop" at Eton. As a "man of business," such a Rhodes' scholar will quickly learn that Oxford, and perhaps England, can furnish but few practical advantages for a business training which he cannot find in his own country, and that, in some cases at least, his turn of thought will not be wholly congenial either to his teachers, or to the emancipated schoolboys, in all respects younger than himself, who form the most numerous portion of the university, and, therefore, it is highly probable that many a recipient of Mr. Rhodes' benefactions will shake the dust of Oxford High Street off his feet in his first term, and will be applauded by his friends for doing so. If, by chance, the candidate has sufficient means of his own to entitle him to rank amongst the so-called "leisured class," by whom the unpaid work of administration in England is in the main carried on, he will find but few openings for his talents in the lands controlled by the "machine bosses" of the United States and Australia. In many cases such a scholar will but furnish yet another recruit to the ranks of South Kensington Colonials, or will, if an American, settle down for life in Paris, Dresden, Florence, or Rome, in place of undertaking the hopeless task of fighting the traditions of Tammany in New York. "A fine flower of Oxford culture" would have but few attractions for a ward-politician of the type of Mr. Dooley, nor would he readily get employment from a San Francisco or Melbourne editor. Possibly such a man might find an opening in the diplomatic service of the United States or on an Agent-General's staff in Victoria Street. Nowhere in Anglo-Saxondom, save in England, are the ranks of the Civil Service manned with potential Milners. The Civil Service Entrance Examinations, even when such exist, are usually on strictly practical subjects, and neither in the United States nor in our own Colonies are the threads of local government in the hands of a class equivalent to the "country gentlemen" of England, whilst amongst their statesmen, President Roosevelt is, probably, the only one who by birth and training is the social equal of an English Cabinet Minister. Even in Cape Colony, where the Dutch are born aristocrats, there are few representatives of the oldest families in the local Parliament.

Mr. Rhodes' experiment, moreover, has been already tried though

on a smaller scale. Natal is to be one of the beneficiaries under Mr. Rhodes' will. For the last twenty years or more, the Natal Government has given a Natal Scholarship tenable at an English University. We cannot, for the moment, recall that any of those who have held that scholarship, have risen to eminence in the colony itself. Certainly one of the most distinguished now resides in England. This scholarship, therefore, has had but little share in shaping the habits of thought of the most English portion of South Africa.

Natal, indeed, offers an excellent example of the raw material out of which Mr. Rhodes' scheme will have to be built up. There are three public schools of comparatively old standing in the colony, all well provided with the necessary buildings and playgrounds, and staffed by teachers, many of whom have taken good degrees at the English Universities. Their "Old Boys" have played a most gallant part in the War, and already a long list of names is inscribed on the Memorial Tablets in the school chapels. Unfortunately some have fallen under the Dutch flags.

University education is non-existent in the Colony and the excellent public libraries contain few or no books of pure scholarship. Consequently, the materials for training a pupil to be a scholar in the Oxford sense are almost wholly wanting, and a late report of Maritzburg College records with a pride, justifiable enough under the circumstances, that, for the first time, a few of the senior pupils had been able to read a play of Sophocles. It would seem, under these conditions, to be almost an impossibility for any of the Rhodes' scholars, whose sole training had been in Natal, to achieve a high class in Moderations, let alone to carry off a Hertford or an Ireland, and so it is but little likely that the young Natalian will find himself drawn into a reading set on his arrival at Oxford, or able to make a striking impression in the debates at the Union. It is evident, therefore, that Mr. Rhodes was right in attaching but little importance in his scheme to the literary and scholastic attainments, so far as the classics are concerned, which most of those whom he wished to benefit, would have had but little opportunity for acquiring. Most of the successful candidates will, doubtless, prefer to seek for honours in the medical, law, and history schools, and will thus have some chance of correcting those narrow habits of thought which are apt to characterise the inhabitants of a new country. It is curious to reflect that an excellent university founded by the Spanish Government existed at Mexico within thirty years after the country had come under the rule of Spain. Private munificence founded Harvard and Yale, but it is only within the last century that the equal of the Mexican University has existed either in the British Dominions or in our lost American Colonies

In the domain of athletics, which exercise such an enormous influence on the social life of Oxford, the young Colonial, of course, stands on a somewhat different footing. Considerations as to distance and expense have done much to impede the growth of scientific oarmanship in Canada and in Australia, whilst in South Africa generally there are no opportunities for river boating. Consequently it must depend upon the theories, which may, for the moment, chance to be in vogue in the O.U.B.C., whether the young Colonial can ever hope to achieve his blue at Putney, or whether he will attach himself to the rowing set in his college. In cricket, football and athletics, in their widest sense, he will, probably, be the equal of the home-trained youth. He will, certainly, be his superior with the rifle, though not necessarily as a game shot, and in the saddle, though, unless he has private means, Mr. Rhodes' allowance will not permit him to hunt, whilst, in many cases, he will have an inborn contempt for what the Americans expressively term, "parlour tricks," and we should more elegantly style "company manners." Amongst those who have come up to Oxford from the great public schools he will, almost certainly, have no previous acquaintance. Possibly he may be able to procure some introductions to the sons of persons connected with his colony by business ties, but, in most cases, at least for some years to come, Mr. Rhodes' scholar will arrive at Oxford as an utterly friendless man, who, unless he succeeds in acquiring the goodwill of Dons, with whom he will have, at first, little or nothing in common, will inevitably be left to make his own society for himself. The experiment may, or may not, be a successful one. The lives of those Indian and coloured gentlemen who were attracted to Oxford by the late Master of Balliol, and the late Professor Max Müller, were not particularly happy ones, and the social qualities of a Polish Jew, whose childhood was passed in a tin shanty, somewhere north of Mafeking, are hardly likely to procure him admission into the best set of Oxford youth. In many cases, then, the Rhodes' scholar will either remain in splendid isolation, in company with his Boer tobacco and bottle of "Cape Smoke," or will drift into the society of those meritorious but undistinguished men whose lot it will be, in future life, to superintend the classes of provincial grammar schools or to fill the editor's chairs of provincial newspapers. Not for him will be the acquaintance of the budding Curzons or Brodricks or Milners of the university. There will be no place for him *tra cotanto senno*. It is true that some of the most distinguished Americans will doubtless, as they have always done, find a cordial welcome amongst the elect of English youth, but the remainder will probably pass their social life at Oxford in imitations of the alphabetical clubs so dear to the heart of the Harvard or Yale student. Indeed the American press is already suggesting that the Government of the United States

should found an "American Institute" equipped with lecturers on American history and law for their benefit at Oxford. The destiny of the Germans will depend mainly on the tact displayed in their selection by the German Emperor. If he bases his choice on the social qualities dear to the German University youth of high degree, we seem to see some distinguished "Bemooster Haupt" or "Alter Fuchs," ex-president of the Saxo-Borussia, that Vincents or Bullingdon of Germany, emerging dripping from under Magdalen College pump, whilst it may even chance to happen that some staid dean or reverend proctor may be startled by finding amongst his morning letters a challenge to a duel. Should the correspondence have a short, sad sequel in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, we trust that the innocent victim of Mr. Rhodes' social experiment will not on his return to the Fatherland be forced to chew the cud of bitter reflection, far from "*Wein, Weib und Gesang*," during a prolonged residence in Spandau or Magdeburg. In practice the most clearly visible and, therefore, the most generally recognised result of Mr. Rhodes' generous gift to the German universities, will, doubtless, be seen in the excellent tap of *lager bier* on sale for the benefit of his German scholars in the Mitre or the Randolph, a result which would, doubtless, have been cordially approved of by the godparent of the latter hostelry, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, during his Merton days, but which hardly seems of sufficient importance in itself to warrant the expenditure of £3,750 a year on our bebooted and gaily capped Teutonic invaders to achieve it. The practical effect of the bequest upon German Anglophobia will remain invisible.

Such, we think, will prove to be the materialisation of Mr. Rhodes' dream in real life. It was, however, a magnificent vision, the vision of an Ezekiel or of a St. John the divine, yet a vision characteristic of a man who judged all things solely by the standard of his own experience.

As the *Spectator* has well said, Mr. Rhodes was the type of that English middle-class which sees its highest wishes for its sons fulfilled if they have a university career. In the suburban villa a B.A. is what a "minister" is in a Scotch crofter's steading, or a priest in a French peasant's household. Jacques Bonhomme will face death more cheerfully if he knows that his last requiem will be sung by the child whom he dandled on his knee.

Mr. Rhodes, then, was evidently intent upon reproducing his own life and his own type. Although he was the contemporary at Oxford of the brilliant Balliol society which included Mr. Brodrick and Lord Curzon of Kedleston amongst its members, we should be greatly surprised to learn that, as an undergraduate, he was even known by sight to the Master of Balliol, to Froude, or to Mark Pattison. His university life was the life of the typical middle class man, who

goes up to Oxford from a grammar school, and who finds his intimates among his social equals. Until long after the time when he had attained eminence Mr. Rhodes never numbered any Etonians, Wykehamists or Harrovians among his intimates. Probably he looked on them as "loafers" and judged them as a class from those whom he saw lounging about Kimberley as remittance men. Had he himself been at Eton like his elder brother, his life and his scheme would in many respects have been different. His policy would have conformed more closely to the traditions of English diplomacy and English public life, and he would never have planned either the aggression upon Portugal or the fatal Jameson Raid. Few English country gentlemen—trained at great public schools—would have lent themselves to either. An old public schoolboy would not have left so large a share in the selection of his candidates to a boy's own schoolfellows, and would have given some place in his benefactions to the great public schools of England. He would have founded Colonial Scholarships at Eton and at Winchester, and he would not have tried to evolve his model "boy" out of his own inner consciousness.

We must not forget that though boys are exceedingly good judges of "leaders of boys," they are not prophets, and that they are not necessarily good judges of those who will attain eminence as "leaders of men." The huge size of an English public school would render Mr. Rhodes' scheme unworkable if Eton and Winchester were called on to elect candidates, but we may feel sure that if Etonians or Wykehamists were asked to do so, they would select boys of high character and manliness rather than geniuses, but that such boys would not, when men, attain to the highest rank in politics, although they might occasionally exercise a more lasting influence than any mere politician in certain departments of English life and thought. We must, moreover, as we have already said, remember that in the great public schools of England a boy's personal qualities count for everything, whilst his adventitious qualities, such as money and rank, count for nothing, and that the same tradition holds true at the English universities, whilst the doubtful factor in Mr. Rhodes' scheme is whether the same wholesome instincts prevail in the schools of our Colonies or of the newer American States. If Harvard, Yale, or the University of Virginia may furnish candidates under Mr. Rhodes' will, we may feel sure that they will nominate men in all respects worthy of the best Oxford traditions, but we feel grave doubts as to whether equally suitable candidates will be forthcoming elsewhere, especially in South Africa. No doubt all teachers worthy of the name strive to teach their pupils to live up to the old English traditions, but if the candidates are to be chosen by the unofficial advice of the masters, the whole spirit of Mr. Rhodes' policy will be set aside.

As we have said, youths of eighteen or nineteen, who are already practically business men, will look at Oxford with the eyes of business men. If, like the Jesuit neophytes, they could be selected at fourteen, and sent to Eton or Winchester, their minds would undoubtedly be moulded by the kindly influences of those great schools, and they might be thus prepared to introduce an idealistic element into the material life of their own countries. On the other hand, if thus trained, they might become Englishmen and cease to be South Africans or Australians.

One cannot, however, help being profoundly impressed by Mr. Rhodes' will. He, far more than Mr. Gladstone, that aristocrat and Etonian of aristocrats and Etonians, is a proof of the good which Oxford does to her children. The undistinguished undergraduate of Oriel, one of the "hoi polloi" rather than of the brilliant scholars who sat at Professor Jowett's feet at Balliol, or of the butterflies who preened their gaudy wings in Tom Quod, he yet felt that Oxford had exerted on him the very influence which she had exerted upon a Newman, a Milner, or a Curzon. He determined, therefore, to give those Colonials, from whom he had derived the wealth which gave him his power, those opportunities which had done so much for himself, and to offer them those opportunities in a form which might tend to bind yet more closely together that English Empire which was so dear to his heart. He had studied the story of Rome to its furthest depths, and he could not forget the part which the lecture rooms of the Palatine had played in Roman public life, or that the greatest Emperors Rome ever knew were Colonials from her distant provinces.

From one point of view, and that a high one, Mr. Rhodes' greatest act has been his last. He would fain build up the Empire, not upon geniuses, but upon the moral qualities of her every-day sons. The author of the Jameson Raid, the aggressor upon Portugal had learned to know that he had sinned against the light, but he would not, like Agrippa, content himself by murmuring to his conscience, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." His last act will, *favente Deo*, do much to atone for errors, however grave they may have been, which sprang from the circumstances of his life. Justinian was the lover of Theodora before he gave law to the Roman world; Saint Augustine and Saint Ignatius Loyola, that forerunner of Mr. Rhodes, were sinners before they were saints; Saint Peter denied his Lord before he founded the Papacy in his blood. The epitaph of many a saint in heaven should end, if truly written, with "*quia multum amavit.*"

> "Go, Soul, to Peace from that wild whirl of War
> In which thou well hast earned the Peace serene."

He, who sleeps his last sleep amid the eternal peace of nature in

the Matoppos, may have done much by his last will to give back peace to bleeding South Africa.

HUBERT READE.

PS.—The choice of Dr. Parkin, of the Toronto Grammar School, Canada, to draw up the scheme for these scholarships is excellent. In many ways his career resembles that of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Milner, for, arriving at Oxford an unknown Colonial, far older than most undergraduates, his "golden tongue" won him his place amongst English public men by his speeches in the Union on "Imperial Federation." If the scheme can be made workable, he can make it work. It is just possible that, if he will pay any regard to the teachings of history, he may find food for meditation in the system on which the *Propaganda Fide* and the English College at St. Omers were recruited during their best days. The latter school (now Stonyhurst) kept the English Catholics loyal English gentlemen during the worst times of the Penal Laws. Many of them accompanied James II. into his exile at St. Germains, but it would be hard to find one who held a commission, as the Irish and Scotch exiles did, in the French service when France was at war with his own country. We had no Regiment de *Howard* firing on the English Guards at Fontenoy, as the Regiment de *Dillon* did, and Wellington's chief secret agent in Spain was a Stonyhurst boy.

SOCIAL REFORMS—UNPRACTICAL AND PRACTICABLE.

Two of the greatest hindrances to progress have always been the tendency of the men to whom a novel idea has been revealed, to develop and proclaim that idea with utter disregard to general opinion and the limitations of good sense, and the tendency of practical men to ignore or decry without examination anything that does not, at the first glance, appear eminently practical. New ideas have, for the most part, been born in brains that have not been capacious enough to hold them. The men who have conceived them have become demoralised into faddists, and the ideas themselves debased and alloyed with fads. Ideas have always met with a stubborn resistance from common-sense, and they generally arrive at success, at last, maimed and mangled and distorted.

A critic of modern society who has certainly proved himself capable of entertaining more than one novel idea, has nevertheless been far from obtaining immunity from the common fate. Mr. Ruskin, of whose long life's work no one would now speak without respect, has discovered many faults in the social system, which those who are most pre-occupied with it would never have dreamed of, and suggested equally undreamed-of remedies. But he has not avoided mixing fads with genuine ideas, and he has not avoided being discredited as a dreamer by men of the world. The common criterion of a reform is its qualification for figuring in a political manifesto. One that is neither suited for becoming a party cry, or for making the programme of some new association, is commonly looked upon as utopian or absurd.

There has been in the last two centuries a vast body of legislation directed to social improvement. There are innumerable associations with the same object. There is a great stir and activity in this region. Philanthropy may even be said to have become fashionable. But are the results at all proportionate to the energy that has been spent? It is true that we are less savage than our ancestors. Penalties are no longer atrociously in excess of the offence. Wanton cruelty has had some restraint placed upon it. It is no longer considered to be in the natural order of things that the poor should be treated as an inferior kind of beasts of burden. Still, if we take

into account the advance that has been made in hygiene, in sanitation, in material comfort, is it so certain that the relative condition of the poor has not rather deteriorated? There is a greater gap in comfort, cleanliness and health between the poor and the rich in the nineteenth century than there was in the Middle Ages, and that in spite of the fact that there is now so much done for the amelioration of the lower classes, and in the Middle Ages there was nothing. And if this is so, it is not merely that the upper classes have advanced rapidly and the lower classes but slowly. In one way the position of the lower classes will have suffered an actual, and not merely relative, injury. To endure hardship, the best assistance is an environment that fosters hardihood. Severe toil can only be encountered cheerfully by rude health. A monotonous existence can only be supported easily by a stolid and unthinking temperament. But the conditions of English life are by many degrees less favourable than they were to hardihood and rude health. And even the lowest classes live in an environment which stimulates a desire for excitement, and a vague but emphatic taste for pleasure.

> "I will not cease from mental fight,
> Nor let the sword sleep in my hand
> Till I have built Jerusalem
> In England's green and pleasant land,"

wrote Blake, in a noble enthusiasm, but, were he living now, he would recognise rather the mills of Philistia than the new Jerusalem in an England which is neither green nor pleasant. Our newspapers are often congratulating us on the wonderful progress of the age, and the wonderful increase and success of philanthropic movements. But can these writers of editorials ever have walked the streets of their own towns with open eyes? London has done its best to give an excuse for this cheap kind of boasting; it has done its best to pen misery and want into appointed quarters, out of the sight of those who wish to ignore them. But London has been very unsuccessful in this, and there are slums lurking at the back of Piccadilly, and rookeries near St. James's. And the least tainted regions cannot escape from a soot-laden sky and a poisoned atmosphere. In the great provincial centres of trade there is not even an attempt at concealment. The rich cannot pass between their homes in the suburbs and their places of business, without having offered to their notice reeking courts and unsavoury alleys. But they do not notice them. Perhaps they are occupied in reading their newspapers. Perhaps they believe that the dirt and griminess of their town are the insignia of prosperity. Perhaps they tell themselves that the objectionable features are the effects of drunken degradation. But dirt and squalor and ugliness are not wealth, and no political economy has ever taught that they are. Nor have the closeness and the fetid

atmosphere of our great cities been the work of the Drink-fiend, but of greed. Men in haste to be rich have set their hundreds of furnaces in blast, and have not cared that they make the evening sky lurid and the daylight foul. They have drawn princely fortunes from their dye-vats, or their looms, or their chemical works, reckless of the destruction of life or limb by their machinery, or the horrible deaths caused by their poisonous fumes. They have run up long streets of houses for their work-people, indifferent that they were building grim wildernesses, fatal to health and desolating to the sight.

And now the problem remains for us, how to make our great towns wholesome and decently inhabitable throughout, and yet not injure those industries which maintain hundreds of thousands of mouths. It is not a question, in its entirety, for Governments. Let Government see that from dangerous trades the unnecessary and the horrible, loathsome dangers are eliminated. Let it give all the protection that it can to the working man against grasping landlords, scamping builders, and fraudulent building societies. Let it force corporations and companies to carry out honestly their obligations; not to suffocate the poor with water-gas, or drive them to drunkenness for want of water. If Government did that, steadily and unflinchingly, it would be the best Government that any country has ever had. But a great deal more is required to "build Jerusalem," and for this it is necessary to look to private enthusiasm and private enterprise. Something is being done. Model lodging-houses and working men's *cafés* are valuable institutions. University settlements like Toynbee Hall and a number of college missions are doing their part. But the progress has been infinitesimal compared with what remains to be done. It is astonishing what an amount of organisation seems necessary to carry on the work of most philanthropic societies; what sums of money and what energy have to be, apparently, wasted in mere organisation! And from the sole point of view of the improvement of the condition of the lower classes it looks as if a great deal of money were wasted in building tin churches and mission chapels, and in attempts of the various religious sects to propagate, in a spirit of emulation, their respective views. It seems so unfortunate, to a mere layman, that the burning zeal which has lately been excited over questions of ritual cannot be diverted into a course of amicable well-doing. A practice which is growing up in some towns suggests a simple means of being useful in which Protestants and neo-Catholics can join without violence to their prejudices. In several large towns some kindly-disposed people of the educated classes have begun to give open-air concerts in the poorest and least respectable courts. The inhabitants, partly spontaneously, partly with encouragement, do their best to make their

courts neat and inoffensive for their visitors. Thus they receive at once a more or less refined pleasure, of a kind that is rare in their lives, and a much-needed lesson in cleanliness. Postponing the consideration of a number of developments which this simple species of philanthropy might receive, we can derive a hint from it for an occupation which could temporarily reconcile, in common employment, the two belligerent parties. The Ritualists might find some attraction in founding a new order, on the lines of those lay orders of Italy which attend to funerals or employ themselves in hospitals. The Protestants might allay their scruples with the title of a society or an association. What is the work which this Order, or Society, or Association is to carry on? Something very simple; an obligation which belongs to the municipal authorities, but which they never perform, the cleansing of the lanes and alleys and courts of our poor quarters. The "Order of Christian Brethren of Cleanliness," or "Society for the Promotion of Public Health," with a little judicious management, might be made a really effective instrument of improvement. It would have to make its way against a storm of ridicule—that would be inevitable—and doubtless its action would at first be treated as unauthorised intrusion by the persons it intended to benefit. The second difficulty would soon vanish. If the "Order" adopted a distinctive dress it would at once be likely to please and draw to itself those who find a charm in vestments and ornaments, and it would soon be regarded by the lower classes as an established, regular institution, not to be interfered with. This is an advantage alike of the Salvation Army and of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The uniform gains easy admittance where an ordinarily well-dressed person would at once excite hostile curiosity. As for ridicule, the most effective reply to that has always been success. The very cause which would make such a project despised and disregarded is its chief recommendation—that is, the extreme simplicity of its result. We send out our missionaries to foreign countries by the thousand; we spend immense sums in the translation and distribution of the Bible; and in many countries we make no converts and have no apparent results. Now a single street made clean is a definite incontrovertible result. It would not be right to leave off those other effects to do good because their fruits are not apparent, but no thoughtful man will deny that, amongst so many activities, the issue of which is doubtful, an unquestioned success, even in a small matter, is cheering. Nor would such an enterprise be a small matter, but reaching further in its consequences than we can at present foresee. One essential part of the scheme is that it should not be carried into effect by proxy. It ought to bring members of the upper and middle classes into direct contact with the poor, as they would never be brought in parish-rooms and mission settle-

ments. It ought to give the spectacle, to the lowest class, of men in quite a different condition of life stooping to do work of which they themselves are scornful. The full meaning of the scheme could only be attained when the same enthusiasm is shown in cleansing and making healthy our crowded cities as sent the earliest and uncorrupted friars to tend the lepers and live among wretched outcasts. Why cannot clergymen sometimes put such ideas before their congregations, instead of restricting themselves, according to their views, to the inculcation of fasting or subscription to missions, of early communion or the delivery of tracts? Why cannot the fervour which finds its vent in prostrations and censer-swinging, or in denunciations of the Mass and brawling in churches, be set to this different kind of exercise? The benefit of one is so dubious, and the benefit of the other so plain!

When persons of the higher classes venture into the haunts of the poor it is with minds preoccupied with religious considerations. Their eyes are closed to the scenes about them, because they are absorbed in their mission of teaching piety and morality. They treat the unlovely sights and smells as something which it is their personal triumph to be indifferent to. If they were engaged for a time on the alleviation or removal of this squalor, they would not be so well satisfied merely to overcome their loathing of it. They would then regard not its existence but its annihilation as a necessity. A young man just down from the University offered help to a clergyman who had a great many poor in his parish. The clergyman gave him a certain street to visit, but was soon horrified to find that he took much more interest in learning the details of the daily life of the people in his charge, and trying to introduce into it some small amusements and diversions, than in inquiring how many had been baptized and confirmed. That was not at all the clergyman's conception of useful parish work.

The first step in the elevation of the masses is cleanliness and sanitation. If this task is left to public bodies, we shall have to wait hundreds of years for its satisfactory performance. On the other hand, if in every parish and every district those who have a desire for works of humiliation and piety, of charity or public spirit, would form themselves into a volunteer brigade of scavengers, the "Christian Brethren of Cleanliness," or the "Society for Promotion of Public Health," would soon change the face of England. A hundredth part of the fanaticism which animates the Vegetarians or the Anti-Vaccination League would easily carry the day. But perhaps the reason that no society has been formed to carry on such work is that there is too much common-sense and too much personal labour involved.

The next step is the proper housing of the masses. There, again, we must not wait for legislation, or we shall be waiting till the end

of the human race. These things are not to be accomplished by public action, but by the pressure of public opinion on the individual. The country gentlemen of England are expected to pay attention to the condition of the peasantry on their estates. Much as there may be still to be desired in this direction, yet even on the most neglected estates—unless the owner is absolutely bankrupt—there is something done. But, in our cities, a man may own acres and acres crowded with houses, and no one considers him laid under any obligation on that account except to pay rates. Tax ground-rents as highly as you will, you will never get so much done with rates as with money laid out directly by the owner. There is too much spent on collectors and inspectors, on commissions and the expenses of committees, on public banquets and the payment of all kinds of officials, for municipal philanthropy to be very effective. Public opinion must make it incumbent on the owners of large city properties that the houses which they offer for rental to the poorer classes are decently built, and in decent situations. Great shipping firms ought to come in for as sharp criticism as at present is reserved for country squires, so long as the quarters occupied by their employees are too frightful to be entered by an honest woman. How many millionaires are there in the shipping trade to-day who enjoy a cheap reputation for philanthropy on the credit, perhaps, of a cheque for a thousand pounds, ostentatiously given to some institution which blazons abroad the names of its donors! Many of them are scathing in their censures of an impoverished squire who has a few ill-roofed cottages on his estate, and they do not see that it concerns themselves in the least how their own "dockers" are lodged. Why do clergymen only appeal to their wealthy parishioners for organs, altar-pieces, additional curates or church restorations? It would at least have the merit of disinterestedness if they asked sometimes for a block of wretched houses to be pulled down, and for the erection of others that would neither be injurious to health nor offensive to the sight. Philanthropy is fashionable, but the fashion has not taken this direction. If only peerages were given for services of this kind rather than for the financing of a "caucus," how our millionaires would vie with each other in good works! Copies of Lord Rowton's model lodging-houses would spring up like mushrooms in Bethnal Green and Spitalfields, Walworth and Whitechapel.

It is not enough, though, to house the poor decently. They cannot live respectable, moral lives unless they live in cleanliness and healthy surroundings, neither can they live morally and respectably in surroundings that are *merely* clean and healthy. They must have pleasure in their lives. That is imperative in the case of human beings penned in large cities, where the senses of hearing and sight degenerate from disuse, while the nervous system is overstimulated. Teach them that there are other than animal pleasures!

Satisfy their craving for bright colour, for cheerful sounds, for agreeable movements! Let us say to ourselves of the poor, as was once said by a gifted Frenchman to those who taught young children: *Egayez la vue de ces pauvres esprits.* I have mentioned the open-air concerts that are sometimes given in the slums of our large towns. It is incredible what pleasure they give. Why is the practice so rare, when the country teems with benevolent societies, and glows with philanthropic enthusiasm? It is so easy, so simple a means of conferring a kindness on one's fellows, but then it involves no organisation, no payment of officials, no agitation, and no advertisement. It cannot be appropriated, and made a shibboleth by a religious sect or a political party. Any one who has been present at a parish entertainment, in a district that strikes the lowest stratum of population, must have been astonished at the crowded audience, and their childish delight. But few clergymen would think of giving such an entertainment, except to raise funds to buy an organ or whitewash a school-room. We need "People's Palaces" everywhere—concerts, entertainments, dances for the people. We want these things in every slum in London and Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, or rather we want slums abolished, and all these privileges free to a well-housed, well-to-do working class.

It is a scandal that so many town churches and chapels, working men's clubs, and the local head-quarters of the Young Men's Christian Association, and of similar institutions, present such a forlorn, grimy and depressing aspect. How is it that those who promote or control them do not see that it is as important to keep the outside as the inside of their houses clean, and not to disgust the well-to-do, and insult the poor with gratuitous ugliness? What kind of a lesson are they giving to those whom they intend to benefit, in the duty of making their homes bright and cheerful? If a clergyman asserts that he cannot afford the expense of having his church made decent, let him take a pail and brush in hand himself, and wash the sooty walls, and clean the encrusted windows. But for richly endowed institutions, which, having a super-abundance of funds, grudge the purchase of a few window-boxes and hanging plants, and do not care how dingy and disreputable their premises appear, there is no excuse. Our picture galleries, too, are not very effective for the purpose of driving away the *ennui* of poverty. Sixty per cent. of the pictures in our public collections are beyond the comprehension of the working man. He should have only pictures with subjects that will appeal to him, telling some story or representing some landscape which is within the reach of his imagination—nothing academic and nothing morbid, far-fetched and unnatural. The colours should be warm and clear. Let him have music when he looks at picture-galleries. Relieve one sense by

another! People's music should not be composed of the very latest combinations and resolutions of harmony, which only a carefully trained faculty can appreciate. It should be simple, as their pictures should be, bright like them, and like them full of colour. We want a people's theatre. The theatre sprang from the people, and it must return to the people, if it is to renew its youth. It would be a charming innovation if ministers of religion, instead of denouncing the drama, or only giving it a merely patronising approval on condition that it limits itself to such productions as *The Sign of the Cross*, began to claim that it should be the solace and education of the poor, as well as the luxury of the rich. It would be a charming innovation if collections were made in our churches and chapels not only to provide the sick with gratuitous attendance in hospitals, but to provide the weary and depressed with gratuitous recreation in theatres. Actors are proverbially charitable. They would meet any overtures of the kind half-way, and a committee of such actor-managers as Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Alexander, could be depended upon to choose suitable plays, which could be acted by charitably subsidised companies throughout the kingdom. The expense would not be alarmingly great. The taste of the poor is not the jaded taste of the intellectual epicure. They would not demand the latest novelties, "star" companies, and a gorgeous *mise-en-scène*.

"But you will destroy all the independence and thrift of the working classes." Yes, that is the objection made to every proposal for the benefit of the poor. But those who make it are not afraid that the habits of thrift and independence will be destroyed in their sons by the acceptance of house-scholarships at Public Schools or scholarships at the University, or in members of a Royal Commission by the payment of their expenses, or in ex-Cabinet Ministers by the receipt of an income of two or three thousand pounds to maintain a dignified establishment. There are many who are extremely anxious to preserve the integrity and thrift of the poor, but do not manifest the slightest desire for their happiness or comfort. That is, they wish to take all and give nothing. How can moral qualities be looked for in surroundings so fatal to them? It is a brilliant inducement to thrift and industry, the possibility that after a life of constant struggle and no pleasures, one may barely escape, with luck, the workhouse! The way to make a man's life moral and well-regulated, is to make it interesting to him. If he has nothing to anticipate, he will snatch at even the most contemptible diversion of his *ennui*. If he has only faint and distant prospects to nerve him to effort, he will succumb sooner or later, unless he possesses a temperament of iron. But a man who is surrounded with an atmosphere of moderate and rational interests, is fenced from evil and fortified against temptation.

It is generally accepted to-day that in education lies our greatest hope for the elevation of the masses. But the most effective education for those who are engaged in manual labour is not that imparted by books. It is impossible and undesirable that men who are required to earn their bread by the exercise of their muscles should exercise their brains in the same way. Abstract thinking and mechanical labour cannot go together. It is in the streets and public buildings, in picture-galleries, concerts, theatres, operas, that the poor must receive their education.

The upper classes will benefit by the improvement of the lower. Part of the dissipation and dissolute habits of to-day is caused by a sense of the unloveliness of many sides of modern existence. As plague-stricken cities have broken out into all kinds of excesses to drown the remembrance of impending evil, so young and impressionable natures will attempt to drown in the frantic pursuit of pleasure the consciousness of the misery and sordidness that confront us wherever we turn with open eyes. Vice in high, as well as in low society, is often a symptom of revolt. When the world is in a condition that will allow of being regarded without shrinking and self-deception, the vice that is bred of revolt will die. A sense of universal brotherhood, of the solidarity of humanity, will then cheer many who find in it now an excruciating idea. Such a Golden Age is not to be reached by dwelling with complacency on what has been accomplished, but by steadily keeping in view all that remains undone. It is not to be reached by leaving everything to party efforts, and by contemptuous rejection as unpractical fads of projects which are not accompanied by a fanfaron of self-advertisement. It will be reached by doing good, however simple that good may be, where the good is unequivocal and uncontrovertible. It is to be reached, above all, by a quickening of individual enthusiasm. "The Kingdom of God is within you." And when we "build Jerusalem," when we try to make England once more "a pleasant land," however unselfish our intentions, we are working not only for others but also and infinitely more, for ourselves.

J. A. Nicklin.

IS THE ALTRUISTIC IDEA EVOLVING IN MAN?

In a recent study in social compromise, expediency, and adaptability entitled "The Struggle for Success," I made the statement that there is no evidence to prove that altruism exists in what is called the natural world, and that the principles of egoism which underlie that expression of the Laws of Nature "The Struggle for Existence and the Survival of the Fittest" still hold their undisputed sway not only in the lower orders of life, but throughout the vertebrates, which include man considered as an animal. A superficial study of biology might lead us to infer that the absence of egoistic action as expressed in the maintenance and co-operation of species and families, is an evidence of altruism, but to interpret the latter word in its most exact meaning, we must exclude these what are really forms of protective egoism, and consider only the possibility of finding altruism occur in relation to antagonistic speeches and families. Altruism, in fact, ceases to exist when it is concerned in the question of self or family protection.

When we come to the study of sociology we are met on the threshold by two simple facts. The first being that the basis of society is altruistic, and as such opposed to the egoism of nature, and the second that there is an ever recurring tendency to return to the egoistic state. In other words altruism exists in the main as an artificial product and in the majority of cases rests purely and simply on expediency and compromise. The most superficial observation of social evolution will impress upon us the tendency to revert to egoism, even under the sternest jurisdiction of an organised altruism, which may be expressed either in terms of theology, in the scrip of the law of the land, or in the unwritten claims of that moral altruism which though unsystematised, yet is in the long run the true mortar of society.

Although Mr. Herbert Spencer does not definitely claim that altruism has in the process of evolution come to be an inherited quality of man, yet his repeated assertion that only by the gradual remoulding of human nature into fitness for the social state, can the private or public life of each man be made what it should be, leads us to infer that he, like most other speculative evolutionists is

inclined to regard the altruistic spirit as evolving in the nature of man. In the *Principles of Biology*, he says:

"A further endowment of these feelings which civilisation is developing in us—sentiments responding to the requirements of the social state, emotive faculties that find their gratifications in the duties devolving on us—must be acquired before the crimes, excesses, improvidences, dishonesties, and cruelties, that now so greatly diminish the duration of life can cease."

And again in *Social Statics:*

"Crime is incurable save by that gradual process of adaptation to the social state, which humanity is undergoing. Crime is the continual breaking out of the old unadapted nature, the index of a character unfitted to its conditions and only in fact as the unfitness diminishes can crime diminish."

The study of what is called crime gives us a good opportunity of distinguishing between the natural and the social man—the egoist and the altruist. Crime is an offence against society, not in its more usual forms, against nature. Crime is a social designation of part of that order of nature which is expressed by the law of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. It is an observance of a natural method of obtaining an advantage, carried into a social state which has placed its ban upon the egoism for the mutual safety of the whole. The altruism of society is an expedient, not primarily springing from any ideals of a higher life, but conceived purely, as Mr. Spencer was the first to point out, for economic purposes. The author of *The Principles of Sociology* discovered the fact that those animals which can adequately provide for their own wants lead solitary lives; whereas those who cannot supply their individual wants live and act in concert. Now of all animals man is least fitted to lead a solitary life. Some kind of co-operation with his fellows is an indispensable necessity. Here then is the germ of sociality. The germ is increased by the necessities of race-maintenance. "In order to live," says Mr. Hector Macpherson, the biographer of Spencer:

"in order to maintain correspondence with his environment, man, like plants and animals, must have adequate sustenance. The first task imposed upon primitive man by the rigour of his environment was not to get true ideas, was not intellectual culture, but the gratification of his physical requirements. He had to live, and the first necessity was to supply his material needs. The cause of social progress lies not in the intellectual but in the physical side of human nature. Society took its rise from the fact that man co-operating with his fellows was better able to supply his wants than by individual effort. Not that there was any formal contract, as Locke and Rousseau would have us to believe. Primitive men formed themselves instinctively into tribes in order to lessen the stern struggle for life."

In the evolution of society, this stern contest for the means of existence is modified, as Huxley pointed out, into a struggle for the means of enjoyment, and having passed into this stage—a stage which is coloured by the lights of literature, art, music, and luxury —we are apt to forget the basis in the contemplation of the superstructure. The contention of the present writer is that although social evolution has proceeded so markedly, although intellectual evolution has raised man to a marked height above the lower orders, although religion has imbued him with a spiritual life, although the evolved senses of man have produced a wide emotional area in which revelation and experiences foreign to former biological conditions have arisen, although the long processes of co-operation in society have set alight the holy fires of sympathy and have raised human amelioration and human beatitude to a religion, yet there is no evidence to prove that the altruistic idea which underlies this growth, evolves in man considered as an animal. *Man becomes altruistic as a result of his subjection to a social environment, and as a necessity of self-protection. There is not evolved within himself the altruistic idea.* Altruistic ideas and principles are inherited, socially not biologically, by families, by communities and by states, not by individuals biologically speaking. It is not to the individual that we refer for the evolution of the social idea, but to the hereditary social atmosphere which he breathes, and which finds its record expressed in sociology, history, experimental science, speculative philosophy, art and literature, general economics, and the emotional life of religions. The child, born an egoist, finds itself face to face with the economic evolution of society, accepts the same and becomes an altruist, combats the same and becomes a criminal.

Considered intellectually, if evolution has proceeded at all, it has been not in the direction of an increased capacity for special forms of intelligence, but rather in an increased capacity for intelligence in general. This latter would make the adaptation to altruistic methods easier, as evolution proceeds, it would not necessitate the existence of an inherited capacity for altruism. This statement is not inconsistent with the truth of heredity, that "everybody's mental constitution"—to quote Dr. Maudsley—"is determined primarily and mainly by his inheritance from his forefathers, and secondarily, in less degree, only by the circumstances of his life and training; the fundamental lines of his character which have been laid down in the past fix for him the education of which he is capable, and if so be, the degeneration to which he is doomed." The facts of heredity give us an inkling as to the particular line in which the energy of the individual shall tend, it gives us no evidence that the acquired altruism of the parent is inherited by the offspring. The present writer views with distrust the idea that acquired characteristics are heritable, and takes the negative side in view of the

remarkable series of experiments made recently by Professor Cossar Ewart at Penicuik; but even were he to agree that the vital question is not proven, he would still assert that there is no evidence to prove an inherited altruism—that is, an inherited tendency to sacrifice even one's self-preservation for the benefit of the mass. It is only by that test that the truth can be reached. In a valuable paper "On the Evolution of the Hypnotic Theory," contributed to *Brain*, Dr. Milne Bramwell discusses at some length the subject of the relation of hypnotism to crime, particularly in relation to murder, and adds that there was only one instance in which an imaginary crime had been carried out by one of his patients, "all others, without exception, have absolutely refused such suggestion." Before, however, the evidence, valuable as it is, of Dr. Bramwell is to be accepted as final in regard to this important medico-sociological question, it seems to me that we must examine much more carefully into the question of the nature of the crime suggested, and into the psychical state involved in each case. In each of Dr. Bramwell's cases the suggestion was one in which there was seemingly no question of self-preservation involved. Yet herein, it appears to me, lies the gist of the whole matter. It is quite true that the hypnotised subject will not, in the majority of cases, project himself in any direction contrary to his general moral standpoint, when the projection is concerned with an interference with something not involving directly the safety of his own personality. But a suggestion which does involve this safety has a different effect altogether. The first law of nature, self-preservation, is nowhere more strongly emphasised than in the hypnotic state. The suggestion in this latter case is only being pushed along the lines of the normal in nature. Endless experiments have proved that suggestions of crime, as means of self-defence, are entirely successful.[1]

The blood of martyrs was inspired by great altruistic ideas which had been absorbed into social life, these ideas were not personally inherited. No one doubts that a long process of evolution enables certain types to respond more easily to the altruistic environment than others, this does not alter the primary principle that man is by nature an egoist, and only secondarily and artificially an altruist. The born criminal, who stands at the extreme end of the egoistic line, is either an egoist by choice or so intellectually incapacitated as to prevent him adapting himself to altruistic methods. His want of control (inhibition) cannot prevent him tending to revert to his natural state, even when assuming the necessary modifications of his egoism which social altruism demands.

There will be raised as an objection to this theory the statement that conscience and instinct show evidences of the evolution of the

[1] See paper by A. S.-W. on "Hypnotism and Crime" in *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, January 1898.

altruistic in man. As for conscience, it has yet to be demonstrated, that it exists as a working and intelligent entity apart from the unconsciously absorbed impressions of childhood and apart from accumulated knowledge and experience; and viewing instinct as a possible stumbling-block in our way, it is yet unproven that there is any truly altruistic instinct evidenced in childhood, before the elementary facts of social necessity are recognised—recalling all the time that mere family affinities and class altruism are not examples of essential altruism. The evolution of the altruistic idea, considered as a social basis, has, it must be confessed, not made very rapid strides in the known history of civilised States, even although man has for thousands of years been evolving, sifting, and perfecting the social idea. It is the persistent recurrence to natural egoism, which is only inhibited, not deadened, by social altruism, that accounts for the slow evolution of social "salvation," and for the continued change of the focuses of civilisation which has taken place in the history of the world. Nations fall through the slackening of the social idea, under the tyranny of an assertive and ever-present egoism. Morality may triumph, and a man may be good, as Mr. Macpherson puts it, because his whole being is responsive to disinterested motives and thrills with altruistic fervour. At the same time, it must be remembered that the altruistic idea is either conceived as a form of self-protection, inasmuch as we are all liable to similar accidents of circumstance, or is primarily intellectual, and, as mere intelligence, becomes aided by emotion and may eventually become a form of fanaticism. Does this view of life eliminate sympathy, the growth of which, according to Mr. Spencer, is the basis of evolutionary altruism? Sympathy arises from a consciousness of the difficulty of standing alone, of the difficulties in general of human hopes and vicissitudes, and of the fears of facing these difficulties alone, to which is added the knowledge of the tyranny of nature and the intricacies of a vague altruism. Sympathy is part of the same spirit of protective egoism. It is on the basis of sympathy that true altruism rests; it is not to be concluded that it is evolutionary and an intrinsic part of man's nature apart from intelligence, protective egoism, general or family, or—in its worst form—cowardly emotion.

To prove a theory of this nature, one must submit human nature to the severest tests, in so far as we desire to withdraw that strong inhibition or control which is the fundamental factor in modifying the egoism and allowing the social idea to be fully absorbed. Numerous cases may be met with any day or hour of the failure of the social idea not only on the part of weaker brethren, but by those to whom altruism has become a passion, or a religion. It is unnecessary to recall those many familiar instances in the affairs of business and in the affairs of love. Let us take the extreme and

dramatic instance which occurred recently in America. A great storm took place at a place called Galveston in Texas, through which damage of property occurred to such an extent and the general economic conditions were so disturbed as to throw out of gear altogether the social instincts. Men and women who had long been united by the bonds of social union, were suddenly thrown back upon their primitive natures, and the fierce struggle for life was realised in its most acute form. Brother flew at the throat of brother, friend wrestled with friend to obtain a glass of water or a mouthful of bread, and scenes of the most frightful description were witnessed in which men and women struggled for the simple fact of their own existence. Face to face with the primeval factor of self-protection, the whole finely elaborated superstructure of altruistic socialism fell to pieces. With one accord men flung aside the sacred recognition of social obligations and the principles of social compromise, emerging like primitive men as essential and acting egoists, and fighting like wild beasts to secure at least their own entity as living creatures. It is useless begging the essentials of the question by saying that people were taken by temporary madness, under the influence of a severe strain. Madness is a very safe word to use, and if it be used as opposed to the sanity of social co-operation it may be allowed, but there was little or no madness as the condition is understood by alienists, there was simply a return to nature and nature's first principles.

Numerous instances of parallel occurrences, though of a less wholesale and dramatic nature, will be recalled by every one out of their own experience. The drowning man who clings with absolute selfishness to the first object that comes within reach, is not mad, he is only egoistic; and in those cases where such egoism does not assert itself, it springs not from any instinct of nature, but simply from a consistent recognition of the rights of the social idea which is able to stand the severe test of self-preservation.

Test any man severely with the choice of being true to the social idea or to the law of self or clan preservation. A man who flies to his brother for safety from the police, is pretty certain of protection even although the protector be a paid servant of the law itself. The latter considers an infringement of the social law nothing as compared to what he regards as the moral law of family. Such a case is an instance of the essential egoism of human nature.

My contention is then that although in the process of social evolution man becomes more and more a servant of altruistic methods, he still shows no evidence of having the altruistic idea evolving in his nature. From the very moment he is born he is subject to the restraints and modifications which civilisation and society demand, and these become so much a part of himself that he is apt to regard the altruistic tendency as an inherent fact of his

nature. Test it, however, by a strain severe enough to liberate this closely tangled web which environment has weaved, and estimate the result. To many, to a minority, we believe, altruism has become a religion, and as such holds the essential sway in the conduct of life. Perhaps it would not be idle to suggest that the theological basis of morals sprang from a recognition of the fact that mankind could only cling pertinaciously to the social idea, if it were assumed to be under the dictation of a personal God—who would decree vengeance on those who broke His laws. To this day the necessity of a theological sanction is recognised by a large majority of ethical teachers, who hold that a mere secular social contract between man and man is not sufficient to hold men back from the continued harmful assertion of their egoism. Certainly an inquiry into the bases of man, considered as a social animal, of the nature we have made serves to prove the necessity of continued vigilance in preserving necessary forms of social restraint.

And is it idle to supplement the consideration by a remark that, after all, man's altruism is of a fairly suspicious nature? Considered crudely it is noble and unselfish and full of the higher meaning, but closely analysed it bears no such fine stamps of morality. Take one of the most vital questions of the hour, namely, the diminished birth-rate among the better educated and better placed classes, which is tending to starve public life of its richer elements. Is the altruistic spirit capable of sacrificing personal comfort and personal luxury in favour of an accession to this social necessity for an increased birth-rate in these classes? I doubt it. If society can bring itself to such a level of self-sacrifice as to promise to remedy an evil which it admits, we would lose a little of our suspicion as to the want of the higher altruism in social life.

ARCHIBALD STODART-WALKER.

THE NON-EXISTENCE OF "MATTER."

THE plain common-sense man occasionally learns from some elementary "History of Philosophy" that there have been philosophers who have held that "matter" is non-existent: and on so learning shrugs his shoulders at such a manifest absurdity. The "matter" that he actually sees and feels around him, and from which all things are composed! The denial of such an indubitable fact can only spring from a vicious word spinning, and be but the crowning nonsense of that futility "metaphysics," vanishing like an idle vapour at the first touch of common-sense.

Yet, as I hope to show, the non-existence of "matter" is by no means such an unthinkable proposition; but, on the contrary, can be the plainest and most evident truth.

The "matter" that we feel and see around us in tables and chairs, food and drink, earth and sky, is no doubt real enough, is even what we mean by "reality"; and it were folly to deny it. But the *metaphysical* "matter" that materialistic scientists confuse with this every-day "matter," and assume as the "prime-stuff" of all things, is a widely different conception; and it is this latter that, I think, careful thought will show simply does not and *cannot* exist.

Considering first the common and valid "matter" of every day life and experience, three observations may be noted.

In the first place, "matter" and "material" are used by us as general terms for the external world around, as that world is known to us through our senses; even as the contrasting term "spiritual" is employed for the "*internal*" world of our "Ego"—thought, conscience, love, &c., &c. Both sides of this ever-present contrast of "object" and "subject"—"non-Ego" and "Ego"—are equally "real," for both are actual; both are indisputable, for we cannot but think them; and finally, both are inter-dependent and necessary, each to the other.

Some existences, no doubt, in the external world we denominate "spiritual," as for example other men: but this is because we observe a presumable analogy between such existences and ourselves. Yet even here, as external existences, what first and continuously impresses us are the *material* aspects—*e.g.*, the fact that

the man has a body, &c.; and apart from such material or sensuous evidences we would be ignorant of such a "non-Ego."

"Matter," then is our term for the external world of the senses: now the second observation that will occur to us is that not all our senses have equal rights in this connection; *touch* is peculiarly pre-eminent. Hearing, taste, smell, and even sight, are accepted as evidences of real "materiality" only upon the indorsement of touch, or at least its presumed possibility. A locality, or special position, the observed thing of course has, as an object in the external "non-Ego"; but in addition to this we require it to possess also weight, or some measure of solidity or resistance that we may feel, before we will allow it to possess "materiality," or an actual existence separate from and external to our own.

Failing this resistance—solidity and weight—or at least its possibility, we may smell, hear, or taste it, or even see it apparently "solidly" before us, and yet will deny to it any objective "materiality" and scornfully term it "merely an illusion."

But such capability of passive resistance being assured by touch or assumed as probable, we then allow the other senses to witness as to the object's "materiality."

The third and final observation we may make is the not unimportant one that since "matter" is such a general term for "the external world of the "non-Ego," then, like other generals or universals, it can have no concrete existence itself, but only exists as an abstraction from the specific particulars composing its idea.

This touch, *this* sight, *this* smell, &c., are concrete sensations, from which I abstract, in common with many similar experiences, the generals or universals "weight," "size," "colour," &c., &c. Then from these lower generals I again abstract in turn, and synthesise my resulting concepts into the general term "matter," which thus becomes my symbol or *logarithm* for the "external and passively resisting non-Ego."

Now, such an abstraction is quite within my rights, and is even necessary to facilitate thought; and furthermore, is every whit as "*real*," in its due and proper application, as the specifically weighty and localised "things" from which it has been abstracted; or, even farther back, as the particular sensations from which that world of "things" has been built. Nevertheless, we must not forget that it *is* an abstraction—that the general "matter" only actually exists in the several different "matters" composing it, and is universal only at the expense of its definiteness and concreteness. For, as we will hereafter see, many forget this elementary fact, and hypostasising this child of their own brain, speak of "matter" as if it were one definite and well known concrete thing, and the primary datum of consciousness!

The "matter," then, of every day life—of this table, and this bread, and this glass—is our mental and linguistic universal or logarithm for the general external "non-Ego"; even as "Spirit" is for the Ego and its interests. But from this practical and necessary use a *metaphysical* use has been derived that is entirely different; and the genesis of which may be sketched as follows.

As is well known, the primitive philosophers of Greece, in their first stumbling attempts at a cosmology, naïvely and barbarically supposed that the primary "mother-element" of all things was either earth, or air, or water.

Following, and inheriting the traditions of these primitive thinkers came, first Democritus, and then Epicurus and his school; and an advance was made on such crude theories by a generalising synthesis.

Things, as they appeared in the world around them, might and did differ in many ways; they might, or might not possess a smell, a colour, or a taste, &c.; they might be large, or small; heavy, or light; hard, or soft, &c., &c.; but certain great general features could be predicated of all of them; they were all at least relatively permanent "*things*," with *some* size, *some* consistence, and *some* locality.

In other words, every "material thing" had (*a*) a relatively permanent *unity*, as a specific "thing"—a tree, or a stone; (*b*) joined with an extension or *divisibility*, being composed of a number of "parts"; (*c*) had also a certain consistency or *definiteness*, being relatively "hard" or "soft"; and finally (*d*) possessed a certain *place*, or locality in relation to all other "things."

The step, then, was easy to picture all "material things" as composed from one primitive stuff, "matter"; which should possess in an abstract or absolute degree all the above common features.

It should be (*a*) a definite and permanent *Whole*—a finite world; (*b*) made up of definite and permanent, and therefore indivisible and unalterable parts or "*Atoms*"; (*c*) which parts or "Atoms" must possess an absolute weight or resistance; and therefore also an absolute hardness or *impenetrability*; and finally (*d*) the said parts must have an absolute position or "*inertia*"—or be both "dead" and immutable; and therefore, as a consequence, be set in an absolute and impassable *emptiness* of Space. Such, I believe, was the generation of the famous Epicurean theory of the "Atom" and its "Void."

But little consideration is needed to show the manifold faultiness of such a theory of ultimates: for, primarily, it evidently abstracts into meaningless absolutes, properties which have only a meaning as *relatives*; such as weight or resistance, size or extension, position and number.

Thus, the indivisible and unalterable "Atom" or part, is indi-

visible and unalterable, only so long as we conceive it as the "*ideal unit* of mass," not to be thought apart from its fellow ideal, the "*whole*" which it helps to compose.

But taken as a "thing-in-itself," and apart from that "whole," it is obviously the "indivisible unit" no more; but is now itself a "whole," made up of fresh "units," "parts," or "Atoms." The folly of those modern investigators who, accepting the Epicurean theory of the "Atoms" as "things-in-themselves," have attempted to spy them with a microscope, is then clearly seen: as well might they, following the companion Epicurean teaching as to the finite whole of the Cosmos, endeavour to see with a powerful telescope the end of Space!

Yet this is not all. Not only does Epicureanism initially err, by transforming mere relatives into absolutes; but it also, as we might expect, finds the resultant absolutes to have really no relative application.

Thus, the absolute hardness or "impenetrability" of the imagined Atom has no actual bearing upon the merely *comparative* hardness or softness of "this stone" or "this water": that must be accounted for by the greater or less distance that may intervene between its composing Atoms. Then why, we may ask, predicate them in the first place as "hard" at all, since it is a "hardness" that accounts for nothing, and which we can never know?

And similarly, what meaning shall we allow to the predicated "inertia," or absolute position of the Atoms, arising from their unalterable immutability? For, not only do the facts of everyday life contradict such an hypothesis, since things are moving, and acting, and altering all the time; but it is even hopelessly at variance with that other theory, just mentioned, which accounts for the relative hardness or softness of things, by the varying inter-spaces between their Atoms.

In short, Epicureanism is "metaphysical" in the worst sense of that much abused word.

It speaks of one "matter," when all that we know are many "matters": it predicates "absolute-relatives," unthinkable self contradictions, of this one "matter": and finally, as a consequence, finds these said absolutes thereby powerless to account for the very relatives from which they have been abstracted, and on account of which they have been presumed! At any and every point it is at hopeless odds, both with itself, and with the common everyday facts of life by which we live: and yet it may not be neglected as but an early stage in the world's philosophical thinking.

The Scientific advance of the past four centuries, with its analytic and particularising spirit, has unfortunately found the Atomism of Epicurus but too congenial.

The doctrines of the finitness of the Cosmos, and of the inter-

atomic Void, have been generally allowed to slip into obscurity. But the existence of "matter," composed of "Atoms," one, indivisible, immutable, inert, and indestructibly permanent, has been proclaimed and reiterated with such Islamic fervour that average men, and even average thinkers, have come to regard it as an indubitable and primary fact of experience.

The plain substantial father of a family and the learned scientific lecturer may alike tell you that they scorn "metaphysical subtleties," and are guided only by the known facts of sense and common-sense; and yet will then calmly proceed to lay down the Epicurean doctrine of the "Atom," without any appreciation that they are thereby teaching the metaphysics of twenty-two centuries ago, and very bad metaphysics at that!

The Physicist, or Astronomer, or Biologist may perceive the utter incompatibility of each and every one of the well ascertained laws of Nature, for example Gravity, with the doctrine of the inert and immutable "Atom"; and yet will not dream of questioning that theory, but on the contrary will rather throw doubt on Gravity as being inconceivable. Motion is a self-contradiction, chemical change a paradox, life itself unthinkable, all is untrue, save an unaltering and unalterable "matter" and its indivisible "Atom!"

It is high time, then, I think, that a writ of "quo warranto" was served upon this arrogant assumption.

What chemist, or microscopist, or astronomer has ever *seen* this "matter," or even any evidence of its existence? The chemical elements we know—gold, silver, sulphur, and the rest; but what tests have shown, or indeed *can* show, this Protean one; since, "ex hypothesi," as inert and immutable, it is out of all possible relation and knowledge; being made up of self-existent and changeless 'Atoms," separated from each other and from us by relatively vast and impassable Voids.

It cannot account then for, and has no real relation with, the "matters" of the sensible world around us—of this book, this table, or this room: it is, in brief, but the emptiest "idol of the den": and yet, so great is the hold, through re-iteration, that it has upon our thought that scientists, as a rule, have accepted it as axiomatic, and even added to the absurdities involved in the theory.

To the average unthinking man his senses seem to give him knowledge of ultimate and simple facts; colour, sound, and smell, &c., being pictured as self-existent and self-explanatory objective "properties" necessarily inherent in and composing the perceived object or "thing." Even Epicureanism never doubted this ultimateness of a "thing" and its "properties"; but merely generalised the many "matters" into one; which one thus lay, as it were, but a step behind the world that we see and hear.

But modern Psychology and Anatomy, on the one hand, and

modern Physics, on the other, have made such naïve Realism impossible to the educated man.

On the subjective or personal side, Psychology teaches me the entirely subjective form of all my sensations. "Colour," at the last analysis, does not reside in the object, but in my perceiving eye; "sound" is similarly a sensation in the auditory nerves; and so on through the other senses. Each and all, at the utmost, are mere subjective *translations* to me of some change or changes that are taking place in the external non-Ego: which occurences, whatever they may, or may not be, are certainly not in themselves what we call "colour," "heat," or "sound," &c.

Then, on the objective side, Physics and its kindred sciences step forward and state that the said external changes, which we have variously translated to ourselves as colour, heat, or sound, &c., are actually in themselves varying *waves of motion*; "colour," "light," and "heat," being waves in a hypothetical "ether"; "sound" waves in our atmosphere; "weight," a synonym for the varying attractions of gravitation, &c., and only to be perceived as they *do* vary; and so on through the other senses.

So clearly is this fact established that many of our recent inventions are based upon the strict interchangeability of these sensuous "waves" with those of Electricity and Magnetism. Thus the telephone acts by turning sound waves into magnetic and electric vibrations; and these again back into sound waves: the electric light converts vibrations into light and heat: the "thermo-pile," joined with a telephone, will transmit heat into sound; while "selenium cells" will perform the same operation with light. It is, then, but a simple statement of fact that, given the proper apparatus, one can easily *hear* light and heat, or *see* sound.

Then finally Anatomy adds that not only are waves of motion, in their varying degrees, the excitants of our senses; but also, *prima facie*, nothing else *could* affect them. For, historically speaking, hearing, taste, sight, and smell, have all alike been developed and differentiated from the primitive sense of touch or mere sensibility; and obviously, nothing except "waves of motion" could possibly travel from the nerve terminal at the surface to the "seeing," "hearing," "feeling," &c., brain; to say nothing of the previously presumed journey from the "seen," or "heard," &c., object, possibly near at hand, possibly billions of miles away, to that surface nerve terminal.

The "essential properties," then—colour, weight, size, &c.—that in their synthesis compose what we term a "material thing" in our external world, are thus no longer credible as self-existent and self-explanatory facts; but are now resolved into subjective translations, by our senses, of varying "waves of motion."

But many men, and even many scientists, long accustomed to think with the category of a self-existent "thing" with inherent "properties," at this point eagerly turn to their cherished Atomism; and therefore into the phantasmagoric shell (so to speak) of light, heat, smell, and weight, &c., that motion in its varying phases is creating for their senses, into this "shell," I say, they now slip the metaphysical "matter" of Epicurus, well suited by its "inertness" for such an office, as if it were a filling or stuffing.

Yet in this new form the theory is, if possible, even less rational than in its more primitive example; for the one immutable "matter" that is thus injected, as an avowedly foreign substance, is now but the pale and unsubstantial ghost of its former self, being stripped of all the conceived "essential properties" that once gave it a meaning.

It obviously does not account for—it is not the underlying cause of—the sensuously perceived "colour," "weight," and "smell," &c.; since such properties are confessedly the products of "motion." Even more clearly, then, than under the simpler Epicurean theory, the immutable one is a useless something that has no possible bearing upon, or connection with anything that we can ever see or know, sensuously or mentally.

Nor is the case much improved if, abandoning the strict Epicurean teaching as to its "immutability," we picture it as either the "dead stuff" that shall carry the waves of motion; or still better, as the origin and cause of those waves.

True, under the first hypothesis of "matter" as the dead vehicle, we have gained one point: our theory, accurately speaking, is an Atomic one no longer; and we have escaped the manifold self-contradictions of a "finite Whole," with "indivisible Atoms," and "impassable voids"; our fancied "matter" being now utterly indifferent as to quantity, size, or position.

Nevertheless it still remains an unknown, unknowable, and ever foreign thing, that has been needlessly injected. Every perception or sensation that we have must still trace its origin to the varying "motions"; and the "dead vehicle," as dead, for us be as nothing.

And if it be pleaded that "motion" must needs have some vehicle to carry it, we can only answer that such an assumed necessity repeats the Epicurean fallacy of invalidly carrying sensuous relations into the super-sensuous realm.

A comparatively, but only *comparatively* speaking "inert matter," acted upon by—or carrying—an extraneous "force" is, no doubt, an accurate enough category for the rough and ready sensuous, and therefore "*particular*" world of everyday life around us; and it were hypercritical to raise any question. But when we begin to

theorise about the super-sensuous causes of things, we are dealing not with a mere collocation of accidental and extraneous "particulars," but in the nature of the case, with a realm of homogeneous unity and necessity.

Any injection, then, into this sphere of a foreign and ever unknowable "dead matter," that neither causes, nor is caused by anything, is at best an utterly uncalled for hypothesis; besides which it may very fairly be asked if the term "matter" is, under any circumstances, a permissible one for this unknown vehicle? And this brings me to the second possible theory, that, namely, which presumes an esoteric "matter" as the creator or origin of the sensuously perceived "motions."

Now doubtless "waves of motion," as the sources of our material world, are not finally satisfying; our minds will necessarily further question as to the source and cause, in turn, of the said "motions"; for, after all, by "motion" we really mean the action of something upon, or in relation to something else.

In this case the "something else" that is acted upon, or affected is our Ego, through its various senses; feeling, sight, and smell, &c.; then how shall we conceive of that other "something" that acts—or in other words, is the originator of the "waves of motion"—is it possible or allowable to picture it to ourselves as "matter"? I think not; for the following reasons.

Sensuous "matter" has been explained to be the creation of waves of motion. Now to predicate these motions as, in turn, the products of "matter," if by this term we mean the seen and felt "matter" for which we have just accounted, is evidently impotent and irrational.

On the other hand, if by "matter" here is meant a *transcendental* "matter," utterly diverse from anything we can see or feel around us, then the inapplicability of such a name is obvious. The things I touch and see and taste, they are "matter." Then why confuse the subject by again employing the term in a wholly different sphere? The origin and cause of those "waves of motion" that are creating for me the material world of my senses, I may possibly picture to myself as "Spirit," or as God, or even simply as "X"—the great unknown—but I certainly have no right to employ the "universal" sensuous term "matter" in this connection, any more than I have to use the concrete "particulars" of that "universal," namely sight, touch, or taste, &c.; and imagine an esoteric and super-sensuous "Sight," "Touch," or "Taste," as the underlying origin and cause, in turn, of the perceived "waves of motion."

To sum up, then, in the sensuous world of everyday life and thought we can rightly speak of "matter" and "material things," since these are well understood phrases, embodying valid ideas.

But the totally different *metaphysical* "matter" that is frequently

presumed as an ultimate in the super-sensuous world, and especially the Epicurean "matter," with its indivisible, immutable, and inert "Atoms," and impassable "Voids," such a concept, I say, is utterly indefensible and invalid. That kind of "matter" is like the mythical "Mrs. Harris," "there's no sich a pusson."

Alan Spencer Hawkesworth.

HENRY HOLIDAY AND HIS ART.

THE thesis of the following paper, if set down at its commencement, will sound to most readers like a paradox. It is as follows. There is living at the present day an artist and craftsman who is supreme in his own branch of art, and for whom it may be claimed that in some respects at least he has been unsurpassed in any age. His work belongs to a class that is brought very much before the public gaze. And yet he is little known to fame; you may look in vain in many up-to-date encyclopædias and books of reference for any mention of his achievements; and even among people of artistic taste it is chiefly by his work in a different sphere that he is known, and not by that in which he is unrivalled. The incredulity which these statements must awaken will be diminished when I mention that I speak of an artist in stained glass—in a branch of art, that is, in which, broadly speaking, there is no public appreciation, no standards of taste, and no well-informed criticism.

The ignorance concerning this art which prevails, and the apathy regarding it to be found even in artistic circles, are due mainly to two causes: first, to the lack of all opportunities of comparison between the works of various artists; and, secondly, to the depressing conditions under which until recently all modern stained glass has been produced—conditions which have utterly depraved and debauched the public taste.

Even a third-rate painter may hope to find his name almost a household word in his own generation, but a stained-glass artist must necessarily remain little known to the general public. A painter's name is affixed to his canvas, but a stained-glass picture is anonymous. Every year all pictures worth seeing, and very many that are not, are collected in galleries, and some approach to discrimination must be acquired by the public who so perseveringly attend these artistic shows. Moreover, the best of these pictures are sent on loan to various provincial towns, and may find a permanent place in some public art collection where they can be carefully studied. But in spite of an occasional Art and Crafts Exhibition we may say that stained glass is rarely seen in any museum or gallery, and nothing is done to educate the public to appreciate its beauties. When one meets in a church with a piece of modern work that

awakens interest—a rare event indeed—there is difficulty in discovering who is the artist, and years may pass or many miles may have to be travelled before a second specimen of his work can be seen. Thus it is not so wonderful after all that a great artist should arise, and yet his greatness be unrecognised beyond a very small circle.

And the achievement of full recognition is rendered still more difficult by the fact that until recently the production of stained-glass windows has not been an art but a trade. You may order your picture—if it be but in stained glass—from the Stores or from an ecclesiastical millinery and tailoring establishment. At best you order it from a commercial firm, the heads of which are, as a rule, purely business men, who manufacture their wares on business principles. With the rarest exceptions the designers they employ are not artists but draughtsmen; and, as you may see by the monotony of their output, their work is almost as mechanical as the cutting out of coats and waistcoats. In their figure drawing they are oblivious often of the most obvious facts of anatomy. I was recently attracted by a glowing and poetical description of a new window by a well known firm: on going to the church to see it I was invited to make a close inspection; it was a figure of St. Andrew, the patron saint of the church; and on one bare foot, which was very much in evidence on the level at which I stood, *there were six toes*. After this it will surprise no one to hear that stained-glass windows are generally produced by piecework, like any other commercial product; one employé spends all his time tracing outlines, another does only the drapery bits, a third foliage, a fourth flesh tints. In the art of sculpture if we imagine one man carving only arms, another legs, and so forth, and then the finished article, when put together, purchasable not at a studio but from a tradesman, the analogy will help us to realise the Gilbertian conditions under which at present the "art" of stained glass is carried on.

A still more potent hindrance to the recognition of real gifts in this art is the strange ideas prevailing as to its necessary limits. It is almost universally accepted as an axiom among architects that *all legitimate styles and developments were exhausted four centuries ago.* It is admitted that while stained glass was a living art, every century developed its own style and never dreamed of copying that which preceded it; yet it is maintained that there is nothing for us to do but to imitate the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The idea is so preposterous as to be unthinkable in connection with any other art. Imagine our Tate Gallery filled not with English works but with imitations of the Old Masters by English copyists, and the paintings of Turner, Watts and Millais turned away as works of cranks and heretics! Yet that is what has happened and is happening where stained glass is concerned. And it is needless to say that in the

attempt to imitate the old it is merely mannerisms and faults that are copied: the simpering ecstasies of the adoring angels, the limp attitude and dolorous expression of the saints and martyrs as they faintly clasp the conventional symbols of their sufferings may amuse as caricatures, but certainly possess no possible interest as works of art. And in many of these commercial windows not only is there imitation but falsification—the deliberate attempt to forge the signs of age. If a man were to fill his hall with suits of armour recently manufactured in Birmingham and then rusted and dented by some Wardour Street tradesman, and were to cover his walls with nineteenth century "ancestors" and Old Masters, his claim to artistic taste would be laughed to scorn, and "Philistine" would be the mildest term we should apply to him. Yet for fifty years this is how we have been acting as regards our churches and cathedrals and college chapels, and hardly a voice has been raised in protest.

That the result of all this has been to blind and stupefy the public I have come across many proofs. Not long since a lady who takes considerable interest in art accompanied me to Exeter College, Oxford, where I wished to renew my acquaintance with the tapestry of Morris and Burne-Jones, its principal treasure. I asked this lady if she had ever noticed the windows. She replied that she had not; that she had been dimly conscious that the chapel was rich in stained glass, but that she had never particularly examined it. We went round together, and while interested in and amused at the puce-coloured flesh, the gaudy colouring and the grotesque figures, she could not get over her wonder that she had so often been into that building, examining one of the most exquisite products of nineteenth century genius, and yet should never have noticed the hideous and debased pseudo-art staring at her on every side. It was a case of "eyes and no eyes," and the lady in this instance does but too faithfully represent almost the entire British public.

A still more striking proof of blindness and apathy on the subject of stained glass was afforded me recently when on a visit to Rouen. Consulting one of those standard guide-books which may generally be trusted to give the verdict of the centuries on works of art, I was informed that the Church of St. Godard was remarkable for its admirable specimens of modern stained glass: yet I found it full of flamboyant monstrosities in Munich glass of the poorest description. On the other hand the glass of St. Ouen was passed over without comment, though St. Ouen possesses fourteenth-century windows, which are among the most famous and beautiful in the world. Blunders of this magnitude, if made regarding pictures, sculpture or architecture, would be well-nigh sufficient to damn the whole series of guide-books to which this belongs. But blunders concerning stained glass do not count, for on this subject the British public knows nothing and cares nothing.

It is to be regretted that into the Blunderland I have described so few really great artists have penetrated. This may be partly due to the fact that the production of stained-glass windows can never be so remunerative as picture painting, and the artist must seek much of his reward in the sheer love and enthusiasm for his work. It is significant that so many of those who have taken part in the renaissance of stained glass have been men who were at war with the competitive system and who cherished high social ideals. The original impulse came from William Morris, to whom we owe so much of the beauty of modern life; and among those who have helped on the movement may be mentioned Ford Madox Brown, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, W. B. Richmond, and Henry Holiday—all men of an unconventional type, whose love of art was conspicuously untainted by love of gain. It will be noted that in this list all the names, with the exception of Mr. Holiday's, are the names of men who were primarily painters, and even Mr. Holiday is best known to the general public as a painter—by his oft-reproduced work the *Meeting of Dante and Beatrice*, the original of which is in the Liverpool Gallery. But this picture is merely a by-product of his genius: he, and he alone of great artists, has deliberately turned aside from the paths where fame and riches are most easily to be achieved, and has given to the comparatively despised art of stained glass the devotion of a lifetime.

Of the immeasurable superiority of the work of the artists I have mentioned over that of the commercial firms who go on copying in a mechanical way the mannerisms of ancient times, no person of taste who has seen the two side by side can have a moment's doubt. The Chapel of Jesus College, Cambridge, affords an instructive object-lesson upon this point, for there may be seen a pinchbeck imitation of such windows as those in the Sans Chapelle, side by side with glass from the designs of Ford Madox Brown and Burne-Jones, and the contrast is as wide as that between pain and pleasure. Or let the visitor to St. Paul's Cathedral contrast the delicate and harmonious colours of Richmond's windows in the north and south transepts, or the extraordinarily brilliant glass of deeper tone in the upper part of the apse, with the ordinary type of modern window, and he will be in no doubt as to the reality of the renaissance in stained glass wherever the artist replaces the tradesman. There may be difference of opinion among competent critics as to Mr. Richmond's glass mosaics; there can be none as to his windows.

But while the superiority of the artists, as a class, over the tradesmen is patent, I shall probably meet with opposition when I claim for Mr. Holiday a superiority in his art among the men of genius who are alone worthy to be spoken of as his rivals. Of the names mentioned, the one most known to fame is undoubtedly that of Burne-Jones, whose work was produced in collaboration with

William Morris's firm; and those who have seen his masterpieces at St. Philip's, Birmingham, or the exquisitely simple and beautiful single figures at Christ Church, Oxford, or the windows at Manchester College Chapel, which are all filled with his designs, may be tempted to maintain that to him belongs of right the highest place as a modern artist in stained glass. To the present writer, however, it seems that this position is at least open to challenge. It is well known that one ideal face, and one only, is to be found in all his creations; and though this is so beautiful that we never weary of it, yet this narrowness must surely be counted a defect when the comparison is with Henry Holiday, who, with ideals scarcely less beautiful, possesses a range so much wider and types so much more varied. Undoubtedly, also, Mr. Holiday has by long practice obtained a mastery over his material and a power of adapting his art to its capacities impossible to one to whom work of this kind was only an occasional relaxation. If all this be taken into account, and especially if he be judged by his latest work, it may be maintained that the living artist is certainly unsurpassed by any worker of the last or present centuries.

That he is supreme among the living, no critic qualified to judge can possibly doubt. Even to the man in the street, were opportunities available, this might be made quite plain. It is true, of course, that, like all original artists, he produces work which it requires an education to appreciate. The west window in Southwark Cathedral is an instance in point. Its three lights, being very narrow, are necessarily filled with very small designs. They are so high up that neither the grace of the figures nor the beauty of the symbolism they express can be perceived except after patient study through glasses; and the colour, though in itself extremely beautiful, is so unlike that to which commercial art has accustomed us that the average man may be excused if he does not understand it. But Mr. Holiday's originality is never that of eccentricity, and much of his work is of such a nature that attention has only to be drawn to it for its superiority to be at once apparent. Sometimes, for example, he has designed a simple figure seated beneath a canopy, not unsimilar, if verbally described, to those we commonly see in churches. But if the two could be placed side by side not only the critic but the man in the street would see the immeasurable superiority of Mr. Holiday's work, alike in colour, in dignity of conception, and in execution. To compare them would be like comparing the chalk sketch of a pavement artist with a picture in the National Gallery. Were it possible to hold an Academy exhibition of stained-glass windows, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the interest would centre entirely around Mr. Holiday's exhibits—the rest would be nowhere.

The three merits to be looked for in stained-glass windows are

beauty of colour, beauty of form, and what, for want of a better name, I will call intellectuality: and in all these it seems to me Mr. Holiday is supreme.

It is, perhaps, in colour that the greatest progress is discernible in his work when one studies it chronologically; and this is due mainly to the fact that there has been great improvement in the manufacture of stained glass of late years—an improvement which is in evidence even in commercial windows. Colour is the one quality in which stained glass at its best may claim to be more beautiful than any other production of art or craft; and, in the hands of such an artist as Mr. Holiday, effects are produced which suggest rather celestial visions than mere pictures. The tender harmonies, the jewelled splendours, the mystic glitter of some of his windows must be seen to be imagined, and this is especially the case where winged angelic figures are introduced, as is so often the case in his work. And a good stained-glass window has this advantage over other paintings, that its colour is ever varying; cloud and sunshine, the morning, noon, and evening light, all produce different effects, and most beautiful, most unearthly of all is such a window seen with a moving fog behind it, causing the colours actually to shimmer and change as one gazes. By this one quality alone stained glass may produce æsthetic pleasure of a high order.

But to his gifts as a colourist Mr. Holiday adds supremacy both as a draughtsman and as an imaginative artist—and it is this which renders him the superior of Mr. W. B. Richmond and Mr. Douglas Strachan, the frescoist, who, so far as mere colour is concerned, are probably his equals. Again and again one meets in his windows with figures which recall some of the beautiful forms which captivate us in a Luini fresco, or with faces such as haunt the tender dream-land of Albert Moore. In the sphere of cherubim and seraphim, of angels, principalities, and powers, he moves as though he were native to it. He is almost as worthy to be called "Angelico" as was Fra Giovanni; his angelic beings, though of many types, are all beautiful, and occasionally one meets with faces so lovely that they stamp themselves indelibly upon the memory, and again and again they

> "flash upon that inward eye
> That is the bliss of solitude"

quite unforgetable. And yet Mr. Holiday's idealism never renders him indifferent to detail. While no man is more careful not to transgress the limits of his art, or is more opposed to pseudo-realism such as that of the Munich artists, who used a sheet of glass just as a painter uses a stretch of canvas, yet he holds that there is nothing in the canons of his art to excuse careless drawing; and in studying his figures one finds in the curve of every limb and the

fold of every garment, not only gracefulness, but perfect draughtsmanship. In his work the beauty of form is worthy of the splendid colour.

But it is perhaps in the third quality, which I have called intellectuality, that Mr. Holiday stands most alone among living workers in stained glass. This is a quality in which ninety-nine out of every hundred windows are entirely deficient. It is little story they have to tell, but such as it is you do not need a second glance to read it. But Mr. Holiday's windows are like a Pre-Raphaelite picture in this, that the best does not lie upon the surface; the longer you study them the more you find in them to interest and instruct. Is it "St. Paul preaching on Mars Hill"? You first note the charm of the colour and the grace of the outlines. Then you perceive that the background is an accurate picture of Athens as it must have appeared from the Areopagus, with the Propylæa and Pinakotheka and the temple of Nike Apteros on the Apostle's right. Next you note that the dresses and accessories are equally true to the time. Presently you begin to study the crowd: all are truly Greek, and every face is a type, the *blasé* voluptuary, the complacent philosopher, the hard-visaged man of affairs, the women, some touched and interested, others merely curious. Or is it a scene from the story of Israel in Egypt? Well, Mr. Holiday has a passionate interest in Egypt; has studied its language and antiquities, and knows its chief temples almost as he knows St. Paul's Cathedral; his knowledge gives a unique interest to the window before you, and you find it almost as much an appeal to the intellect as to the æsthetic taste. Or perhaps it is some episode in the life of Christ that is delineated? If so it may remind you of those wonderful little water-colours by Tissot exhibited some years ago in London, for not only do these windows conjure up the scene very vividly, but almost invariably they throw a new and unexpected light upon the incident depicted—you go away with something fresh to think about in connection with what you were accustomed to consider a trite subject.

But it is perhaps in symbolism—in which stained glass necessarily deals largely—that the intellectuality of Mr. Holiday's work is most apparent. Not, of course, that he employs the crude and arbitrary symbols with which the ordinary church window has familiarised us. His symbolism is of that quiet unobtrusive order that reveals itself only to "the heart that watches and receives;" in his best work, as you gaze and meditate, meaning after meaning steals out, and when you return you find still something there that had formerly escaped you.

A good specimen of this kind of work is found in a window of two lights, representing Death and Resurrection. With Death the artist associates Hope, and with Resurrection Love. In the window

which represents Death stands the embodiment of human sorrow; she is clothed in sombre garments, she is whelmed in the swirl of a mighty wave; there is a napkin about her head which hints of the grave, and behind her a dark cloud forms a menacing background. The face, in which suffering and patience are wonderfully blended, looks out with appealing pathos as though seeking to scan the future, while the right hand is on the brow in an attitude of deep perplexity. All this harmonises well with the text at the foot, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee." But the hope is expressed just as vividly as the sorrow. The upper part of the window reminds one of a piece of clear blue sky above a thundercloud. A glorious angel with rose-tinted wings is seen rising above the darkness; in her right hand she holds a crown, her left is thrust through the cloud and grasps firmly the hand of the figure below, while here and there a rift in the darkness lets through a cheering ray of sunshine. The text on the upper half of the window runs, "The righteous hath hope in his death," and is so arranged that the word "hope" stands by itself at the head of the window as the keynote of the whole. The right-hand light, which has Resurrection for its subject, is so worked out as both to harmonise and contrast with the companion design. The figure here, instead of sombre garments, is clothed in white with stain of gold. In place of the swirling waves a few wisps of crimson clouds, like flying relics of a storm seen in a gorgeous sunset, whirl across the window; the napkin is replaced by a halo, the face gazes upward and its calm rapture strikingly contrasts with the piercing sadness of the other's glance; great wings, the feathers of which seem dipped in all celestial hues, fill up the background; and in every way the text inscribed at the bottom of the window, "This mortal must put on immortality," is worthily illustrated. Bright as is this radiant figure, it is not too bright to allow of a contrast with the upper part, where is seen a golden-winged angel, who, grasping both the upraised hands of the newly-clothed-upon soul bears it in full flight upward to its heavenly inheritance. The text at the head of this light runs, "The God of love be with you," and here again "love" is so placed as to appear the subject title of the design. Words can but imperfectly describe this beautiful creation, which is truly a poem in colour, and they can give no idea of the soft harmony, the exquisite refinement of the whole. I have introduced it to the notice of several people of artistic taste, but never to one who did not wish to revisit it again and again. The window I speak of is in a church in the little village of Colinton, near Edinburgh. I believe an earlier window similar to it, but with three lights, "Life, Death, and Resurrection," is to be seen at the Mall Church, Notting Hill. I have not examined the latter window, but it is difficult to imagine that it can surpass that which I have described.

There is now at least one church known to me in which the three qualities of Mr. Holiday's work upon which I have dwelt can be studied at their best. In the ancient Cathedral of Brechin, Forfarshire, recently restored, the chancel windows are entirely by this artist. Five on each side illustrate the life of our Lord, and as each virtually contains three designs they present thirty scenes in all. In addition to these there are three windows in the east gable, each containing a seated figure beneath a canopy—Christ as Prophet, Priest, and King—and there are thus afforded examples of the artist's skill in an entirely different style. Any one who examines these windows will be able to form some conception of the possibilities of Mr. Holiday's art; only the visitor must remember that it is not enough to give that casual glance which is all that, as a rule, is vouchsafed to stained glass—to be appreciated each light must be studied and returned to again and again.

Hitherto Mr. Holiday's admirers, if fit, have not been anything like as numerous as one would have expected. In America, indeed, his popularity is great. Having shown some of his work at the Chicago Exhibition the admiration excited was so enthusiastic that churches were erected and windows remodelled to give him wider opportunities of displaying his powers. But in this country conventionality is strong; any new movement has to reckon with Custom, "the hoodwinked Angel of the blind and dead," as Shelley calls her, and consequently more of this great artist's work has crossed the Atlantic than remains at home. It may, of course, be said in deprecation of too severe a condemnation of our national obtuseness that those really qualified to judge have never been in doubt. Ruskin, William Morris, Burne-Jones, all warmly recognised Mr. Holiday's extraordinary powers, though they scarcely saw them in their full development. Gladstone, who always had an eye for the new as well as the old, for the future as well as the past, had an enthusiastic admiration for his art, and it is pleasing to know that no work but his will figure in the Gladstone Memorial Church now being erected. Yet it remains true that the critic who shall do for Holiday what Ruskin did for Turner has not yet arisen.

What position Mr. Holiday will ultimately hold it is too early for us to determine; for no one can predict the results which will spring from the renaissance of stained glass of which we are witnessing the beginning. But it is at least a moot question whether Mr. Holiday is not the greatest artist in stained glass that has arisen hitherto. It is quite true that for splendour of colour the old masters are unsurpassed; but it does not follow that they will always remain so. If some brilliant colours are lost to the moderns others have been discovered which centuries ago were undreamt of; and time and weather, which have done so much to improve the

old windows, will do the like good office for those erected in our day. And as to beauty of form, there surely can be no comparison in that respect between the ancient workers and the best of the moderns. When stained glass art was at its zenith figure drawing was little studied and perspective scarcely understood, with the result that form in thirteenth century windows is more or less grotesque. In the fifteenth century when there was vigorous drawing the artists confined themselves mainly to single figures. It is impossible, therefore, to contend that the ancient glass can show anything so fine as the beauties of form to be found in most of Mr. Holiday's windows; and as for the quality I have called "intellectuality," that could scarcely be said to exist at all in the old work. It may, therefore, be confidently predicted that when once a wide and intelligent interest in stained glass again exists, the name of Henry Holiday will occupy a very high place in the history of Art. It is not impossible that next century people may troop to Brechin to study his windows, as they go now to Antwerp to see Rubens at his best, and to Venice to admire Bellini; or that nations may compete for a Holiday window on the rare occasions when one finds its way into the market, as in our day they have competed for a Raphael or a Gainsborough. Certainly Mr. Holiday's work is of such a quality that time can only add to the appreciation it will receive.

Angus M. MacKay.

FIGHTING THE PLAGUE.

NATIVE STATESMANSHIP.

THE fear of the plague is upon India in somewhat the same way that the fear of cancer is upon the people of England.

You enter Bombay and you find a world of people, all busy, all hurrying to and fro. The streets are filled with every coloured garment except black. Horses and carriages, bullock waggons, hand-carts, men and women throng the highways, and there is no word of death anywhere.

Visit the hospitals, and the usual sort of cases fill the beds—surgical, medical, and gynæcological lie there tossing feverishly through the long hot days, but you will hear no word of the plague anywhere.

Drive through the narrow slums and see the half-nude men and women sitting over their work or their wares. See them crowded and toiling in their tiny dens with the pitiless heat shining down upon them and ask them of the plague, and you will hear nothing, and yet—and yet—where you know your people you find that its fear is looming ever upon those who know its terrors. Before we landed the old hands, who had spent years in India and were returning to England, were discussing it, and they at once turned to the pages of the newspapers that were brought aboard to see the latest statistics of its presence.

"It's all right now," said one old officer to me, "because it's hot, and people are all out of doors, but the moment November comes in we shall have a recrudescence. It has been hanging about all the summer," he continued, "and with the advent of the colder weather the people will crowd closer, and will shut up their houses and huddle together to get the warmth which they are otherwise too poor to provide."

"And then?" I asked.

"And then," he replied, "the plague returns will show a great increase in such cities as Bombay, and there will be again the fear of an epidemic—whose limits no man can fix."

I had had to go before the sanitary authorities at Port Said, after landing for an hour, before being allowed to return to the ship. I had had to pass under the medical officer's eye at Aden before the

ship could clear out of the port, and in both cases the dreaded word was passed round; but it was not until after landing in India itself that I really felt the hand of the administrator trying to crush down the enemy. I landed at Bombay at noon, and at 9 P.M. I had entered a train for a twenty-four hours' run to one of the States north of Ahmedabad. There were three of us in the sleeping-car and our servant in attendance, and we were deep in sleep when we were waked by the touch of a stranger. It was not "tickets," for our servant had these. It was the voice of a native doctor saying, "Medical examination, please." He simply took our wrist, felt our pulse, and passed out again, but it was the first train examination I had ever endured, and the presence of the plague came a step nearer to my understanding.

Again in the morning the same thing occurred, with the exception that whereas we had simply to extend our hand as we sat, the third-class passengers had all to get out and stand in a rope surrounded cordon while the medical officer inspected them. Yet again at midday there was another medical inspection of the train, and when I jokingly asked the doctor whether he would not *prescribe* for me as well as *diagnose*, he replied: "Yes, sir; certainly I will if I find it necessary to detain you here."

And then again, still more vividly, I could picture what the real presence of the plague would mean under such circumstances.

In England I had always looked upon plague service as one of the most hopeless forms of medical work, because of the unconquerable hatred which the natives have to segregation. I had read the most revolting details of the living and dying lying side by side and refusing to be separated. I had read the most sickening particulars of how the plague-stricken patients were secreted and placed to sleep in huts crowded with those who were well, in order to escape the vigilance of the dreaded inspector, and how practically the whole principle of segregation was one long hopeless fight against native ignorance and native superstition and native stupidity! Now that I am in India I took this problem to a very enlightened man who is Secretary of State to one of the first-class Native States, and I said to him: "Why is it that you who understand the need for segregation, why is it that you, who would be trusted by your people, why is it that you do not lend your aid to spread a knowledge of the truth and entirely dissipate the idea that the English are doing this for some secret motive of their own?"

"Yes," he replied, "if you forget what human nature is, you will find all things very simple. Very simple."

Seeing that he had something to tell me if I cared to listen I answered: "Well then, what have you got to say on the matter?"

"In dealing with every problem which affects the welfare of large masses of people," he answered, "you must work *with* and not

against the susceptibilities of the people. In the one case you get a great force which you can wield, for your own ends, in the other your own force must be immensely superior because so much is neutralised by antagonism. Now in my own State the plague appeared three years ago and the Government at that time was trying to enforce the recommendations of its medical officers, of which, as you know, segregation was the essential principle. The Native States were politely requested to follow suit, and when requests are put in a certain way they amount to commands. Personally I was of opinion that such a scheme would fail, because it was so essentially opposed to the habits of my people, but it was my duty to obey, and when I obey I do not do it grudgingly or of necessity, but as loyally and thoroughly as possible. We formed our segregation camps in a position selected by our medical officers and issued a proclamation throughout the city that every case of plague was at once to be notified. In the evening a deputation of the chief men of certain classes came up to the palace bearing fire upon their heads. As this was a sign that they had come upon matters of the greatest urgency his Highness sent for me to find out what they wanted. So I summoned them in, and they began, with one accord, to say that they could not obey the proclamation. They asserted that their people would rather die than be carried away to the camp. That their people would have their friends to die at home rather than suffer them to be deported away to die. . . . That if the proclamation was not withdrawn they would close their shops and not allow anything to be sold—that they would, in fact, declare a commercial blockade, and, as they were men of position in the commercial world, I knew they would carry out their threat. . . . I waited a little until their excitement had somewhat bubbled away in the violence of their words and then I gently began, 'Gentlemen, the proclamation that has been issued is not for you at all. It is for those who wish to avoid the infection of plague. If you, gentlemen, and all your clients like the plague well and good. We shall not take it from you. But there are a large number of people in this city who *do* fear the plague and who do *not* want to get it, and it is for *their* sake that the proclamation has been issued. I am, however, quite willing to ask his Highness to withdraw the proclamation upon the following terms:

"'(1) We will make *this* city the segregation camp and will surround it with a cordon, and you who wish shall stay here *and none of you shall then under any circumstances and for any reason be allowed to leave!* You may—since you wish it—all die of the plague, but certainly you shall all have the chance of so doing! Those who want to go forth with us shall do so and we will make the present segregation camp our new court, but of you and your clients all shall stay here as you wish.

"'(2) As you have threatened to close your shops, I accept the threat, and will order a sentry to be posted outside each, and I notify you that so long as any plague remains—be it weeks or months or years—so long shall those shops remain closed, however much you may wish to open them!'

"I think you must admit," he went on, "that I did not fail to do my best to get the wishes of the Government carried out, even though they were against my better judgment?"

"Certainly not," I answered, "your position was decidedly brilliant and bold, and what happened then?"

"I noticed that as I talked their faces became longer and their defiant attitude began to melt away, and when I had done I added 'and now gentlemen, your answer?'

"'Sir,' they said, 'we will go home and talk it over and we will come again to-morrow and give you our answer.'"

"'Gentlemen,' I replied, 'I must have your answer before twelve o'clock to-night, midnight, as it will take a little time to call out the military and by daybreak to-morrow morning the city will be surrounded by a cordon, and sentries posted at your shops, if I do not hear that you will absolutely obey his Highness's proclamation!'

"Before midnight they had returned and humbly promised to do all that was required, since they now saw how good it was and how necessary!"

"Well," I said, "and was not that success?"

"Yes. Diplomatic success, of course, but not real success. I knew exactly that the same things would happen in our city as happened in Bombay, and I knew that our medical officers, smart, and eager, and devoted though they were, would be outwitted by the invincible repugnance of the poor people to be removed from their homes."

"And is this the end of the story?" I asked.

"Not quite. A year ago the plague appeared again, and this time the Government, having practically failed in its own territories was not so insistent upon us, but our medical officers took up, just as strongly as before, the absolute necessity of going on with the old segregation method. I suggested my alternative plan, and they replied that it was an impossible one. I answered that if I could manage it did they approve, and they promptly replied that they did.

"I then set to work, and getting a dozen head men daily up to my office, I explained to them that if they wanted to ward off the plague and escape the necessity of the segregation camp they must carry out my plans. Within a month or so I had interviewed them all, and they had discussed it together, and all were unanimously won over, and then the medical officers joined in when they found it was within the range of success and we had a harmonious city."

"And what was your scheme?"

"Simply this. We divided the city into wards and sub-wards, and divisional sub-wards, and put an inspector over each, and then we fixed a big holiday and we provided lime wash and chloride of lime, and perchloride of mercury, and other strong disinfectants free of charge, and on the fixed day every householder was held responsible to turn out his house, wash it thoroughly, disinfect it, and lime wash it throughout. It was all done simultaneously, and each inspector had to see that in every house in his little district it was being done. The officers of State, too, rode through the whole city, broad streets, slums, healthy parts and plague-stricken areas alike, and it was made a great festival of cleansing! And then for the next eight days every room in every house had to be simultaneously fumigated for two hours from six to eight in the evening, with burning sulphur and native loban. This, too, was provided free to the poor. In the streets every night at the same time fires were lighted at short intervals, and upon these the same fumigants were placed, so that for two hours every night for over a week the city was in a state of fumigation in such a way that all the people and all their clothes had to be turned out and exposed either to fresh air or antiseptic fumes. The inspection was done so thoroughly that over each ward the municipal inspector was told off to see to the streets and houses, a doctor was appointed to each ward for house to house visitation, and a special magistrate appointed to each ward to emphasise the fact that the State intended to carry out rigorously the rules laid down, and finally in each sub-district three of the best known and best respected men in that sub-district were appointed to spend their whole time in explaining to the inhabitants of their own neighbourhood the facts of the case and the remedies that were being adopted! Then further we agreed that no plague case *that was reported* should be removed to the camp, but should be allowed to be treated at home, and we advised the remedies to be adopted and provided medicines and disinfectants free; but we decreed that every case that was detected and which had *not* been reported should be at once carried away to the camp. The cases that were treated at home were isolated in every house that had two rooms, and thus it became the rarest thing either for the sick and the well to be sleeping together, or for cases to be unknown to the district medical officer. By these means we got a thoroughly good cleaning done at comparatively small cost, we got a fairly complete hold upon every case of plague, and more than all we had the goodwill of the people and their hearty co-operation."

"Did you lose many people?"

"About 50,000 in the two visitations."

"And since your experiment came into operation?"

"No, we have lost none, because we have had no recurrence. But we do not now greatly fear its advent. Upon the slightest suspicion

of its presence we should renew our previous methods and repeat them as often as necessary."

And I went away, remembering the wish of the dying Joseph of Austria, "Put upon my tombstone that I have failed because I have forgotten the susceptibilities of my subjects," and I felt that I had not travelled from Harley Street to India without adding considerably to my stock of knowledge of preventive medicine.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

THE APOLLONIUS OF PHILOSTRATUS.

FLAVIUS PHILOSTRATUS, who is chiefly famous as the biographer of Apollonius, flourished at Rome in the earlier part of the third century of the Christian era, under the African Emperor Septimius Severus.

His position at the Imperial Court, where he was the special *protégé* and literary guide of the fair Syrian Empress, whose beauty and love of pleasure did not prevent her from posing as a *précieuse*, somewhat reminds us of the relations of that illustrious savant and accomplished courtier, Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz, with his friend, patroness, and pupil, the Queen of Prussia. It was at the request of Julia Domna that Philostratus, who was not merely a sophist but an art critic of the first order (Εἰκόνες), and a master of the polished Attic style and dialect almost equal to Lucian, compiled from the existing memoirs and rough notes of Damis of Nineveh, a disciple of that extraordinary man, the life of Apollonius of Tyana which has come down to us; while, as we know, the *Theodicée*, a popular exposition of the Leibnitzian system, was drawn up by the philosophic German at the desire and for the behoof of Sophia Charlotte.

The writer was once informed by the fastidious editor of a portentously dull periodical that neither the matter nor the manner of his contributions attained to the lofty standard of the magazine. Such atrabiliar and alliterative censure would certainly not apply to the work of Philostratus under consideration. The matter, despite certain errors, extravagances, and blemishes, which might naturally be expected in an age that possessed nothing analogous to, say, the Tübingen school of criticism, is interesting, valuable, and fascinating in the highest degree; the diction is pure Attic, not unworthy, as we have said, of the brilliant Samosatene himself, although sufficiently difficult to recommend the book to the favourable notice of University examiners when it is their amiable desire to set an exceptionally stiff paper in Greek.

Neither of these facts particularly astonishes us. For the work gives us glimpses, "as in a glass, darkly," it is true, of one of the loftiest and most wonderful personalities to be met with in the history of humanity; and the Muses had not yet deserted the

streams of Ilissus and the groves of Academus, where Philostratus, like Julian in a still later age, acquired that limpid Greek, that piquant, balanced and epigrammatic style, which we find, somewhat to our surprise, in the writings of the courtly Sophist and the reactionary Emperor alike. If, as Propertius alleges, *sunt aliquid manes*, the spirit of Apollonius must have rejoiced to know that, more than a century after his passing, the uncouth, perhaps barbarous, diary of his life, travels, doctrines, and wondrous works, kept, or written up from memory, by his Assyrian disciple, Damis of Nineveh, should have fallen into the hands of a literary Pisistratus, gifted with philosophic acumen and the "vision" of a true author, and animated with that intense admiration for and sympathy with his hero which are the first requisites for a successful biography, and which, in our own literature, are so conspicuous in Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson* and Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*.

Unless we wish to ignore the internal evidence of the book itself and a pretty general consensus of opinion since its appearance, we shall regard the *Apollonius* of Philostratus as something more than a philosophical romance of the type of the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon. It was above and before all else a book with a purpose. What that purpose was, will, the writer hopes, become sufficiently clear from the following remarks.

Man is by nature a hypocrite. He fixes his eyes ecstatically upon the heavens and poses as a spectator of time and eternity, while his heart and inmost thoughts are centred upon his native earth. He professes himself a worshipper of the Abstract, but, like the conforming Jews in Spain in the days of the Inquisition and the Autos da fé, he has a secret chamber wherein he bows down before his god, and that god is the concrete. He raves about a *summum bonum*, but the real object of his quest is its embodiment and incarnation in the Perfect Man.

The awful and mysterious Jehovah, veiled in clouds and thick darkness, claimed, it is true, the outward allegiance of the Jews; but in the wilderness, as we know, they sighed for the tangible, even in questionable shape, and in the later days of their oppression and subjugation they cherished the consoling vision of the Messiah —the King—the Conqueror—the Perfect Man.

In the eyes of many this vision became a reality on the advent of the Founder of Christianity—the Son of Man. But Christ, according to the flesh, was a Semite. He belonged to a race who, in the words of Philostratus, "were at variance not only with the Romans, but with all mankind, and, as a nation, completely isolated themselves from the rest of the world, associating neither in hospitality, nor libation, nor prayers, nor sacrifices with their fellow mortals, standing, in sentiment, farther apart from the Greeks and

Romans than Susa, Bactria, and India in geographical position." The anti-Semitic spirit raged as fiercely then as now. The hatred and scorn, not unmingled with a kind of superstitious fear, with which the ancient world regarded the Hebrews may be traced by those who care to do so in the writings of Horace, Tacitus, Juvenal, and Lucian, as well as in those of Philostratus. Their neighbours —and we must remember in this connection that Julia Domna was a native of Emesa—detested them most bitterly of all; and it was the unpopularity of the Jews which constituted the greatest obstacle to the spread of Christianity.

Now there can be little doubt that the thoroughly Hellenic Philostratus and his patroness Julia Domna, the brilliant and talented consort of Severus, himself an uncompromising opponent of the new doctrine, saw with alarm and disquiet the sure and stealthy progress of the Jewish cult, against which all their instincts rose in proud revolt, and determined, with far more reasonable prospects of success than Julian could have entertained 150 years later, to inaugurate a pagan revival. The world, worn and effete, and weary of golden, gorgeous, but unsubstantial dreams, pined and sickened in its every fibre for the perfect man. Its sighs should be heard, its aspirations gratified, its prayers answered. They, Julia Domnia and Philostratus—would give it the perfect, the ideal man—an Aryan, a Greek, a Pythagorean, *not* a Semite. The *Apollonius* represents an attempt made by a philosopher and an Empress to stem the tide of what they considered an *exitiabilis superstitio*, which was already becoming a power to be reckoned with in the Roman world. It was, in fact, the pagan counterblast to the Gospel of Galilee. A newer and greater Empedocles was presented to the restless age as a divine man, an embodiment of all that is purest, loftiest, and best in Hellenic religion, as interpreted by a nominally Pythagorean but really eclectic philosophy.

And now a question arises of intense and absorbing interest for all dispassionate students—for all those who are not blinded by prejudice or the *odium theologicum*. What manner of man was this who was thus deliberately and confidently put forward, a century after he had passed from earth, by Philostratus and Julia Domna as the champion of paganism, the protagonist of Aryan claims to rule the heart, the soul, the conscience of humanity? What was this Apollonius whose name and fame were so imperishable that seventy years after the publication of the work of Philostratus they could induce the merciless conqueror Aurelian to spare his native city of Tyana?

The mythopœic tendencies of mankind are so inveterate and so strong that in an uncritical age after the lapse of a hundred years we find the moss and lichen of tradition frequently obscuring the

true character of a remarkable personage. In this case, however, amidst all legendary accretions, amidst all the errors in geography, natural history, and chronology with which the biography confessedly teems, we can discern the "pantarbic" flash of a soul, regal and elect, that ruled and influenced, as such souls always will, not only contemporaries but many succeeding generations; and we may dismiss *in limine* with the contempt which it deserves the flippant criticism of Gibbon: "We are at a loss to discover whether Apollonius was a sage, an impostor, or a fanatic."

Considerations of space forbid us to give more than a mere sketch of the varied contents of the eight books which Philostratus has devoted to the life of Apollonius.

Born at Tyana, the capital of Cappadocia, shortly before the Christian era, Apollonius, when a youth, studied grammar and rhetoric under Euthydemus at Tarsus. Disgusted, however, with the riot and debauchery of the voluptuous city on the Cydnus, he soon withdrew to the quiet town of Ægae in the vicinity. His pure and spotless life here in the temple of Æsculapius vividly recalls the charming description which Euripides gives of the early days of Ion as child of the sanctuary at Delphi. Here the youth met the degenerate Euxenus, a Pythagorean philosopher, albeit unworthy of the title, and learned from him the doctrine of the great Samian, which had so strongly influenced Plato, and which was destined to recur in the syncretism of the Neoplatonists.

Henceforth Apollonius abjured all the pleasures of sense. A vegetarian and a total abstainer, in the modern meaning of the latter term, the devoted monk of philosophy adopted and practised more rigidly than any hermit of the Thebaid the triple rule of poverty, chastity and obedience. This native of a warm and luxurious clime, whose people were wholly given to the indolent gossip of the λέσχη and sybaritic enjoyments of all kinds, was clad in a simple robe of white byssus, after the fashion of Empedocles, whom he so much resembled in many ways, slept upon the ground, went barefooted like Socrates, and—hardest trial of all to a talkative Asiatic Greek—observed the Pythagorean silence of five years.

Thus passed the *lehr-jahre* of Apollonius, and thus in the very heyday of his youth was the flesh subdued to the spirit. It is certain that none but a lofty soul, favoured with a vision of the Supreme rarely vouchsafed to man, could have voluntarily embraced a life of hardness such as this. And yet the man never allowed asceticism to degenerate into misanthropy. A perennial fount of joy seemed to bubble within his soul. He had a smiling countenance and a sparkling eye; in mien and aspect he was striking, dignified, godlike; his nature was kindly and sympathetic; he liked the society of his fellows and the encounter of mind with

mind; he was a past-master in the art of repartee and a cunning fabricator of *bon mots*, of which Philostratus has preserved several examples.

The young philosopher and reformer had learnt much in his communings with the night, the stars, the mid-day solitudes, and his own soul in that silence of five years: it was his preparation for the marvels of the *wander-jahre*.

After spending some time in the cities of Cilicia and Pamphylia, Apollonius began to contemplate a grand philosophical tour *à la* Democritus and Plato. Wisdom, he knew, dwelt not alone at Delphi and Dodona; she had still more venerable seats, and was to be found at home and in her most primitive garb in India, Chaldea, Æthiopia, and Egypt. It was his design to visit India first, merely interviewing the *magi* of Babylon and Susa *en route*.

His retinue when he started for Antioch was a scanty one, but such as befitted a literary man and a philosopher: two slaves, one of whom was a stenographer, the other a caligraphist. At the ancient city of Nineveh he met Damis, a citizen of the place, who was destined to be his friend, follower, courier, dragoman, and first biographer.

In those days India contested the palm with Africa as the home of marvels; and even the learning of the Egyptians "paled its ineffectual fires" before the transcendent wisdom of Iarchus and the Brachmans, who inhabited the Hill of Sages in the land of golden dragons, the mystic "pantarbe" (*παντάρβη*) with its rays of fire and its magnetic influence over all other gems, parti-coloured ladies who remind us of Barnum's "freaks," and that strange quadruped with human visage, the "martichoras" (*μαρτιχώρας*), mentioned four centuries before by Ctesias.

The description of the sojourn of Apollonius with Iarchas and the mystic brethren is the most remarkable and interesting portion of the book. Amidst all its extravagances we can at least discern the fact that the wisdom of the Indians is the oldest in the world, and is the foundation of the philosophy of Pythagoras. The man of Tyana ascribes most of his learning to the secret instruction of the Brachmans, and he ever after speaks of them with affectionate and reverent regard. In his eyes the Gymnosophists of Æthiopia, compared with them, are of small account indeed. The hill upon which was situated that ancient Lh'asa, the "Forbidden City" of the Sages, resembled, he says, in height and aspect the Acropolis of Athens. It had once successfully resisted an attack of an army of Satyrs, commanded by Herakles and Dionysus, the assailants being "blasted" by the magic art of the Indians. It was vested in clouds in which Iarchas and his brethren lived, appearing and disappearing at will. Here Apollonius beheld several marvellous sights, amongst which we

may enumerate the Well of Conviction and the Fire of Pardon, and two black stone reservoirs, one containing the rains, the other the winds, which the Brachmans—how welcome their art would be in the present days of Indian drought and famine!—dispensed according to the needs and requirements of the people. These "mahatmas," if we may so term them, possess the gift of foreknowledge, and are able to control all the forces of nature, being, moreover, lords of Life and Death. The earth spontaneously furnishes forth their feasts, and strews their couches; and living images, like those fashioned by the Homeric Hephaistos, are their cupbearers and ministers. Amidst such marvels Apollonius spent four months.

Having been thus initiated in the wisdom of the Brachmans, the philosopher returned to Europe. The records of his travels in Italy, Sicily, Spain and Greece, and subsequently in Asia Minor, Egypt and Ethiopia, reads like that of a triumphal progress. His noble countenance, his winning presence, his pure doctrine, his unsullied life, his ardent advocacy of the immortality of the soul, as well as his miracles, led men to believe, wherever he went, that he was more than mortal. He consorted and corresponded with the mighty ones of the earth, living as he did through the reigns of Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, and Nerva. Sofonius Tigellinus, the brutal favourite of Nero, cowered before him: Vespasian was encouraged by him to aim at the Imperial diadem. At Corinth he rescued a youth named Menippos from the toils of an "empusa" or vampire—the episode has been used by our own Keats in his magnificent *Lamia*—who, under the guise of a beautiful woman, had enthralled him, surrounding him with glamour, while she contemplated his eventual destruction. A visit to the Gymnosophists of Ethiopia convinced him, as we have already said, of the inferiority of the wisdom of the land of Ham to that of the Indian sages. Arrested at Rome as a philosopher in the reign of Domitian, he conducted his defence so successfully—Philostratus gives us the substance of his Apologia—that the Emperor, who at their first interview had deemed him a god, suffered him to go unharmed.

Shortly after this acquittal the chronicle of Dania of Nineveh comes to an abrupt termination. Philostratus states that the passing of Apollonius was surrounded with mystery. "As to his death," he says, "if he really died, there are many reports." Whether he expired at Ephesus in Rhodes, or in Crete, is uncertain. The Cretan legend is extremely pretty. It states that Apollonius came late one evening to the temple of Dictynna. The savage dogs, its guardians, barked not at his approach, but fawned upon him and licked his feet. The priests, however, seized and bound him, calling him a sorcerer and a magus, and saying that the hounds had been bewitched by him. At midnight the sage loosed himself from his bonds—like the Baptist of the Gospels of Evangiles—and sum-

moning his captors, ran towards the temple gates, which opened of their own accord to receive him. When he had entered the portals closed again, and the astonished priests heard a choir of maidens chanting within, "Ascend from earth! ascend to heaven!" Apollonius had disappeared.

Such in brief is the history of the man of Tyana, who for centuries after he had passed away "received from Emperors honours equal to those which they claimed for themselves."

W. B. WALLACE.

LAMBS AMONG WOLVES.

MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

"Behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves."
"Carry neither purse, nor scrip nor shoes."
"Salute no man by the way."
"Eating and drinking such things as *they give.*"
"Freely ye have received, freely give."
"Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves."
—*Early Christian Mission Charges.*

I.

THE line that says, "The soul of Shakespeare could not love thee more," goes to the root of the matter. Another critic of human life so completely competent as William Shakespeare has probably never been. And his tool, the instrument of his peculiar genius, was surely an abundant kindliness, such as we call love, which enabled him to put himself behind each man's nature, so as to swim with the current of his life, and not against it. Which of us would not have dismissed Hamlet in actual life contemptuously as a weak-kneed dreamer? Which of us would have distinguished between Othello and a vulgar murderer? But once handled by the vast reverence of the master, the shallowest dare not commit himself to such superficiality. It would seem as if the genius of the great dramatist has lain even more in his gifts of heart than in those of mind.

To read the life and effort of foreign peoples truly, we stand in overwhelming need of this Shakespearian nature. It is an accident of empire that the England which produced Shakespeare should require such persons more than any other country. It is past thinking that our great bard, who so nobly interpreted the sorrows and the indignation of the Jew, could have failed with his gentle vision to pierce the mask of the Chinaman, the Hindoo, the African, or the Red Indian, and to set them before us, clothed with universal humanity, men like ourselves, each less large than we in some points, but in others infinitely nobler.

No gift receives the homage of the East like the power of seeing transcendent oneness, where the senses tell only of diversity. The man who can do this in any great degree is called a *rishi*, or soul of perfected insight. Such perfected insight it was that distinguished Shakespeare. He had the gifts to have been, had he lived in the wider opportunity of to-day, the rishi of humanity, even as in our eyes he already is of human nature. For to him custom and circumstance and manner of thought were no more than a vast web through which the essential manhood of all men displayed itself in differing garb.

All important eras have left behind them their own poetry. The wandering bards of the early order produced the great race epics. The mediæval Church sang itself through the lips of Dante. With the dawn of the age of adventure Shakespeare sprang to birth. The period of which a century has gone by is as great in its own way as any of these. It sees life made universal. Never was human power so high, never was the scope of the individual so extensive. Is there then no prophecy appropriate to such an hour? Where are the wandering minstrels, where the Shakespearian sympathy, for the stirring self-utterance of our time?

If it be the destiny of England to contribute anything towards such a work, and if, perchance, one verse of her world-poem be already written, we shall find it, I believe, in a book scarcely yet a three years old, Fielding's *Soul of a People*. In the appearance of one such study more glory has been shed on our country than by unnumbered successes of the military and commercial kind. Humanity needs hundreds of minds like that of the writer in question, and it needs them of all races, for the children of each nationality can see and express things that are hidden from the wise and prudent of all others. Unembittered disinterested witnesses to the facts of things are wanted—and something also of revelation must be added. Something of the function of the poet who sees through and beyond the deed to its goal, through the idea to the ideal. It is only the first step in science to have noted correctly the line of hairs on the chickweed stem, or the spots of colour in the orchis. There must have been a need or a danger to be met by one as by the other. And when this is understood it still remains to demonstrate their place in the drama of life as a whole.

What is true of flowers and beasts is not less true of man. Every one, however unlearned, has a right to demand three things in the traveller's story: (1) accurate statement of fact; (2) careful elucidation of the meaning of fact; and (3) some attempt to perceive the law to which the fact and its intention stand related. The demand will be answered, of course, with widely varying degrees of ability, but it ought to be impossible to receive credit for an account that ignores any one of these factors.

The study that leads up to such work is by no means easy. Alone, amongst people of alien birth and culture—until we come to a glowing personal enthusiasm for them at least—very little things will wound us in proportion to our sensitiveness. Not only must we be able to forget this feeling, but we must find out the positive meaning of omission or commission. Society, the world over, hangs together in virtue of the good-fellowship and unselfishness of its members, not through their antagonism and mutual indifference. Virtue exactly represents, on the moral plane, the force of cohesion on the physical. To say, therefore, that to any people gratitude or honesty or modesty is unknown, is simply to state an absurdity, and prove ourself an incompetent witness. What is perfectly credible is that their way of expressing these instincts is unlike ours, and follows a divergent line of intention. A trifling illustration occurs to me. As Indian languages contain no words for "please" or "thanks," it is very commonly held by English people that the courtesy of gratitude for little things has no place in Indian life, and I had felt, as others do, the irritation of apparent negligence on such points. I learnt my lesson, however, one day when a Hindu friend undertook to do something for me that involved a sacrifice, and I offered him warm thanks. I can never forget how startling was their effect. "You gave me something back!" he said, evidently deeply pained, as he left the room. To-day, if any Hindu said "please" or "thanks" to me, I should share the sensations of a mother whose children presented their compliments to her. The instance is small, but it represents hundreds of cases in which a little patience and faith in human nature would add unspeakably to our own wealth of expression and sympathy. This truth becomes important on a larger scale. It is obviously absurd to constitute one's own national customs an ideal standard, against which every other country is to be measured. Hindu and Mohammedan women are not seen much in public, either shopping or visiting; we are, we enjoy our custom, and call it Freedom. Does it follow that the Eastern woman's restrictions constitute a grievance? Would it not be wise, in attempting to demonstrate this, to share as completely as possible the physical and emotional environment which have conditioned her habit? It is conceivable that having done this we should conclude that even in the climate of India or Persia more muscular activity and greater social liberty would be of benefit to women; but unless our judgment were fatally warped by prejudice we should at the same time reach the counter-conviction that a corresponding power of stillness and meditative peace would be a vast gain in the West.

But the argument supposes that our wandering minstrels have grown critical and didactic. Alas, we are forced to the supposition, for most of them now make pilgrimage from realm to realm with no notion of tuning their harp—and singing sweet songs in some

strange lord's hall, thence to return, like St. Francis from the Soldan, with tales of fair welcome and hospitality, or with new songs in praise of the courtesy and large charity of the gentle heathen peoples. This is the tone indeed of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, but this curious and unaccountable child of genius is not of the guild of the singers. Her stories are true instances of the spirit of minstrelsy, sounding the note of a nature that loves because it must, and sings out of very gladness of the beauty of others. But Mrs. Steel is a strong poet from another time and class. To-day's bards have done as their fathers did before them, turned missionary, and are devoting their best energies to forcing round pegs into square holes, destroying in the process poetry and mythology and folk-custom, as well as rare and beautiful virtues that they are too ignorant to appreciate. The same thing happened long ago, when emissaries from Rome trampled out Irish culture, lest it should make against the Faith. It happened again in the past century when the Scottish Highlands were rendered barren of their folk-tales by the efforts of the Kirk—now far too enlightened to countenance its own vandalism; but the wild growths can never be replanted! It never happened so completely in Scandinavia, and in this fact probably lies the secret of the national vigour of Norway.

For there can be no doubt that when all that ought to represent Art and refined pleasure and growth of imagination in a community turns puritan, yoking itself to the car of a single idea, and that foreign, the result is simply loss of culture. Of course, the May Day Festival has fled before the face of steam factories and streets at right angles, and the Board School inspector! But the people whom it has left are *less*, not more, well-educated by that fact. Lists of European capitals and their sites will never make up to them for love of Nature, and joy in beauty, and eye for form and colour.

Not long ago, an acute critic, comparing visits to England thirty years ago and now, remarked on the number of types common then that have since disappeared. We should look in vain now for a Mr. Pickwick or a Mrs. Poyser. We have organised the national character till it is as monotonous as its prototypes, the yard of calico and the daily paper. Those odd, whimsical, lovable persons of a generation ago, rich in unexpectedness, full of human nature, with surprising mental areas of illumination every now and then, are gone. They belonged to another age, and another way of looking at things. They belonged to a time when every man was closer to life, and to the smell of the ploughed fields, than he is to-day: they could no more have reached their individuation in cities than could May Day or Midsummer's Night, or All Hallow's E'en. Are we glad or sorry for such a happening? Shall we hasten to encourage the repetition of the process elsewhere?

II.

Surely, if missionaries realised, even in a general way, the "lie" of such social phenomena, they would make fewer mistakes in their dealings with their clients, and we should hear less of the so-called criticism which at present disgraces the English language.

A Hindu father told me how he had allowed his little daughter to attend a school kept by two English women. At the end of eight or nine months he was examining the child as to her progress in reading, and found to his horror that she had acquired the use of a large number of impossible epithets which she employed freely in connection with the names of Rama and Krishna, two epic heroes who are regarded by most Hindus as Incarnations of the Divine Being, in the same sense as Buddha or Christ. The man removed his child at once, and most of us will feel that the sense of loathing and distrust with which he henceforth regarded his English friends was richly deserved. For whatever may be thought of the worship of Rama and Krishna as divine personages—and our estimates of this practice will be as various as our own creeds—we must at least recognise them as the national ideals, guardians of those assimilated treasures of aspiration and imagination that we call civilisation and morals. It is quite evident that were this function of the legendary heroes recognised, even a missionary would take the trouble to think out some theory of them as great men, which, like the unitarian view of the Founder of Christianity, would leave much that they represent intact, and continue their service to social cohesion and amelioration. It is possible that in the particular case in question the fault did not lie with the English women in charge of the school, but with some low class Christian servant or Eurasian student. But if this were so, it is all the more clear that Christianity in India does not stand for social integration, but rather the reverse. For it is one of the functions of religious sects to put their followers in touch with the great formative forces of life about them. Whatever its faults may be, the Salvation Army does this, amongst ourselves. The virtues which it applauds may be elementary—sobriety, honesty, cheerfulness, for instance—but they are virtues which we all recognise as such. The men and women to whom it introduces its recruits may be crude sometimes of type, lacking many of the graces of the drawing-room, but they are good and earnest, however limited in range and ideal, and they make steadily for strong and hearty citizenship. On a very different plane, Comtism fulfils a similar function. It binds its members into great cosmopolitan and cosmoæval groups, substituting world and race for the sect and party of a lower definition, but taking just their method of emphasising accepted virtues—the high intellectual

passion for Truth, and the widest reaches of human sympathy, this time—and following them up to the characters and ideals in which they all converge.

The sect that fails to do this, the religion that tells a man that all he has hitherto held to be right is really wrong, is bound to do social mischief, incalculable social mischief, since the learner is almost certain to infer that in like manner what he has hitherto held to be wrong is right. No wonder then that Christianity in India carries drunkenness in its wake, and that so many of those who can afford to choose will have any rather than a Christian servant.

India has had her own great religious and social reformers, had them repeatedly, continuously, abundantly. She has known no abuses which they have not laboured to remove. Ram Mohun Roy in the nineteenth century did not combat Sati more zealously than Nanak in the fourteenth. Mr. Benjamin Waugh amongst ourselves is no more eager a foe of infanticide than was the same teacher. Our Socialist friends do not work so unsparingly for equality as did Chaitanza of Nuddea in Bengal. And these men were no futile dreamers. Nanak founded the Sikh nation, and is a strong influence to this day. Chaitanza did more to Hinduise non-Aryan castes than any other single man that ever lived. Do the Christian missionaries wish to take a place in line with these, in the national development? If so, while they stand for whatever religious ideas please them, let them relate themselves organically to the life and effort of India. Let them love the country as if they had been born in it, with no other difference than the added nobility that a yearning desire to serve and to save might give. Let them become loving interpreters of her thought and custom, revealers of her own ideals to herself even while they make them understood by others. When a man has the insight to find and to follow the hidden lines of race-intention for himself, others are bound to become his disciples, for they recognise in his teachings their own highest aspirations, and he may call the goal to which he leads them by any name he chooses, they will not cavil about words. Indeed, from such a standpoint, India is already Christian perhaps: but, her resistance to Western propaganda, varied by her absolute indifference to it, is infinitely to her credit.

It is strange to see those very disciples who were so solemnly warned when first sent out against taking money in their purse, or two coats apiece, it is strange to see these not only enjoying all the comforts of refined European life themselves, but hating and despising the people about them for their greater simplicity and primitiveness. It is the more extraordinary since their Master, if He were to reappear at their doors with all the habits and ideas of His Syrian birth about Him, would inevitably receive a warmer welcome and

feel more at home with their Indian neighbours than with themselves. What was He but a religious beggar, such as we see on the Indian roadsides every day? How was He provided for? By subscriptions and endowments? Did He not rather wander from hamlet to hamlet, taking His chance at nightfall of the cottager's hospitality, or the shelter of some humble building? What had He to do with the comforts of existence? His were the long nights of prayer and meditation on the mountains and in the Garden. We send our religious teachers to the East to spend days and nights of worldly ease and comfort in the midst of a people who actually do these things, and they have not the wit to recognise the fact, much less the devotion to emulate it.

Nothing could be more significant of all this than the criticisms that we hear poured out at every missionary meeting. Have we ever seen greatness of any kind that was not associated with the power of recognising one's own kinship with all? What made Charles Darwin? The eye to see and the heart to respond to the great sweep of one infinite tide through all that lives, including himself. What made Newton? The grasp of mind that could hold the earth itself as a mere speck of cosmic dust in the play of the forces that govern us. Even the warrior, whose whole business seems to be antagonism and separation, becomes distinguished on condition only of his sense of union with his followers. And the saint or the poet never yet was to whom all was not human and all more beautiful than myself. To such men condemnation is not easy, slander is impossible. An orgy of sensation provoked by libel, be it of individuals or of nations, whether at afternoon tea or from a church pulpit, would seem to them unspeakable vulgarity. They could not breathe in such an atmosphere. Yet something of the saint, something of the poet, we might surely hope to find in those whose lives are given to spread a message of glad tidings in far-off lands. And surely there has been the sainthood of a good intention. Has there been that of a noble execution?

If there has, why have these emissaries so rarely, on their return, a good word to say for those amongst whom they have been? Why, to take explicit instances, do we never hear from them of the strength and virtues of Indian women? Why only of their faults and failures?

Why have the missionaries created and left intact, wherever people were ignorant enough to be imposed upon, the picture of the crocodile luncheon of babies served up by their mothers, along the Ganges banks? Everywhere I have met people who believed this story, and I have never heard of a professed apostle of truth who tried to set the impression right. Infanticide occurs in India, under pressure of poverty and responsibility, as it occurs in all countries; but it is not *practised* there any more than here, nor is it lauded as

a religious act; nor is it perhaps anything like so common as amongst ourselves. There is no custom of insuring a baby's life for £5, when the funeral expenses are only £2, nor is there any infant mortality ascribable to the intemperance of mothers in that country.

Why have we never heard from the missionaries of the beauty of Hindu home life, of the marvellous ideals which inspire the Indian woman, of the Indian customs teeming with poetry and sweetness?

Is the answer to be found in the preconceived idea which blinds the would-be observer, or is it the intellectual ignorance which keeps him unaware that there is anything to be observed? Or is it possibly a meaner motive still, the idea that if a true and lofty tone is taken money will not be forthcoming to support his own career? I have had the privilege of listening to the accounts of three classes of persons who were supposed to be warm religious friends of the Indian people, educational missionaries, lady doctors, and modern occultists. Their statements were sincere and deliberate expositions of the outlook they had been enabled to take on Hindu life. I listened in vain for one strong word of appreciation for the problems which Indian society has undoubtedly solved, or a single hint that they understood the positive ends for which that country was making. But in every case the conviction seemed to be, that the dignity and hope of the speaker's own gospel depended absolutely upon showing the hollowness and rottenness of other forms of life. The last-mentioned exposition was easily disposed of. It was confined to a discussion of suttee, infanticide, and thuggism as the most representative factors of Indian experience which could be discovered; touched upon also the worst sides of caste, and propounded the theory that England's responsibility to the East would be fulfilled when she had persuaded Oriental people to "give up their ridiculous old habits" and take to ways which occultists would consider more rational. From lady doctors we hear of the medical and surgical darkness of the Indian village—greater, if they are right, than that of parallel populations in England fifty years ago. One of the most offensive customs, to their minds, is that of the isolation of a woman at the moment of child-birth. Now, whatever this custom shows—and it is not perhaps universally applied with the full consciousness of the reason that prompted it originally—it does certainly indicate a very elevated state of medical culture at some past epoch in Hindu history. The room in which birth takes place must afterwards be broken up and taken away. Hence a simple mud-hut is built outside the house. When once the child is born, for some days the mother may not be visited by any member of the household. She is attended only by an old nurse and whatever medical adviser may be called.

Is this treatment then so very inhumane? Yet it is exactly what we blame the Hindu people for not adopting in cases of

plague and other infectious diseases. It is, of course, easy to imagine that rules of such a nature may often be badly, even stupidly, applied; but there can be no doubt that they demonstrate very clear and distinct ideas of bacteriology at their inception. All through the caste rules, and regulations for bathing, run similar scientific conceptions, which astonish competent observers by their hygienic desirability. It is, of course, a pity that medical science everywhere is not up to the twentieth century London level; but in this respect India is not more degraded than England, Scotland, and Ireland themselves. There is no country district far from railways, strong in old traditions, and containing persons who have not had the inestimable benefits of Board School instruction, where, at the same time, doctoring is not done that the city hospitals and the London physician would refuse to countenance. But this fact is a phenomenon of ignorance (or good sense, as the case may be): it is not due to the wrong and vile nature of the Christian religion. It rouses sometimes our regret, occasionally our admiration, but never with any justice our contempt or hatred. One of the evils of our present organisation of skill is the complete inability induced by it to appreciate the value of tradition and mother wit. It is easy to point out flaws in Indian village medicine, midwifery, and what not; but how do we account for the great dignity and suppleness of the general physical development, and for the marvellous freedom of the race from skin blemish of any kind? This, too, in a country where the germ fauna is at least as dangerous as that other fauna of the jungle which includes the tiger and the cobra. In urging these points I am not denying that modern science can aid, but only that it has no right to despise, village lore.

Every system, of course, mistrusts every other. This is the superstition of party. To this fact I trace the phenomenon, detailed by the medical missionary sometimes, of men of sufficient means saying, "If you can cure her for 20*s.* (probably ten rupees) you may do so"—alluding to a wife or some other woman-member of the speaker's household. The Christian charity of the lady doctor rushes immediately to the conclusion that his wife's or mother's health is a matter of complete indifference to her client. *Ergo*, that most Hindu men are similarly careless. *Ergo*, that Hindu men hate and despise Hindu women.

Supposing the anecdote to be true, and I raise this doubt advisedly, could reasoning be more absurd? It does not occur to the physician that her knowledge or honesty may be viewed with suspicion as against old and tried methods of treatment in which every one has confidence.

It is impossible to deal at length with other and more wide-reaching charges. Caste, in missionary eyes, is an unmitigated abuse. They confine themselves to an account of its negations and prohibitions, ignoring all its elements of the trades-guild and race-

protection type. And they say all this while every moment of their lives in India has been a ratification of that new caste, of race-prestige which is one of the most striking phenomena of an imperialistic age. But if I were a Hindu I do not think that missionary criticisms of caste would disturb me much. I should realise that this was the form which the life of my people had assumed, that in it was comprised all that the word honour connotes in Europe; and that the critics in question had given no sign as yet of understanding either their own society or mine intelligently. The point that I should find seriously annoying would be their animadversions on the position of women in India. To prove that these can be very galling I need only say that in one speech to which I listened I heard the following thirteen statements made and supported: (1) That the Hindu social system makes a pretence of honouring women, but that this honour is more apparent than real; (2) That women in India are deliberately kept in ignorance; (3) That women in India have no place assigned to them in heaven, save through their husbands; (4) That no sacramental rite is performed over them with Vedic texts; (5) That certain absurd old misogynist verses, comparable to the warnings against "the strange woman" in the Book of Proverbs, are representative of the attitude of Hindu men to their women folk in general; (6) That a girl at birth gets a sorry welcome; (7) That a mother's anxiety to bear sons is appalling, "her very wifehood depends on her doing so;" (8) That the infanticide of girls is a common practice in India; (9) That the Kulin Brahman marriage system is a representative fact; (10) That parents unable to marry off their daughters are in the habit of marrying them to a god (making them prostitutes) as an alternative; ("The degradation of the whole race of Hindu women lies in the very possibility for any one of them of the life which a temple girl must live"); (11) That Hindu wedding ceremonies are unspeakably gross; (12) That the Hindu widow lives a life of such misery and insult that burning to death may well have seemed preferable; (13) That the Hindu widow is almost always immoral.

To which in like manner the following replies may be made:

(1) That the observer must have been incompetent indeed. There are few great relationships in human life like that between a Hindu man and his mother. Hindus cannot even excuse Hamlet for reproaching Gertrude. "But she was his *mother!*" they exclaim, when all is said. And this little fact is very significant.

(2) That the incompetence of the observer is evident once more. It is clear that illiteracy is the form of ignorance referred to. It is not true that women are deliberately kept so; but if they were, is their knowledge of housekeeping and cooking of no value? Is their trained common sense worthless? Can a woman even be called illiterate when it is merely true that she cannot read and write,

though at the same time she is saturated with the literary culture of the great Epics and Puranas? It is interesting to note that the best-managed estates in Bengal are in the hands of widows. Lawyers invariably respect their opinions. Ahalya Bae Rani was an instance of the same kind in the Mahratta country.

(3) What this means I have been unable to find out. If it had been said that the husband had no place save through his wife it would have been more intelligible. For the Vedic view made the man a responsible member of the religious community only after marriage, and as long as both lived.

The whole motive of Suttee, moreover, was that the wife's sacrifice might ensure heaven to the husband. Was the speaker perhaps thinking of Mohammedans? Even on their behalf I would repudiate the statement.

(4) This appears to be simply untrue. Some of the greatest teachers mentioned in the Hindu Scriptures are women. And it is now many hundreds of years since the Bhagavad Gita was composed for the sake of bringing recondite truths to the knowledge of even unlearned persons, including women and the working-classes.

(5) The speaker does not mention that every Hindu husband names his wife "my Lukshmi" or "Fortuna."

(6) This may be true in some cases, as it is in England, and in all patriarchal societies. I know numbers of families in which the opposite is true, and such an attitude is unthought of, as we expect to be here.

(7) Generally speaking a Hindu woman's wifehood no more depends on her bearing sons than an English woman's. The need of a son can always be met in India by adoption.

(8) Infanticide of girls did occur commonly at a given period amongst certain Rajputs, and amongst these only. It is in no sense a common Indian practice, any more, if as much, as it is a common London practice.

(9) Another instance of the same kind. Kulin Brahmans are a particularly high caste. If a marriage cannot be made for a daughter of this caste, her father may give her to any man of sufficient rank —and the marriage may be merely nominal, or may extend to making her once a mother. This is an abuse of caste. It concerns a very small number, however, and began to die the instant the modern organisation of information drew the attention of society to it. A leading orthodox Hindu, Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, led the crusade against it. I should like to add that the custom is not, to my thinking, an abuse of the worst type—such as the desire of parents to make eligible matches for their daughters may lead to in all countries—since it is quite compatible with the physical vigour of the bride, and with her efficient discharge of whatever duti motherhood may fall to her share.

(10) The expression "marriage to a god" is nowhere in use in Northern India. The statement bears its regional birthmark on its brow. It is Southern and perhaps Western in application. We touch here on a new class of social phenomena—Indian prostitution customs. To say that it occurs to the respectable Hindu father to make his daughter a prostitute because he cannot find a husband for her, more easily than the same idea would present itself to an English gentleman, is utterly untrue. It is absurd on the face of it. The whole of caste is born of the passionate depth of the contrary sentiment. The chastity of women is the central virtue of Hindu life. "The degradation of the whole race of Hindu women lies in the very possibility for any one of them of the life which a temple girl must live." This is no more true of Hindu women than a corresponding statement would be of English women. There is a sense in which the pitfalls of life yawn before the most favoured feet. But it is a limited sense. If a Hindu woman once leaves her home unattended, without the knowledge and consent of her mother-in-law or her husband, she may be refused re-entrance for ever. But this is a witness to the severity of the moral code, not to its laxity.

(11) "That Hindu wedding ceremonies are unspeakably gross." They are not so, amongst people who are not gross. Like the Church of England Form for the Solemnisation of Matrimony, they may sound a note in the music of life more serious and responsible than is to the taste of an afternoon tea-party. Colebrooke's "Essays" give all the details and translations which will enable the student to compare the two rites. All that I can say is that I have been present at many Hindu weddings, and have been deeply touched by the beauty and delicacy of all the proceedings. There is a good deal of nonsense and teasing of the young bridegroom in the women's apartments. Not unlike such half-obsolete festivals as All Fools' and Saint Valentine's Days. On this occasion the youth makes friends with his future sisters-in-law. The fun is a little more exuberant than grave elders may enjoy, but it is one of the few opportunities of the kind which Hindu breeding permits to boys and girls. It requires vulgarity of mind to read more serious offences into it.

(12) As to the misery of Indian widows, it is not too much to say that every statement yet made by a Protestant missionary has been made in complete ignorance of the bearing of the facts. Hindus are a people amongst whom the monastic ideal is intensely living. In their eyes the widow, by the fact of her widowhood, is vowed to celibacy and therefore to poverty, austerity, and prayer. Hence her life becomes that of a nun: and if she is a child her training must lead to the nun's life. It is not true that she is regarded by society with aversion and contempt. The reverse is

the case. She takes precedence of married women, as one who is holier. We may regret the severity of the ideal, but we have to recognise here, as in the case of monogamy, that it indicates intensity of moral development, not its lack. It may bear hard upon the individual, but redress cannot lie in lowering of standard, it must rather consist of a new direction given to the moral force which it has evolved.

(13) The last contention which I have noted is the most serious of all, and I have heard it repeatedly in England and America in the course of missionary descriptions. I need hardly say that I know it to be grosly untrue.

It is interesting to note that these thirteen statements fall into three different groups, (*a*) statements which are absolutely and entirely false—(1), (3), (7), (11), (13); (*b*) statements which are the result of misinterpreting or overstating facts—(2), (5), (12); and (*c*) statements which may be true of certain limited localities, periods or classes, but to which a false colour has been given by quoting them as representative of Hindu life in the whole—(4), (8), (9) and (10).

The last group is the most important for two reasons; in the first place it has an air of seriousness and security which goes far to give credibility to the whole argument, and in the second it furnishes a complete exposure of the method of making up evidence.

In the case of (4), we have a quotation from an old catechism of many centuries ago: "What is the chief gate to hell? A woman. What bewitches like wine? A woman," &c. &c.; made as if it were the most up-to-date collection of modern Indian proverbs. We see the use of the thing the moment we look at it, but the missionaries continue to quote it with their accustomed gravity. One understands that in their eyes anything is justified that will warn the heathen of the error of his ways, but surely this poor little dialogue has been seriously overworked. I have never read a missionary publication on the woman question in which it was not used, and I have never met with a Hindu, however learned, who would otherwise have known of it. On investigation one discovers that sentiment of this kind was common in the monkish literature of the Buddhist period. It could probably be matched from the monastic writings of our own Middle Ages. In (8) we have an abuse which concerned one caste in the Rajput districts, used as if it were true of all castes all over India, and this in face of the terrible *tu quoque* which might be retorted against the accuser. It cannot be too clearly understood that India is a continent, not a country; and that to gather together the exceptional vices and crimes of every people and province within her borders and urge them against "India" or "Hinduism" is about as fair as to charge a Norfolk farmer with practising Corsican

vendetta, on the strength of the latter's being a "European" custom. In (*a*) once more we have the sin of a small and high caste charged in a way to make it seem true of the whole country. Kulin Brahmans cannot be more than one in 1000 of the Bengali population, *and they exist only in Bengal.* We have also the deliberate ignoring of the way in which Hindus themselves have worked against the abuse.

And in (10) we have the sweeping-in of prostitution customs, without a word of warning, as if they were part of the respectable recognised life of the Indian people, and as if in the possession of such a class at all, the Indian people were incomparably depraved. Do the missionaries really affect such innocence? But if they do, at least let them observe the Indian fact accurately. In this custom of marriage to a god (or to a tree, as in Bengal), quaint as it sounds, there is a tremendous protecting fence thrown round girls. No Hindu man, however abandoned, will outrage the unwedded maiden. Before these poor victims, therefore, can take up the practice of their profession, they have to go through a form of marriage. Hence the device in question. Can we make as good a statement for ourselves?

If the outrage were on the other side, if Hindus had been in the habit of sending in their emissaries to convert us from the error of our ways, and if these emissaries on their return had grossly abused our hospitality; had forgotten the honour of the guest and blazoned our family misfortunes to the whole world; had made harsh criticisms on us as individuals, because they had been allowed the opportunity of seeing us by the hearthside, when the formalities of public life were put aside, if in fact they had violated our confidence, what should we have felt? What should we have said? Yet their doing so would have been comparatively insignificant, for power and influence are in our hands, not in theirs. Probably no single fact has tended to widen the distance between the races in India like this of missionary slander. Certainly nothing has so deepened our contempt. For, say what we will, the only class of Europeans who have been admitted to Hindu homes at all, and have made a business of reporting what they saw there, have been Protestant missionaries, medical and other. It seems as if to them nothing had been sacred. In all lands, doctors and clergymen see the misfortunes of the home, and professional honour keeps their lips sealed. But here all has been put upon the market. Medical records (always unpleasant reading) have been detailed in public, from platform and pulpit. And the professional considerations that ought to have prevented such dishonour only intervene, if at all, to forbid the use of speakers' names in connection with statements made by them in full publicity to large audiences.

Another miserable fallacy remains. There are three classes of

people whose opinions are quoted by missionaries in evidence of the sins and weaknesses of Hinduism. They are: (1) native reformers; (2) Christian converts; and (3) any exuberant fool who has been discovered.

We all know how much the first kind of evidence is worth. Just picture the "Woman's Rights" agitator comparing the positions of Eastern and Western women! How does she receive the suggestion that the Oriental has points of right and of authority which she cannot emulate? The idea is intolerable to her. Yet only an hour ago she may have been pointing out the bitter degradation of her own position, classed as she is in the voting lists with "criminals, lunatics, and paupers." It is evident that the anxious reformer uses language amongst its equals that he would be very sorry to hear taken *au pied de la lettre* by the would-be interpreters of his country's customs. He would be the first then to point out that the expressions he had used had a purely relative value.

Much more is this true of the utterances of the reformer who has lived for years blinded by the ink of his own gall. We know how in such cases there can be a growth of bitterness and perversity which isolates the thinker and makes his conclusions on social problems absolutely worthless.

Christian converts in India are isolated by the very fact of baptism. And the present generation, having been born Christian, have often little more than the missionaries' account of it, for the life habits of their own country people.

It cannot be too widely understood that one writer like Mrs. Steel, or one disinterested student of Indian life like Fielding in Burmah, is worth all that has yet been contributed from all missionary sources put together. And if it is too late to change the present generation of workers, surely it is only the more timely to demand on the part of English people such a standard of sympathy and culture that the missionary without a thorough and appropriate education for his task shall twenty years hence be a thing of the past.

III.

We have held up a double standard of the artistic opportunity open to the class we have been considering, and of the obligation of professional discretion. When we hear the banker publicly discussing his client's accounts, or the physician making known his patient's poverty and ignorance, we conclude that at least these people are not held as human beings, since service of their need has no more bound the server to keep their confidence than it would bind the veterinary surgeon or the dog doctor. But it is evident that if this last consideration is true, it is not, at any rate, conscious. The whole *raison*

d'être of the missionary's position is a passionate impulse of human brotherhood. The idea that the souls of men are in eternal peril if they do not hear a certain tabulated historical statement may be true or false. It is sure that as long as such an idea appeals to conscientious people they are bound to make some missionary efforts. And the intention must approve itself to us as noble. But that sustained integrity which constitutes nobility of action is a vastly more difficult matter than this. And at this point the missionary is hampered by the tradition of his class. A certain given interpretation of caste, of zenana, of the native intellect, is imposed upon him at the outset, and few minds could break through such preconception even to the extent of fulfilling the first conditions of the disciplined student of phenomena.

As artist and scientist then we must perhaps consider him lost. There still remains the ideal of the religious teacher. Why should he not succeed in this? It is a part that admits of sectarian bitterness, provided only it be backed up by holiness of personal life in some form that we can understand. It admits also of intellectual ignorance, provided there be spiritual insight. Was not the strongest empire that the world ever saw converted by a few fishermen? The Apostle need not be a scholar, he need not be an artist, he must be a saint.

It is here that we come upon the most curious paradox of all. Preaching an Eastern religion to an Eastern people, the ideals of the East are for once perfectly in place. It is a golden moment. Count Tolstoi may have difficulty in obeying the words of Christ literally, while fulfilling the demands of life. But in India the one teacher who would be understood would be he who possessed neither gold nor silver nor brass in his purse, who had not two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves; who saluted no man by the way, being too much bent on the errand before him, and the repetition of the Name of God; who would be absolutely indifferent to the consequences for himself personally, offering himself up in very truth as a lamb amongst wolves. Every door in that country would swing open before such a visitor, even if he railed against the family gods. The Christian ideal might be demonstrated successfully in India now, as it was in Italy in the days of S. Francis by the Begging Friars, for India has retained the ideal of such life even more completely than Italy ever had it. To the individual Christian therefore who is willing to accept the charge laid upon him, the way is clear. Let him go forth to the gentle East, strong in his mission, filled with burning renunciation, "as a lamb amongst wolves." There will be no room here for marrying and bringing up of children; no room for distinctions of rank or of race; no room for anxiety about provision or gain.

Is this the ideal that the missionary follows? If not, why not? True it is not the only useful career that he may adopt. An educator

who has deeply understood the problems of India, and is ready to help her to solve them in her own way, is perhaps even more necessary. The poet who makes two races love each other and the country is worthy of all the admiration he excites.

But has the missionary any right to claim the indulgence without the criticism of all these rôles? Has he any right to be fanatical like the religionist without being ascetic like him? to be wanting in common sense and accuracy like the poet, without contributing joy and beauty? to be in receipt of regular pay and live a comfortable life like the professional man, without any regard for the professional man's honour?

And are the public, who have so long permitted this thing to be, entirely without blame? Let us demand something better, and something better must be offered. The appeal is to Cæsar.

Sister Nivedita,

Of the Order of Ramakrishna.

THE SECULARIST POSITION WITH REGARD TO EDUCATION.

A REPLY TO MR. BERNARD SHAW.

MR. BERNARD SHAW has lately written to the *Daily News* in defence of the Education Bill at present before Parliament, and in the course of his defence he attempts to demolish the Secularist platform upon which, it might have been expected, he would have taken his stand. The following propositions seem to sum up Mr. Shaw's position with regard to sectarian education: (1) "To me unsectarian education or secular education means, for popular school practice, a counsel, not of perfection, but of impossibility"; (2) "The notion that liberty of conscience can be increased in schools" . . . (by certain methods) . . . "seems to me an illusion founded on the common practice of comparing the *status quo*, not with the socially practicable alternatives to it, but with an individual's ideal"; (3) "The sectarian character of the school makes no difference, and is unavoidable anyhow." Alongside of this last one may be put certain statements, illustrative or explanatory of its meaning, such as "Mr. Herbert Spencer is as dogmatic as Calvin," and "Dr. Clifford is fundamentally right in his consciousness that the religious spirit is one though the sects be many," including, it must be supposed, Mr. Herbert Spencer and Calvin, as well as Voltaire and others whom he mentions. This sentence also may be added: "The truth is, the mischief wrought by the parson in the schools is not done by the Church doctrine he imparts (if he really does impart any), but by the anti-republican social idolatry which he really believes and drives into the children."

(1*a*) With regard to the proposition first quoted, the arguments he brings forward in support of it are not convincing. In answer apparently to the obvious suggestion that occurs to him that unsectarian education might be brought about by confining instruction to "the methods of the three R's," he says, "Unless schooling is to include manners and morals—that is, applied religion—the teacher, in imparting the methods of the three R's, must either allow complete anarchy in the class-room, or else impose orderly conduct by

mute brute force. As neither plan is humanly possible, children cannot be educated without metaphysical assumptions." Humanitarians who oppose the practice of corporal punishment, not to speak of the children themselves, would probably be glad to be assured that any large number of teachers had adopted metaphysical assumptions in place of the instruments of "mute brute force." Any one who took Mr. Shaw as an authority on such matters would be apt to conclude that in schools where metaphysical assumptions held a prominent place in the subjects of tuition corporal punishment was discarded. Instead of which it seems that those schools which are under the control of professedly religious persons, and in which religious teaching of the most definite and sectarian kind is given, are the schools where corporal punishment in its most degrading and offensive form is most practised. The question might be asked also, Whether is it mute brute force or metaphysical assumptions that maintain discipline in adult universities and in factories? Perhaps the theory is that the metaphysical assumptions have already become a part of the mind of the adult. There are some people, it is true, who like to pretend that their ordinary duties are done in obedience to religious principles; but, as one who makes no such claim, I protest that the metaphysical assumption has not yet been assumed or propounded that, standing by itself, would bring me out of bed before six o'clock on a cold winter morning. The influence that did impel me to an act so much against my immediate inclination was something more of the nature of mute brute force, though it could hardly be accurately described in that way either. The state of mind which may be described as the realisation of and submission to circumstances which we cannot control, is not peculiar to adults or to particular circumstances: it is indeed the state of mind of the average quiet boy or girl at school. In America, according to reports, the schools are now carried on without the aid of either corporal punishment or metaphysical assumptions.

(2.) With regard to the second proposition, in which he contrasts the practice of comparing the [illegible] with the socially practicable alternatives to it and the practice, misleading, as he holds, of comparing the [illegible] with an individual's ideal, it may be pointed out that the correct description of the contrasted attitudes is—the practice of comparing the [illegible] with an individual's idea of the socially practicable alternatives to it, as against the practice of comparing the [illegible] with an individual's ideal without qualifications. If it be believed that the men who achieve most and bring about the greatest changes in the social order are the men who attempt the apparently impossible, it will be easy to believe, as a counter proposition to Mr. Shaw's, that if a man who aims at an end which seems practically possible is opposed by a man who aims at an end which is ideal and which seems to others impossible, the man who

aims at the ideal end will, other things being equal, get most of his own way.

(3*a*) The mental attitude which makes itself manifest in the various propositions which I have included in the third division can only be inferred by comparing them together and with the general course of his argument. To begin with, it might be expressed in the well-known question, "What is truth?" though Mr. Shaw, from a natural disinclination to plagiarise Pilate, no doubt, does not ask the question in that form. Added to that attitude and apparently as a result of it, Mr. Shaw seems to fall into the error of supposing that because he has no definite and clear ideal himself others are in a similar state of mind; and, also, that the aims of the various contending parties, though often short-sighted and narrow, and only bitter and bigoted because short-sighted and narrow, are characterised by a common spirit and directed, though unconsciously, to some common end. A charitable and plausible theory, no doubt; and, for that reason, likely to meet with the approval of many people, though scarcely what one would have expected from the Bernard Shaw of the past. The counter-proposition which will be brought forward may not be so acceptable to the majority; but, if it be a truer interpretation of the facts of history and human nature than the one just mentioned, and if it affords a more effective ground of opposition to certain reactionary influences, it is right that it should be stated. It is this: That so far as "the religious spirit [and aims] is one though the sects be many," that spirit and those aims, so far as they are manifested in the desire for sectarian education, are non-moral and anti-human. And, following upon this, that the spirit and aims characteristic of men like Voltaire and Herbert Spencer are directed towards an end which is the very antithesis of that aimed at by the religious spirit which is common to all sects.

What is the spirit common to all religious sects? What is the root fact of this religious education controversy? Is it not the mental attitude brought about by the discovery, which the experience of generations of men holding and teaching different creeds has helped to ascertain, that the teaching of children, especially the religious teaching of children, is a different process entirely from the intellectual persuasion of, or imparting of information to, one adult person by another? It is a process as nearly mechanical and physical as anything in the region of psychology can be. It is a process the success of which depends only very slightly on the nature of the doctrine taught; and it is this fact of its being possible to give a certain shape, more or less lasting, to a child's mind, to force it into a certain doctrinal mould, from which only in a minority of cases does it ever emancipate itself, that is the whole secret of

the determination which is shown by the religious sects to capture as many children as possible for their religious laboratories. Is it not strange that no educationalist ever suggests that the children themselves, as apart from their parents, have rights in this matter? Have they not a right to be told the truth? And this brings me to the supposed question which I have suggested is an underlying part of Mr. Shaw's reasoning. What, in this case, is the truth? There is no need to attempt to give a philosophical or metaphysical answer to this question. A practical enough answer in relation to the subject under discussion is to be found in a passage in the first of Mr. Shaw's letters, in which he says in effect that all we have a right to teach the children is the extent to which men differ on religious questions, and that as good men and as bad men are to be found among those holding one set of beliefs as among those holding others. He has either forgotten the passage or looks upon such teaching as one of the impossible ideals. In it is to be found the answer as to what is the difference between sectarian forms or metaphysical assumptions and the truth. It is something more than a metaphysical assumption or a sectarian form to place before a child, alongside the admitted facts of geography or physical science, the doctrines of a sect, as if they were supported by an equal authority, and met with an equally universal acceptance. It is a suppression of the truth which amounts to an implication of what is false. But if, instead of teaching that such and such a doctrine was the truth, teachers, whether religious or otherwise, told the children that such and such a doctrine was believed to be the truth by a limited number of persons, including perhaps the teacher, and that other doctrines were held as true by another number of persons, they could conscientiously perform their duties, whatever their own beliefs, without incurring the reproach of withholding or perverting the truth for the ends of sectarian teaching.

If Mr. Shaw looks upon this as an impossible ideal could he give the reason why? Is it not that it is characteristic of the religious spirit common to all the sects that this sort of teaching is the very kind that they will all object to?

There are still graver objections to be brought against religious and sectarian teaching than that of withholding the truth, especially such "teaching" as the Ritualist and Romanist sects would bring to bear on the children. Mr. Shaw's reference to the "anti-republican social idolatry" as being the worst that the priest or the parson can do, seems to show that he under-estimates their power of mischief and that he does not realise what the nature of the "ideal" is at which they aim, and which differs in the case of Romanists from that of most other sects only in being more clearly realised and more unscrupulously and systematically pursued.

This ideal is nothing less than the capture and possession, body

and mind, of the individual. The religious teaching which is employed to effect such a purpose does not stop at the imparting of sectarian doctrine or the perversion, more or less, of historical and social truth. It is a process in which a kind of hypnotic suggestion plays a part; in which emotional stimulation, as well as the stirring up of the terrors of the imagination by threats of hell-fire, are employed as auxiliaries in the process of "forming the character."

Does Mr. Shaw think that this sort of sectarian teaching does not matter? Does it make no difference? and is it unavoidable anyhow? Had the state of mind that gave rise to the horrors of the Inquisition, and which caused Calvin to take part in the burning alive of a man who held religious opinions differing from his own, no connection with the religious teaching of the time? Moreover, does he think that the motives and aims of the servants of the Roman Catholic Church, as revealed by such methods, are similar to those of Mr. Herbert Spencer or Schopenhauer, differing from them only inasmuch as the particular doctrines held by each differ, and that all are equally sincere in desiring that the doctrines which they sincerely believe shall be accepted by others?

An alternative theory, which an examination of the various dogmas and rites of the Roman Catholic Church, as well as the history of their adoption, would seem to render much more probable than the charitable one here stated, is this: That with the Church the particular doctrine is merely a means to an end: that no individual or number of individuals, merely by the exercise of their own private or collective judgment upon the teachings of the Bible, without regard to an end or without experience as to the means to be employed to reach that end, would ever have arrived at a belief in all the doctrines and dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. The clue to an understanding of the nature of these doctrines is found when the whole is considered as a plan fashioned with a view to its effect upon the mental and emotional weaknesses of mankind, but especially of women and children. If a new doctrine like that of the Virgin Mary and the Immaculate Conception could be discovered which was observed to take a greater hold upon the mind of the religious man or woman than any yet included in the Church's teaching, that doctrine would soon be given a prominent place. If an operation or inoculation had ever been discovered whereby a man would be permanently restrained from the too vigorous exercise of his private judgment, it would have been adopted as one of those rites which all true believers are enjoined to observe.

And when Mr. Shaw says that, "Mr. Herbert Spencer is as dogmatic as Calvin," he shows that sometimes the ordinary and popular use of a word such as dogmatic may sometimes give a clearer expression to the truth than the strained and impossibly wide application of it affected by certain controversialists. Mr. Herbert

Spencer is not as dogmatic as Calvin because Mr. Spencer's first principles appeal to the natural working of the natural man's intellectual faculty, and depend for their acceptance by men of different races and experiences on the effectiveness of that appeal; while the dogmas of the religious sects are repugnant to the intelligence of the natural man, as a rule, and only procure an enforced acceptance by the operation of that process already referred to as being practised upon the young and which nearly always includes an appeal to the emotions, principally that of fear in the case of children. And whereas the main characteristic of Herbert Spencer's philosophy is its comprehensiveness, its attempt to draw its conclusions from the sum of human knowledge and from a consideration of all the known forms of thought, the essential characteristic of sectarian religious teaching is its exclusiveness, with a tendency to suppress all forms of thought and belief that conflict with those of the sect.

And the radical opposition between the spirit and aims of men such as Herbert Spencer and the spirit and aims of the religious sects arises from the fact that the first are directed towards the emancipation of the natural man and the second to his subjection.

What the Secularist and Individualist would aim at would be that the child of the future should grow up an untamed, unsophisticated, intellectual, natural man—a free-thinker in the broadest sense of the word—unfettered and upright. The simplest method to attain to that end would be to confine State-controlled education to the methods of the three R's, and after that "the best university is a library." But if anything further be taught it cannot be said to be a sincere attempt at enlightenment if it does not approach more nearly to a proportionate representation of human thought and belief than do the doctrines of any single sect; it would require to be a history of religion and an outline of the different religious creeds with the approximate numbers of their adherents.

And that is just what the upholders of sectarian education do not want. Teach a child something, they say in effect, which will prevent him growing up a rationalist or a free-thinker. Force his mind into some mould; it does not so much matter of what shape it is, so long as the natural man's mental attitude to our creeds is curbed or crippled. But do not let him loose without halter or tether on the fields of human thought!

A system of education, if such were possible, which would rear a generation of Martin Luthers, Voltaires, Tolstoys, Herbert Spencers, and Bernard Shaws is the last thing these people desire. I have included Bernard Shaw because hitherto he has appeared to me as a conspicuous example of the intellectual natural man, of the emancipated thinker. But

he is surely wrong when he argues as if "education" meant substantially the same thing in all cases, although the aims of those who may control it are so widely divergent as to be in some aspects directly opposed. Such a catch phrase as "a national system of education" would seem to have induced him, in spite of such considerations as these, to give his support to a measure apparently designed to make the national system of education, as far as possible, a seminary and supply agency to the "national" Church.

THOMAS GARDINER.

CLERGYMEN AS EDUCATIONALISTS.

Are clergymen the best educationalists? has been a question often enough asked; and it is one which it would be well to have answered satisfactorily once and for all. This conclusive answer, however, is well-nigh impossible, and I can only hope to throw a little light on the subject by giving some account of my own personal experience. As a boy I was at a grammar school, the head-master of which was a clergyman; as a youth I passed through the hands of three clerical tutors, and, since manhood, I have been engaged in teaching, mainly in establishments conducted by clergymen, so that I may claim to speak with some knowledge on the subject of this article. Now I contend that clergymen, as instructors of youth, are a vastly overrated body. Parents are far too wont to rely on the fallacy that a clergyman—being usually a 'Varsity man—has therefore the necessary qualifications for teaching. Those of us who know what a paltry smattering of the rudiments of a few subjects go to the making of the average B.A. must be fully aware that a man relying solely on this knowledge is utterly incapable of more advanced teaching than that required in the average fourth form. Indeed, were many of the clergy whom I have come across to enter for the Cambridge Locals, they would most certainly be hopelessly ploughed in nearly every subject.

But the best way to give readers an idea of what actually goes on, will be to give them a peep behind the scenes.

The son of an Anglo-Indian official I was sent, at ten years of age, to be educated by a clergyman in S——shire. This gentleman was an elderly rector with a large family and small income, which he eked out by taking a few pupils. He left them, however, entirely in the hands of a curate—a very clever man indeed, but a confirmed inebriate, who was generally too fuddled to take any notice of his pupils. At this place I remained some four years, and in this time I learnt absolutely nothing, except to read and write, and an infinitesimal quantity of Latin. Of even such elementary subjects as arithmetic, geography, and history I had no knowledge, and Euclid, algebra, and Greek I knew only by name.

The result was that when I went to school at the age of fifteen I found myself hopelessly behind, so much so indeed that I had to be removed and sent to a private tutor. With this teacher (also a cleric) I made excellent progress. He was a capable man, who had

been a professional educationalist long before becoming a clergyman. He was a man of fine intellect, and conscientiously discharged his duties to his pupils. From his care I was most unfortunately removed—from motives of economy, I fancy—to that of another clergyman. With this tutor I was only some six months, for by that time my people had discovered the gross incompetency of the man. From his clutches I was rescued by proceeding to Cambridge, where in due time I took my degree, and made teaching my profession. My first appointment was with the vicar of a small country parish, who took a few high-class pupils to prepare for Sandhurst, Woolwich, and the 'Varsities. Here I got my first glimpse of the humbug and hypocrisy which pervades certain branches of the profession. One of the subjects I was required to teach was geometrical drawing. Now I had then no more knowledge of the subject than the man in the moon, and I frankly said so. But my employer did not regard this as any drawback. "Get a book," he said, "and teach it as best you can." Further experience has led me to believe that the majority of these employers would engage any man with B.A. after his name, no matter how inexperienced or incompetent he may be; provided, in addition, that they could obtain his services at a low salary. But is not this a crying disgrace that these principals should receive the high fees they do (in this instance £250) from parents on the tacit understanding that the payment of these high fees guarantees the employment of capable tutors? whereas the boys' instruction is left to badly-paid, incompetent tyros!

At this place I only remained a short time and my next experience was in a similar establishment. Here some twenty pupils were housed, for whose instruction the vicar engaged two tutors. This gentleman was one of the old type, happily vanishing, of country clergy; such as is known as a jolly good fellow. An excellent sportsman he carefully instructed his pupils in shooting, fishing, and field sports. As to his teaching capacities they were *nil*. Often of a morning have I found him laboriously conning a crib to Cæsar or Phædrus with a view to his coming class. As to mathematics he was incapable of working the simplest sum in arithmetic, or solving a problem in Algebra; and a rider in Euclid would have nonplussed him completely. And yet this was a man to whom parents entrusted their sons to be prepared for exams. to pass or fail in which meant success or failure in life? To give Mr. X—— his due, he did try hard to fulfil duties for which he was patently incapable and with which he should never have been entrusted; nor would he, had he not possessed that mystic talisman which dulls the average parents' mind and opens his purse strings—the title of Reverend. Poor fellow! I used to pity him sincerely as I watched his vain endeavours to drive into his own gray head knowledge which he should have been caned for not possessing at the age of fifteen.

I now come to the worst example of this kind of establishment which it has been my fate to meet with. The concern, happily, was on its last legs when I last heard of it, and it has probably by this time ceased to exist. But there must be many of a similar type still going, and it is to warn parents against such that I refer to this particular case. These rotten concerns are usually freely advertised in the society papers, and so specious are these advertisements that it is well-nigh impossible for those not in the know to distinguish them from the *bonâ fide* cramming concern. These press notices, it should be understood, are generally written by the Principal himself, and, although appearing as independent criticism, are really advertisements paid for at so much a column.

The teaching here was very indifferent, and in no way corresponded with the glowing press notices of the school. While professing to prepare for the Army, Navy, and Universities, most of the staff were wholly incompetent men, a fact not surprising when the largest salary paid was £60 a year! The work, too, was a mere farce. None of the pupils did a stroke more than they wished to—and that wasn't much. And yet here were backward boys whose parents were paying high fees in order that they might be pressed on. But the sanitary and hygienic conditions were the worst feature. By the way, are schools subject to inspection on the part of the sanitary authorities? I suppose not, otherwise they sadly neglect their duties in many cases. In this particular instance there was one w.c. (an outside one; there were none indoors at all) for the use of some thirty persons. There was one bath—in an outhouse—and that only supplied with cold water. Such a thing as a warm bath was unknown; and tutors and pupils who desired such a luxury (as the vicar called it) had to walk to the nearest town.

The food, too, was wholly insufficient in quantity and abominable in quality. Most of us had to "fill up" by resorting to the village pub. The moral tone of the place was scandalous. In one case a boy guilty of the grossest immorality was allowed to remain and continue to contaminate his fellow pupils. I have known headmasters (laymen) expel for offences which compared to this one were mere peccadillos. Clergymen, however, can perhaps afford to be less exacting in the standard of morality they require from those surrounding them; are they not themselves its exponents?

I think I have now adduced sufficient evidence to show that some alteration in public opinion is required on this subject of education by clergymen. Let parents take their own precautions and find out for themselves more than they at present do about the tutor (be he cleric or layman) with whom they place their sons. Let them cease to labour under the delusion that a cleric (*per se*) is therefore necessarily a good teacher. But, above all, let them beware of these specious prospectuses, and lean a little less on testimonials from

parents of past pupils; they usually mean little. I know in one case I found a gentleman's name appended to a statement that his son had made admirable progress with the Reverend So-and-so, when the man himself told me his son did nothing during his stay there and was therefore removed. Let parents, too, question their boys as to the actual facts in regard to the teaching they get, and the qualifications of the tutors as far as they can judge. I've often heard most drastic and true criticism of their teachers from lads, and did they only repeat these remarks made to me to their parents, I feel sure no parent would continue to keep his boy in a place where such incompetent dunces did the teaching. Let parents, too, insist on proper sanitary arrangements and not trust blindly and implicitly to the Principal's own statements.

I feel satisfied that a due insistence on the ascertaining of these details would lead to the speedy downfall of many of these pernicious places of education (*sic*), which are doing so much injury by robbing *bonâ fide* coaches of their legitimate pupils. Rectors and vicars—in my humble opinion—should no more be permitted to run these cramming establishments than to set up a grocer's shop in the village of their cure. Even though many clergymen have undoubtedly high capacity for teaching it is highly ill-advised that they should make their main source of income by teaching, *i.e.*, if they have a cure of souls. No man can possibly combine the two—the running of a successful scholastic concern and the proper care of his parish. I should be the last to begrudge the scholarly clergyman adding to a small income by taking a few pupils; but that is a very different thing from the vicar of a parish taking some twenty to thirty pupils, employing a large staff of tutors, and making his clerical subservient to his scholastic work, for this leads to manifest abuse. Too often men get ordained and take a small living, solely with the view of running one of these private tutorial concerns, knowing full well that parents will more willingly and readily entrust their sons to the care of a clergyman of indifferent teaching qualifications than to a layman with the most successful record in the world. That this is not as it should be is evident enough to all the friends of education. And the remedy? Well, as Macaulay has aptly said that light makes the best policeman, so the abuses arising from the concentration of the higher secondary education in the hands of the clergy, can only be remedied by the public getting from time to time glimpses behind the scenes in order to convince them that they must be their own protectors. Such a glimpse of the mode and methods of certain clerical headmasters I have endeavoured to give, and sincerely trust it may serve the great cause we all have at heart—the perfecting of the machinery of education throughout the length and breadth of the country.

A CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE.

THE CHURCH AND WOMEN.

That the Church of England, as by law established, is in a perilous condition, cannot be gainsaid either by her friends or her enemies.

Both from within and from without comes the cry for Reform; the command, as it were, of a consensus of adverse criticism, "Set thy house in order, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The scoffer also asks, "Is this interminable disputation over candles, incense, tithe, mint, cummin, and rue, while one-third of the clergy are starving, of any service to humanity at large? Does the burning of one more candle save a soul alive? Does its extinction give any moral impulse? Is the Church, as an administrative body, doing a tithe of the practical good achieved by a few undenominational philanthropists?"

Has the Church, moreover, the inherent strength within her to struggle out of the chrysalid garment of bygone ages and emerge regenerated, her vital principle clothed with the transcendental brilliancy with which Science has illuminated old truths, and brought within human consciousness the conception of others far greater and still more marvellous?

I am led to make these observations on reading an urgent appeal of the Bishop of Hereford for Church Reform,[1] in which he advocates a greater amount of parochial activity among the laity, and of the bestowal on Church members of a certain measure of local self-government in matters pertaining to ritual. And my heart misgave me as I read, for only once in the seven pages of dissertation was there a perfunctory mention of women. They were ignored as Church members, as Church workers, as fellow Christians, as fellow parishioners, as fellow worshippers, as possessing equal rights and privileges in the Common Faith. And I saw that again the Church is not with the times. She is entrenched in the same old fallacies, the same old prejudices, the same sex-biased dicta that are fatal to modern progress and antagonistic to modern thought. For what has the Church's attitude ever been towards women but inimical? From the earliest ages each branch of the Church Militant as it

[1] "Church Reform. Why not begin with the Parish?" By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Hereford. *The Nineteenth Century and After*, March 1901.

rose adopted but one policy towards women, *i.e.*, of direct and unbending antagonism, coupled with the supremest arrogancy.

It may truly be said that the spiritual mother of the race has been from the dawn of the Pauline era an enemy to the earthly mothers of mankind; and by a paradox that entity, which in a spiritual sense embodied every feminine virtue, ignored, despised, and enslaved the materialised counterpart on the physical plane. There should be no confusion of thought in supposing Christianity is included in this indictment of the administrative executive of the outward and visible organisation.

Christianity, as taught by its Founder, made man and woman equal. In point of fact, the man was made in marriage subordinate to the female, for Christ re-established the old order of things according to the natural law of sex, when the man left all to cleave to his wife. The man was to renounce kith and kin for the woman, thus reverting to the primal matriarchal rule, when the husband forsook his own tribe and people for those of the wife, and property was entirely in the hands of women. "From the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife" (St. Mark x. 6, 7).

By no word nor deed during His ministry did Christ lower the position of women, nor subordinate her to male supremacy. On the contrary, woman was to take her rightful place as Leader, where man had usurped the Mastership; as Guide, where man had stumbled on the way.

But the Pauline doctrine refuted this new rule of the Christ, obviously derogatory and distasteful to the egoism and arrogancy of man. Christ, the Master, raised woman; Paul, the servant, abased her. He enunciated the sublime doctrine of perfect equality in Christ; he gave practical proof of his belief in subordinating one half of the human race to the other. Yet unconsciously he was led to emphasise a deep biological truth: "Adam was first formed, then Eve" (1 Tim. ii. 13), thus giving unwitting testimony to the higher evolution of woman. He preached submission to God's will, but woman was to be doubly submissive, to achieve an impossibility, as, according to Christ's assertion, "No man can serve two masters," yet was she to be subservient to two authorities, lords spiritual and temporal. The submission of man himself to his Maker was optional, the submission of woman to man was obligatory and unconditioned, taking even precedence of her submission to God.[1] Moreover, after having declared all could come to Christ in virtue of their humanity, he closes the door in the face of woman, and bids her approach the Saviour through the medium of her husband.[2] He permitted not a woman to teach, though he

[1] Eph. v. 22. [2] 1 Cor. xi. 3.

owed much to the woman who taught Apollos, and who, moreover, in her Epistle to the Hebrews, has approached nearer to the hidden mysteries of the sanctuary than has St. Paul himself.[1]

In extenuation of this dereliction from the sublime tenets of Christ a modern writer remarks: "All that was written derogatory to the true position of women by the Apostles may be directly traced to the popular and all-pervading sentiments of the times in which they lived." But unfortunately the shadow of those times cast its gloom over all the succeeding eras of the Church's administrative policy. The living force of Christianity, permeating and irradiating with a new spirit of love, tolerance and justice the hearts of men, brought about, as an inevitable corollary, the emancipation of women from the worst thralls of servitude and degradation; but the Church in every age kept aloof from any practical recognition of woman as an integral part of humanity, and an equal factor in the promulgation of Christianity. Tertullian, Jerome, Origen, and Augustine ever spoke disparagingly of the sex, and the same spirit dictated all the harsh repressive measures of the Middle Ages on the status and liberties of women.

Much stress has often been laid upon the fact that the Church re-instituted monogamy, and thus elevated the wife. It appears to escape observation that, though this reform was of equal benefit to both sexes, a little reflection will make it apparent that monogamy raised the man to the ethical standard of the woman, and he, physically and morally, was most benefited thereby; for in polygamy the wife already, though one of many, had but one husband, and adultery in her case was visited with extraordinary severity. No Church, however, to this day has ever raised her voice, as an administrative body, against the double code of morality consolidated in the marriage and divorce laws of this and every other so-called Christian country. Churchmen also point with great self-complacency to the canonisation of female saints and martyrs, and to the supreme position given to ideal womanhood in the semi-deification of the Virgin Mary, as a proof of the high esteem in which the Church has held women. But I fail to see how the apotheosis of the dead some two or three hundred years after their departure from this life affected beneficially the position of living women, or practically mitigated their mundane sufferings. It is on a par with the Chinaman's attitude towards womanhood, when he makes profound obeisance to the manes of his grandmother, burning reams of paper in her honour, though at the same time strictly forbidding his wife to eat out of the same dish with himself, or his daughter to sit down in his presence.

In the sixth century A.D., when the Church was busy filling heaven with departed saints, male and *female*, the administrative

[1] *St. Priscilla, author of the Epistle to the Hebrews.* Professor Harnack.

body, holding solemn conclave at Maçon, decided only by a small majority of votes that *existing* women possessed souls. Divines, however, in the fourth century had already come to the conclusion that women had no minds, for, by the canonic law, they were then classed with infants, lunatics, and imbeciles. For the ecclesiastical authorities, after much research in the inspired word, decided definitely that woman was not created in the image of God, and summarily relegated her to a strictly circumscribed sphere of domestic activity. She could not be a witness in a court of justice, nor could her word be accepted under oath. As Dr. Foote truly remarks, "Woman was debased, even by the Church, until she became almost a slave." And again Lecky, animadverting on the canon law, avers "it has always treated them (women) with signal injustice and contempt." Charles Kingsley is yet more emphatic when he declares, "This will never be a good world for women until the last remnant of the canon law is civilised from the face of the earth."

We may therefore premise that these practical legal enactments had certainly more direct effect upon woman's status in actual life than the nebulous idealisation of womanhood in the realms of heaven, more particularly as this theoretical exaltation of the female sex cost men no personal effort, nor entailed any positive abnegation of masculine authority over individual women.

For it is a strange and interesting psychological study of the masculine mind to analytically gauge the principles upon which man, through the medium of woman, has ever compromised his belief with his practice. In all ages and under many religious forms we find that the doctrine of vicarious suffering and vicarious righteousness has always appealed strongly to the imagination of man as a practical solution of an extremely pressing personal problem. It has the soothing and comforting effect upon his disturbed conscience as that blessed word "Mesopotamia" exercised on the ruffled temper of the old lady. It is always consolatory to the inherent sentiment of theoretical justice that some one should suffer for sin, and, if it be not himself individually, man has no objection to put the theory in practice. His sense of the eternal equilibrium of things is thus satisfied at no personal discomfort. Having with unction sacrificed his gods, he proceeds to find ethical equation in the substitution of woman for the performance of duties he considers irksome to himself. We only change the formula, whether we regard Judaism, Buddhism, Brahminism, Mohammedism, or Christianity; the lines of thought governing conduct are identical in each scheme of religious conviction.

The new gospel of the Nazarene preached three strange tenets: equality, when the world was sharply divided into irreconcilable classes and castes; humility, when each strove with his fellow who

accrued through the gradual evolution of social, political and intellectual freedom, not through any distinctive action of the Reformed Church. In fact, no act ever gave a greater impetus to vice than the flooding of Europe with helpless, homeless women, driven, unshielded and defenceless, from the comparatively safe retreats of conventual institutions by ecclesiastical authorities.

But it may be argued, this is ancient history, there is no advantage gained by recalling these shameful incidents of the past; they may well be relegated to the limbo of discreditable episodes over which men, in these enlightened days, would fain draw a veil. And this would be as well if there appeared any sign of repentance in the Church as at present constituted, for the spirit of enmity and contumely which inspired her conduct towards women in all preceding ages. The mode of procedure may vary with the period, but the spirit dictating the letter remains the same. Only as late as 1898 the Bishops in the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury [1] decided by a small majority of votes that women should be denied the right to direct representation on the Parish Church Councils. Thus placing the Church in the illogical position of refusing to recognise as competent members of its community the woman patron of the benefice; the woman builder, endower, or restorer of the parish church; the woman proprietor, who is possibly the largest tax and ratepayer in the neighbourhood; the woman donor, who supports most of the local charities, pays largely for the extra curate, and supplements the vicar's scanty income; the woman doctor, who attends half the population; the woman sanitary inspector, who is responsible for the health of the district; the woman guardian, who controls and supervises the local poor-rate; the woman farmer, who employs most of the agricultural labour; the woman factory inspector, whose duties are as onerous as any magistrate's; the woman editor of a daily paper, forming the opinions of thousands; the woman writer, whose pen is mightier than any man's sword; the woman musician, who is a D.M.; the woman scientist, who writes R.M.S. after her name; the woman painter, in the first rank of living artists; the woman-philanthropist, whose work is national; the woman economist, who has done more for the poor than the whole bench of Bishops; and the woman teacher, head of a college that competes successfully with Oxford and Cambridge. Yet one and all of these women are refused an active participation in the administration of local Church funds, and in the regulation of parochial worship in the edifice they mainly support. Can women doubt that practical paganism still survives in the bosom of the Church, in the degrading superstition of man's supremacy over woman and her inborn inferiority?

The Bishop of Hereford in his proposed panacea for the internal

[1] The House of Convocation of York did not so stultify itself.

ills of the Anglican Establishment would not make sacramental attendance a qualification for a seat on the Church Council. He is wise in his generation to substitute for an impossibility a graceful concession to expediency. He is fully aware of the fact that if the Parish Church Council were limited to men communicants there would be no Parish Church Council. Taken roughly, out of 1000 male parishioners 2 per cent. may be communicants; of the same number of women 40 per cent. may be counted upon. In regular attendance in church, the men are conspicuous by their absence. Empty the church of women, and the officiating clergy would confront empty pews.

And yet, with a blindness, a fatuity, that is almost incredible, except that it is only too offensively manifest, the Church is daily alienating, driving out of her fold her firmest and most devoted supporters in the women, who have hitherto lovingly and ungrudgingly, spent themselves on her behalf.

In the same spirit that imprisoned Bacon, silenced Galileo, denounced Colenso, anathematised Darwin, and alienated Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and Romanes, narrow arrogant sex-bias and false religious teaching are banishing into the outer wilderness of agnosticism many spiritual-minded and deeply religious women. No one cognisant with the inner working of the woman's movement can deny this statement. The faith, inherent in women, is no longer centred implicitly in the obsolete dogma and tenets of any Church, it is leaving these behind, as worn-out garments that the human soul has outgrown and cast away. Faith, Hope, and Love are pressing forward, unbound by man-made fetters, to a closer realisation of the doctrines of the Master, founded on equality and justice. For women have sorrowfully discovered that no combined action on the part of the Church has ever brought about the amelioration of woman's legal, social, or moral status. As the Church palliated and condoned the immoralities of the Restoration and the Georgian period, so she has been deaf and blind and dumb before the increasing sensuality and moral decadence of modern times. For instance, in the following laws, a small but undaunted band of women agitated for the reforms, and the measures were carried through the support of mostly undenominational members in the House of Commons. It is interesting and instructive to note the date of these measures, and compare it with that of our Saviour's birth, as demonstrating the abnormally slow moral evolution of the race:

1870—Married Women's Property Act passed.

1872—Bastardy Law Amendment Act rendered father liable for maintenance of child. The infamous Act of 1834 removed the burden of sustaining illegitimate children from the father to the mother, thus giving the greatest incentive to infanticide. We hear of no protest from the Church.

1873—Custody of Infants Act gave the mother right to her child up to the age of sixteen.

1885—Criminal Law Amendment Act raised age of consent from ten to thirteen.

1893—Criminal Law Amendment Act raised age of consent to sixteen.

On May 15, 1899, for, I believe, the tenth Session in succession, a Bill, in the charge of Mr. H. J. Wilson, M.P., to render incest a criminal offence, was put down for the second reading. Each succeeding year this reform has been urged upon our legislators by a large number of women. The various leaders of the House and other members have from time to time received countless letters from mothers, pleading (as it is proved, in vain) for facilities to be granted by Government for the passing of a measure which would remove a terrible slur upon our so-called Christian civilisation; but as yet no pronounced step has been taken by the Church in this vital matter, though it is well known that there are few parishes in which this awful crime does not exist, and, according to the testimony of individual clergy, is rapidly on the increase.[1]

The movement for Women's Suffrage, that crucial test of elementary justice, has found its most ardent supporters in the ranks of Nonconformity and in the laity of the Anglican Church, as a few names will suffice for proof—John Bright, Jacob Bright, John Stuart Mill, Henry Fawcett, Henry Sidgwick, H. H. Fowler, Sir James Stansfeld, A. J. Balfour, Disraeli, Joseph Cowen, Leonard Courtney, Hugh Price Hughes, &c. The names of those in authority in the Established Church who have pronounced themselves in favour of the political enfranchisement of women can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

One instance more. An eye witness of the memorable scene in Cambridge on the vote for the exclusion of women from academic honours remarked: "Nothing showed more the unchristianity of the Church than the eagerness with which black-coated divines hastened to record their votes against the reward of merit being accorded to brain-power, simply because it was the product of a female cranium." Yet Cambridge owes her noblest colleges to the endowments and benefactions of enlightened open-hearted women of the past.

Well may a modern writer remark: "That women, who have looked to religion for consolation and strength, are being slowly driven to recognise that the last strongholds of injustice and unfairness they will have to contend against will be the churches."[2] It is not, therefore, surprising that in consequence of the attitude of the

[1] See speeches of the Rev. J. W. Horsley and the Rev. W. H. S. Holmes at the Church Congress, October 1900.

[2] *The Emancipation of Women.* J. Gibson.

ecclesiastical establishments, be they Romish, Greek, or Protestant, both here and on the Continent, in failing to hold out a helping hand to women struggling to be free of old prejudices, old fallacies, and old chains, so as to attain a higher fuller life, that, disappointed in their purest aspirations, they have turned in despair to other aids, and often made use of agencies they feared and distrusted. In proof, see the women anarchists in Russia, Germany, Italy, and France. See again the large following of women among the extreme Socialists of Germany and Austria-Hungary; and note the consensus of opinion, freely expressed, how totally the Evangelical Church has failed in influence and control. Yet one and all of these women are moved by the same spiritual incentive; theirs is but the struggle of the human soul for the right of full development.

Our own Anglican Church of to-day is on trial, as she stands confronted by a portentous phase of social evolution. Will she remain as of yore, apathetic, self-centred, irresponsive? Can she pass the rubicon of her own obsolete limitations? Can she boldly burn the coracles of an earlier and more barbarous civilisation, and hoist sail with the gear of an advancing and enlightened age? Can she tardily accord to the mothers of the race the reverent consideration with which nature herself has from the beginning consistently regarded them? Can she gauge in its full significance the biological fact of woman's higher evolution? Will she deny to woman's more complex psychology the rightful supremacy that is her due, in virtue of her higher moral qualities? Will she draw the logical conclusion, that the factor, possessing most religious fervour, the higher spiritual intuitions, and the most practical experience in good works, should be the first and not the last in an organisation, which theoretically embodies the virtues that are essentially feminine? Or, will the Church cling to her mutilated remnants of Chaldean bricks as inspired proofs of man's superiority, and let the incoming tide of social evolution pass her by, stranded on the mud heaps of the past?

For it requires no gift of prophecy to aver that the Church stands or falls by her future attitude towards the great industrial, ethical, and spiritual development upon which the present century is entering, and in which women will take so paramount a part as workers and initiators.

It was obviously more satisfactory to their spiritual pastors and masters when women sat, reverent and mute, at the feet of Gamaliel. They have now developed, like Topsy, a disconcerting habit of asking questions, and the difficulty increases, in giving an orthodox answer, of adhering with strict accuracy to the truth. Science refutes false deductions; research demolishes arrogant dicta; facts controvert cherished hypotheses; verities supplant prejudiced fallacies; knowledge banishes time-honoured superstitions; woman,

the slave, becomes the inquisitor, for she is entering, wonder-eyed, into her long usurped inheritance. The woman who regarded with implicit faith every unfledged curate as the inspired exponent of the spiritual Bradshaw is rapidly becoming extinct. Her place will soon know her no more. Her successor is critical of the authority which denies her equal rights with man in the religious, moral, humanitarian, political, and social life of the nation. She desires to take her full share and responsibility in the solution of the grave problems confronting humanity. She asks for help not hindrance, for sympathy not suppression. But for the settlement of the questions that most affect them, women look in vain for any tangible results from the meetings of the Houses of Convocation, and the lengthy disputations at Church Congresses. There is naught but words, words, words, on the washing of the national sacerdotal pots and cups; but not one of our crying economic and social evils is practically dealt with, nor any measure of reform adopted by means of a well-organised course of action.

Vice is rampant, and the Church is serenely complacent. Lust stalks abroad, and the Church discreetly veils her face. The moral degradation of women, under a spurious standard of morality, becomes deeper, again the Church makes no sign. One law after another infringes on the rights and individual status of women, and the Church not only acquiesces but connives. When injustice shelters in the shadow of the altar, is it strange that it should take tangible form in the chamber of the legislators?

It would be well if Dr. Herron's dictum were more laid to heart: "The real religious creed of the people, the unmistakable evidence of what they really believe, is their politics."

To thoughtful women the visible sign of the inward faith of the Church was the passing, in the fitting blackness of the night, of the Contagious Diseases Acts in the House of Lords in July 1864. Without discussion, in silence profound and significant of deeds of shame and darkness, the Lords spiritual and temporal deliberately consigned to unspeakable degradation the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of the poorer classes, so as to render, *if possible*, fornication innocuous to vicious men.

No words of mine could denounce the flagitious injustice of that Act in stronger terms than the following quotation from Herbert Spencer's trenchant criticism upon it:

"And now what was this Act, passed the first time absolutely without comment, and passed in its so-called amended form with but the briefest comments, made under protest that comments were interdicted? What was this measure, so conspicuously right that discussion of it was thought superfluous? It was a measure by which, in certain localities, one-half of the people (those without the political franchise) were brought under the summary jurisdiction of magistrates in respect of certain acts charged against them. Further, those by whom they were to be charged, and by

whose unsupported testimony charges were to be proved, were agents of the law, looking for promotion as the reward of vigilance—agents placed under a permanent temptation to make and substantiate charges. And yet more, the substantiation of charges was made comparatively easy, by requiring only a single local magistrate to be convinced, by the testimony on oath of one of these agents of the law, that a person charged was guilty of the alleged acts—acts which, held to be thus proved, were punished by periodic examinations of a repulsive kind and forced inclusion in a degraded class. . . . And this Bill, which, even had there been some urgent need (which we have seen there was not) for dispensing with precautions against injustice, should, at any rate, have been passed only after full debate and anxious criticism, was passed with every effort to maintain secrecy, on the pretext that decency forbade discussion of it; while Mordaunt cases and the like were being reported with a fulness proportionate to the amount of objectionable details they brought out. Nor is this all. Not only do the provisions of the Act make easy the establishment of charges by men who are placed under temptations to make them; but these men are guarded against penalties apt to be brought on them by abusing their power. A poor woman who proceeds against one of them for making a groundless accusation ruinous to her character, does so with this risk before her; that if she fails to get a verdict she has to pay the defendant's costs; whereas a verdict in her favour does not give her costs; only by a special order of the judge does she get costs! And this is the 'even-handed justice' provided by a Government freer in form than any we have ever had!"[1]

True, this infamous Act was repealed twenty-two years after, but at whose instigation? Not by an agitation due to the awakened conscience of the Church, but through the strenuous unflinching efforts of a handful of women. Women who, counting not the cost, willingly braved odium, persecution, misrepresentation and opposition, so as to save their sisters from a degradation worse than death. The men fighting by the side of these women were the leading Nonconformists of the United Kingdom. The Church stood apart, so as to keep unspotted the Pharisaical garments of her hypocrisy.

Again, what stand has the Church made against the repeal of the Cantonments Act Amendment Act of 1895, which virtually hands over the womanhood of India to the officially-protected lust of the British soldier? Since 1897 all the untold horrors of State-regulated vice have been in full force in Indian cantonments; and with a State-paid chaplain in the pulpit on a Sunday, preaching purity, justice and love, we have also the State-paid procurers of victims for prostitution among the chief of his congregation. And the Church marvels that Christianity makes so little headway among the peoples of Hindustan. Surely for a Church countenancing these deeds of evil expediency, the fateful handwriting has appeared on the wall—MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN.

Her daughters have cried to her for justice, and have been given a stone. They now appeal to a Higher Court, and the Lord Himself will judge their cause.

FRANCES SWINEY.

[1] *Study of Sociology*, p. 280.

THE DECAY OF THE CURATE.

That there is at present a great scarcity of curates needs no demonstration. We see it every time we look at the advertisement columns of the *Guardian* or *Church Times*. The Secretary of the A.C.S. will send you a list of 100 vacant curacies for the asking. If we compare the number of men ordained to the Diaconate in the years 1897, 1898, 1899, we find a decrease of about 330, giving an average decrease of 110 men per year. But the population increases at the rate of 6000 per week. If we reckon 3000 souls as a sufficient flock for one man to look after, we see that 104 fresh men should be ordained every year merely to cope with the increase of population. So that instead of there being 100 men less ordained yearly there ought to be 100 more. If then we suppose that this state of things has gone on for the last five years, we find that there are at present 1000 men less in Orders than there ought to be if the work of the Church is to be adequately carried on, even if we make the very large assumption that the parishes of England were all adequately staffed in 1895. I leave out of account the further drain upon the Church's resources occasioned by the number of men who every year go out to work in our Colonies, and among the heathen. I leave out too the needs of the Colonial Church, and the Mission Field, which are simply enormous. Had I taken into account the numbers of men required by the Colonies and the Mission Field, it would not be too much to say that 400 more men need to be ordained yearly, and that the priests of the Church are at least 2000 below their proper number. Now there are many causes put forward to account for this deficiency. Of these I purpose to take two, one of which I believe to be false; the other, which commends itself to me as true. Let us take the false one first, the cause strongly put forward by the Curates' Union, a rather obscure body, which professes to look after the interests of the unbeneficed. What then is the cause which that body puts forward? I pass over the facts that no unbeneficed priest is eligible either to vote for, or to be elected as, Proctor for Convocation, because it seems too ridiculous to suppose that any one holds back from Holy Orders because he has not the very doubtful privilege of being elected a member of the very dullest debating society in the kingdom, or because he has not the still more doubtful privilege of helping to elect a dull person to talk aimlessly

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with the disadvantage of being in more or less direct opposition to ten other plans, each equally excellent in the eyes of its creator. The advocates of such a plan are fond of pointing to the case of the dean and chapter of a cathedral, which they claim to be exactly parallel. Now even granting that the dean always works well with his canons, and they with each other—a result which is by no means always the case—the fact remains that there is no parish attached to a cathedral, that the canons' duties are confined to preaching, and that their power only extends over the three months that they are in residence. The conditions are absolutely opposed to the ordinary conditions of a parish church. The plan might work in a chapel of ease, without parishioners, and where the vicar and curates had nothing to do but preach. Yet even then great harm might be done. There are in some churches lectureships, the holders of which are appointed without reference to the incumbent. The lecturer's sole duty is to preach so many times a year. There have not been wanting instances—notably that of St. George's-in-the-East—where the incumbent preached one set of doctrines in the morning, and was violently denounced by the lecturer in the evening, with results which may have been exciting but were scarcely edifying. One can imagine how much worse the results would have been if the lecturer had been entrusted with the rights and duties of an ordinary assistant priest, and had not been limited to the exercise of his tongue for an hour or so on Sunday evenings. It seems to me that if the remedy of the Curates' Union were to come into practice, no incumbent, however large the population might be, would dare to run the risk of appointing a curate lest the meek-looking man whom he should choose, should turn out to be a firebrand in the parish.

The remedy seems to me to be as fallacious as the cause assigned to the disease. No parish can have more than one head, lest it suffer the fate of a kingdom divided against itself. The government of a parish must be in the last resort either Monarchical or Anarchical. There is no possible room for any middle course.

The other cause assigned for the dearth of curates seems to me to be the true one, for it takes into account the change that has undoubtedly taken place during the present century in the conditions of life both within and without the Church of England. I might summarise the difference that has taken place as regards the Church by saying that at the beginning of the century Holy Orders was a profession, now it is a vocation. At the beginning of the last century—indeed, I can safely come down some thirty years later, and say at the beginning of the late Queen's reign—the occupations which lay open to a gentleman were comparatively few. He might go into the Army or the Navy, or the Church. He might be called to the Bar. He might, if he had sufficient interest, obtain a clerkship in a Government Office. Things were not thrown

open to competition by means of examination as they are now. So a man chose Holy Orders often because there was nothing else for him to do to gain a living. He did not feel fit to be a soldier or a sailor. He had not enough brains to be likely to get a living at the Bar, nor enough interest to get a minor Government appointment. Moreover, in those days the life of the average parson was not hard. Men expected but little of him. The multifarious parochial agencies which exist now were unknown then. Two sermons a week, sometimes only one, were required, together with a certain amount of distribution of bodily comforts to the sick during the week. Of course, there were many, especially among the Evangelicals, who did much more. But what I have stated was all that was necessary to ensure the respect of your parishioners, and the approval of your Bishop. Then, too, the value of livings was, as we all know, very much higher. In 1836 tithe was at par, in 1863 at 107¼, in 1874 at 112⅓. The glebe farms let well. So that a man's parents, casting about in 1836 as to what they should put their son into, chose for him Holy Orders if he were not particularly brilliant, as being a profession in which, with a little interest, he could earn enough to live on, with very little to do for it, and be at the end of his life better off than his brother, who had gone into the Army, and retired on half-pay. In 1836 Holy Orders was distinctly an attractive profession. But things have changed immensely since the Rev. Bute Crawley was rector of Queens Crawley. There is a vast difference between the prospects and duties of a man who was ordained even as late as 1860 and those of a man ordained in 1900, a much greater difference than lies between 1830 and 1860. But let us keep to the point of comparison between 1837 and 1897, remembering that the change, as all changes in social life do, came about gradually, imperceptibly.

Gradually the world grew larger, gradually fresh openings presented themselves for men, in the Colonies as well as in England; gradually, too, the standard of life, and the tale of duties required from the parson grew larger; gradually the incomes of the clergy grew less. If we remember, that as late as 1880 tithe stood at 109, we shall understand why the dearth of curates has only within the last few years begun to make itself felt.

Now when a young man has to decide what he will be—for now it is rather the man himself who decides, and the parents who acquiesce, whereas formerly the parents decided, and the sons acquiesced—now many occupations lie more or less open to him. At the beginning of the reign he chose between half a dozen occupations, now he can choose between half a hundred. Does the man want a life in which he need do little, and can yet retain the good opinion of his fellows, and make a sufficient livelihood? He will find it extremely difficult to discover such an occupation,

even with half a hundred to choose from. He will not do what he would have done in 1836, and take Holy Orders. Does he desire an occupation at which by unsparing diligence he may earn an income which will enable him to marry, and bring up his children in the same state of life as that in which he himself was brought up, and to educate them as he himself was educated? Well, he will certainly not take Holy Orders, because it is most improbable that he will ever obtain an income sufficient to support and educate a family unless he is prepared to send round the hat perseveringly and unblushingly, and to face the fact that his early death would probably make his wife and young children paupers. We hear distressingly frequent tales of clerical poverty, arising from the fact that men without private means married when tithe was above par, and the glebe let well. Such persons deserve pity for the unforeseen circumstances which have reduced their tithes by a third, and the rent of their glebe by two-thirds or more. But those who marry now with their eyes open, seeing what things are, are not merely foolish but wicked. For they not only suffer themselves, that would not matter, but they cause future suffering and humiliation to those whom they have chosen to bring into the world. So then I strongly prefer the view of those who hold that the scarcity of curates is due to the fact that Holy Orders has ceased to be an eligible profession. Those who would follow Christ, not for the sake indeed of the loaves and fishes, but with the hope of a moderate share in them, will cease to do so when the loaves grow small and the fishes cease. But those who have heard the voice of Christ, with its divine compulsion calling them, are content enough to follow, even though to follow implies a surrender of much to which they might have justifiably looked forward.

Undoubtedly, the comparative failure of men to come forward to take Holy Orders is a good thing, if we may suppose that the 200 who are lacking year by year represent those men who in 1837 would have been attracted mainly by the prospect of an easy-going life, with a sufficiently good livelihood. Better a dearth of curates than an abundance of men who have become priests for what they can get. Holy Orders has become a vocation into which a man is drawn by a divine compulsion, and in which he must be content to live simply and singly, and, if need be, to die in the workhouse, or, if he is lucky, in the Home of St. Barnabas.

Is there a remedy? How is the place of those who do not feel that they have the vocation to make the complete surrender which Holy Orders now demands, to be filled? The only remedy, as it seems to me, is to revert to the plan of the Middle Ages, when ecclesiastics, whether religious or secular, were very much more numerous than they are now. Yet the Church had no lack of men, because she did not draw her men from one particular class as the Church

of England does now in the main, but from all classes. Every family had one representative set apart for God's service, many families had more than one. The son of the ploughman was quite as likely to be found in charge of the parish church or in the monastery as the son of the baron. Indeed the servant of the servants of God, the Pope himself, might be and not infrequently was, the son of a vine-dresser, or of a craftsman. The Church of Rome does this to-day. You never hear her complain of want of men, miserably as the curés of France or Belgium are paid. She draws her men from all classes. The attainments of the village priest, except that he knows his religion thoroughly, and understands enough Latin to read his breviary and his vulgate, are very little higher than the flock to which he ministers.

Yet no one would say that the inhabitants of the average French or South German village are less devout than those of the average English village. Moreover, there are not wanting signs that the Church of Ireland since her disestablishment is tending in the same direction. Her clergy are being drawn from a class lower than was the case thirty years ago. As things are it is practically impossible for the son of the small tradesman, or of the skilled mechanic, much less of the clerk or the labourer, to get ordained, however strong his vocation may be. He must spend two years at a Theological College, which will cost him at least £80 a year, allowing for clothes, journeys, and holidays—a quite impossible sum for him to provide. Of course he may get exhibitions and so on, which will reduce his expenses, but even so he will have to provide a considerable sum himself, while only comparatively few can expect to get exhibitions. But you might as well ask the son of a mechanic to provide £100 a year as £20; both sums are equally out of his reach.

If the vocations which undoubtedly exist among this class are to be reached, and made efficacious for the service of God, the Church of England must do as the Church of Rome does, and provide a free training. This could be done under certain conditions at £50 per head per annum, exclusive of the cost of teaching. But then you will say, you are going back to the state of things that existed in 1837, because the prospects which Holy Orders holds out to the son of the small tradesman or the waggoner to-day are as attractive in his eyes as were those which Holy Orders held out to the son of the squire in 1837. To the man who has seen his father bring up a large family on 30*s.* a week, the prospect of £2 or £3 a week, and, when he gets a benefice, a house thrown in, and another £50 or £60 per annum, seems wealth. Moreover, since the average Englishman seems always to crave to get into the class immediately above him, the thought of the rise in social status which Holy Orders would give the class of candidates in question, would also prove a strong inducement. "In a word," you say, "you have transformed Holy Orders

back again into a profession instead of a vocation." You may get plenty of men, but would they take Holy Orders with a right motive? Are you not merely throwing the bait which is too small to attract big fish, to fish small enough to find it a good meal? Undoubtedly there is a great danger. Our last state would be worse than the first. The only way would be to have a very strict searching of the vocation of the candidates, and to admit no one to a free preparation for Holy Orders who was not prepared to live unmarried and in poverty. It would, it seems to me, be quite fair to say to the candidate, "The Church will give you four, or five, or six years of absolutely free education for the Priesthood, during which time you will be supported and clothed. She will look after you in sickness and disablement; she will provide for your old age; in return she demands that you will give up your whole life to the service of God, that you will remain single and be content with simple food and raiment." The man with a true vocation would accept these conditions, the man who desired merely a better livelihood than he could have otherwise obtained, would refuse. The period of training would be sufficiently searching to test a man's vocation and to dispose of unworthy candidates. Now this experiment is actually being tried to-day by the Society of the Sacred Mission at Mildenhall in Suffolk. At present their work is confined to the Mission Field, but there is no reason why it should not be extended to Home Missions as well as Foreign. The society gives a free education and preparation for missionary work to all suitable candidates as far as its means will allow. But it makes one very important safeguard. It will not accept a man with the understanding that he shall necessarily be ordained. The man joins simply with the idea that he will work in the Foreign Mission Field in some way or other according to his gifts and abilities; in industrial work as carpenter, builder, printer, if his talents lie that way upon examination; in lay evangelical work or in the Priesthood if he has especial and spiritual powers. You will easily see that some such safeguard as this is necessary in order to prevent men using the free education and sustenance as affording an easy backway into Holy Orders.

The candidates are not bound to enter the religious society that carries on the work, but are free to go forth at the end of their training to their work, bound only by the conditions to which they assented on entering—there are no vows—namely to accept only a bare maintenance, to remain unmarried, and to work in whatever sphere the Bishop who ordains them may appoint. In some such direction as this, I venture to think, lies the solution of the question of the dearth of men.

No doubt the plan would have to be modified before it could be safely worked on a large scale in England. We should all indeed prefer that all who enter Holy Orders should be gentlemen by birth

and have passed through the University. But such a preference cannot be right. God assuredly does not confine His vocation to any particular class. Surely we ought to make it possible for every one to obey God's call. The men are there to supply the Church's need quite as much now as in the Middle Ages. Only whereas then the Church sought for her priests out of every class, and prepared them for her service, now she does not. But if she throws open her doors wide to every man whom God has called, as she ought to do, and gives them such an education as will make them serviceable to her, she will have to take the more earnest heed that none come forward professing a vocation in order to make a livelihood out of her. She must do stringently what now she does not do at all, and test the vocation of all candidates for Holy Orders, or her last state will be worse than her first.

T. C. DALE, B.A.

THE POSITION OF THE CLERK.

SCARCELY any calling can be more overcrowded than that of the clerk. The scores of replies received by any one who has been under the necessity of advertising for clerical assistance can bear witness to this. It can also be testified to more eloquently by the poor clerk himself who has been unfortunate enough to be out of employment, and who has, perhaps for weeks, spent an hour or two each day writing for situations, and very probably in nineteen cases out of twenty even the receipt of his application has not been acknowledged. Notwithstanding this fact alone, youths still rush blindly to the desk, fondly imagining that a life of ease and comfort lies before them; at least, it seems to them to be a more desirable calling than a trade or profession. The engineer or other artisan has to start work usually at six o'clock in the morning, whereas the clerk does not, as a rule, commence his day's toil until three hours later. This is, perhaps, one of the principal reasons why boys prefer the counting-house to the factory. It is not a very easy task for a man to rise every morning at about five o'clock and do a couple of hours' work before he gets his breakfast, which is the rule in nearly every factory in the country; and to a lad in his teens this early rising, especially in the winter time, is a very severe strain both on his constitution and his temperament. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the lad very often prefers the drudgery of the office to the more exacting requirements of the factory. Were apprentices in factories and workshops not compelled, at least for the first year or two of their apprenticeship, to commence work so early in the morning there would not be so many youths choosing to earn their livelihood as clerks. Another reason why so many flock to the desk is because it is supposed that the clerk is a little superior to the ordinary working man—no doubt because clerks have to keep up a respectable appearance, thereby giving outsiders the idea that they are in receipt of a decent income; and, besides, it is also a nice thing never having to soil one's hands with heavy work. It is only necessary to compare the remuneration of the two classes of men to see how little ground there is for this silly supposition. If either class has any claim to superiority, one would naturally suppose it to be the class whose work and abilities commands the higher pay.

The incursion of females into offices has also done much to help

on this overcrowding. Ladies are willing and anxious to do the same clerical work as men for half the salaries, or even less than half what the latter receive. No sensible man objects to women having as wide a field as possible thrown open to them for exercising their latent talents and gaining a livelihood thereby, but this does not justify their so scandalously underbidding men. If the work of a man is worth two pounds per week, and a woman is able to do the work just as well, why should she get less than two pounds for it? Why will women persist in making themselves so cheap? It is not recorded that any woman has ever regarded herself as an inferior being to man; why then does she sell her labour at half the figure secured by him? If there is to be competition between the sexes, let it be fair competition.

What is the position of the British clerk to-day? To reply briefly, he is one of the hardest worked and one of the most poorly paid of mortals. This applies generally to clerks in the offices of business men, solicitors, railway and insurance companies, &c., &c. In the public service and usually in banks they are a little better off. The average employer gets far more out of his clerical staff than he does out of any other class of his workers. He can impose upon them just as he likes, and this he often does without the slightest qualm of conscience, for he knows he can get any number of equally qualified men to serve him, and besides—an important consideration by the way—he has no powerful trade union to make things uncomfortable for him. There are certainly men who do not take advantage of the keen competition among clerks for work, or of the want of organisation amongst them, but the number of such gentlemen is not very considerable. Business men regard labour just as they do material. They buy both at the lowest possible price, which is, of course, one of the fundamental principles of competition. Trade unions have, however, kept up the value of organised labour, but unorganised labour under such circumstances is not apt to be too generously dealt with by employers.

The unskilled labourer, who requires no special ability nor any particular training, very often commands a higher wage than the trained clerk. There are thousands of clerks in this country, many of them married men with large families, whose weekly wage—call it salary if you like—does not exceed thirty shillings; and there are also thousands of unskilled labourers, men whose work requires very little if any skill or knowledge, who earn over thirty shillings weekly. It is not by any means an uncommon thing to see advertisements in the newspapers for competent clerks (males), well up in accounts, expert shorthand writers and rapid typists, with a thorough knowledge of the ordinary routine of a commercial office, unimpeachable references, and most probably, in addition, an acquaintance with some particular line of business is necessary, and the man who is

most likely to satisfy these requirements is offered, perhaps, £1 a week, and sometimes even less than that. An advertisement appeared in a leading morning newspaper the other day where the princely salary of fifteen shillings per week was the tempting bait held out to such a man. This may be an extreme case, but it shows the regrettable tendency which unhappily exists for cruelly underpaying a clerk for the work he does. Just imagine for a moment a firm advertising for a skilled workman—an engineer, a blacksmith, a joiner, a painter, or any other artisan—and offering him £1 per week. The idea, of course, is absurd, for no employer would try to secure a trained man at such a miserable pittance, nor, if he did, would he find a workman foolish enough to accept such a wage. But is a clerk a skilled worker?

A clerk, before he becomes proficient, must have some years' training, during which time he receives only a small acknowledgment, or perhaps nothing at all, in return for his services. You could not bring in a man from the street and set him to work in an office, expecting him to be able to keep a set of books, to deal rapidly and accurately with invoices, to be acquainted with the various technical terms used in business, to be up to date with regard to prices ruling in certain markets and have some idea as to the causes of fluctuations therein, to know how to treat cheques, bills of exchange and other commercial documents, to take down letters quickly from dictation and to accurately transcribe the same, or to take full charge of the correspondence (in which case it would be necessary for him to be a master in business diplomacy so as to be able to deal judiciously with any delicate matters which may crop up), or to attend to any of the other manifold duties which the clerk of to-day is called upon to perform, and, above all, to be absolutely trustworthy. No, it takes a long and careful training before a man becomes fully qualified to undertake such work. After the ordinary office hours the beginner must devote a good part of his spare time to adding to his stock of knowledge if he wishes to keep himself afloat. There are certain subjects he cannot learn in the office, and the study of these must occupy a good part of his time at nights. For example, he must learn shorthand, as the "winged art" has now become an absolutely indispensable factor in the world of commerce. To become master of this somewhat difficult subject it will be necessary for him to set apart a couple of nights each week to its study for at least twelve or eighteen months. Some people assert that a skilled stenographer can be created in three or four weeks, but any one who has the least knowledge of shorthand knows the utter absurdity of this assertion. It would be just about as easy to become a first-class linguist in three or four weeks as it would be to become an expert shorthand writer in the same time.

A word might be said here with regard to the acquirement of a practical knowledge of foreign languages by the clerk. It is a well-known fact that this is a branch where the British clerk stands a long way behind his foreign rival. How is it that the study of foreign languages is so neglected by the British clerk? There are many plausible replies to this question, but perhaps one of the most potent reasons for it is—and a reason which seems to have been somewhat lost sight of—the simple fact that it scarcely pays him to study these. To become master of even one foreign tongue entails much time and study, and when this has to be done after a day's work the task becomes much more difficult. When a clerk has, after much trouble, managed to get a practical knowledge of a foreign language, he very often finds it is of no great advantage to him. He commands a very little higher salary for this most useful accomplishment; for the British merchant, who is usually so fond of prating about his patriotism, when it involves no personal sacrifice of course, prefers engaging, for any foreign correspondence he may require attending to, a clerk of German or other foreign nationality, whom he can get at a smaller salary, perhaps for no salary at all. It does not matter to the merchant if this German clerk only stops with him until he gets a thorough knowledge of his master's business and then returns home again to turn to the best advantage the knowledge he has picked up in England. Another foreigner is easily found to take his place on the same terms, and history simply repeats itself. For his own immediate personal aggrandisement the British merchant seems to have no particular objection to sacrificing the future of his business. The German clerk may get no immediate financial benefit for the work he does for his English employer, but no one can be so simple as to imagine that he is inspired to do it by some high and noble, though hidden motive—perhaps trying to create a better feeling between the two countries. For this reason it is that many British clerks who desire to improve themselves do not bestow their attention to the acquirement of a knowledge of foreign tongues, as they consider they can more profitably employ their leisure time in other channels; such as by keeping small tradesmen's books during their spare hours, and so supplementing the too scanty earnings which are assigned to them for their ordinary day's work.

It is not a very difficult task to enumerate a few of the many grievances under which clerks labour, but it is not quite so easy to suggest practical methods of ameliorating their condition. A trade union, including both male and female clerks, might do much in this direction, but there are many difficulties in the way of establishing a successful organisation for this class of workers. This may be the ultimate solution to this problem, but at the present it seems that individual effort must take the place of the infinitely more powerful

weapon of combined effort. Clerks do not want to make themselves so cheap, and, in replying to advertisements, they should ask such remuneration as they think their abilities merit, and not be so fond of offering their services for the most paltry pittance. Employers might also be a little more generous in their dealings with their clerical employées. Clerks have just as much right to a living wage as any other class of men. Their work requires both skill and training, and besides they have always to keep up a respectable appearance. If employers would only think of these things occasionally perhaps their better nature might lead them to treat their clerks more liberally.

J. J. Nevin.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

Personal Idealism[1] is not the subject of the volume so entitled, but the point of view which the several authors of the essays it contains may be said to hold in common, and this perhaps gives as much unity as can be expected to be found in the minds of eight different philosophers; it would certainly be little less than a miracle if amongst so many no difference at all were to be found; still, it is their agreements and not their differences which have brought them together. It is always a little risky to attempt to define another man's position, but on the whole it appears to us that at one time these writers would simply have been called Transcendentalists; at least we are familiar with some of their views under that name. Mr. Henry Sturt, the editor of the volume and the writer of one paper on "Art and Personality," contributes a brief preface in which the philosophical position is indicated. Personal Idealism is opposed, and for a common reason, to both "Naturalism" and "Absolutism." We cannot refrain from expressing our objection to the use of the term "Naturalism"—by which is meant the view of life much better described as Materialism—for the idealistic or spiritual theory is just as "natural" as the other. Matthew Arnold once very truly said that the antithesis of "natural" is not supernatural but unnatural—and the antithesis of Ideal or Spiritual is not Naturalist but Materialist. Thus idealism, we are told, is a certain interpretation of the cardinal facts of life. And the cardinal facts may be summarily recognised in the *Credo* that we are free moral agents in a sense which cannot apply to what is merely natural. Here the impropriety of the use of the term "natural" for "physical" is at once apparent; for if we are free moral agents it must be natural to us to be so. If it is supposed that something unpleasant attaches to the term Materialism, the difficulty is not got over by calling the same thing by another name. We have left ourselves little space to describe the separate essays; we may quote Mr. Sturt's summary of their aim. "Round this formula of conviction (free moral agency) are grouped the questions debated with Naturalism in our volume. They are the reality of human freedom,

[1] *Personal Idealism.* Philosophical Essays by Eight Members of the University of Oxford. Edited by Henry Sturt. London and New York: Macmillan. 1902.

the limitations of the evolutionary hypothesis, the validity of the moral valuation, and the justification of that working enthusiasm for ideals which Naturalism, fatalistic if it is to be logical, must deride as a grievous illusion." The essays in the volume which have interested us the most are those on "Error" by Mr. G. F. Stout, the "Problem of Freedom in its Relation to Psychology," by Mr. W. R. Gibson, and the "Limits of Evolution," by Mr. G. E. Underhill, this last especially contains some posers for the out-and-out evolutionists. Mr. Sturt's own essay on "Art and Personality" is worth reading for its suggestiveness, and other papers are contributed by Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, Mr. R. R. Marett, Mr. F. R. Bussell, and Mr. Hastings Rashdall, who bewilders the reader by carrying metaphysics into the region of theology. Most of the essays are really too short to deal with the large subjects discussed.

M. de Roberty is a most systematic thinker and careful writer, and it is perhaps for that reason we find his account of Frederic Nietzsche and his philosophy somewhat tame.[1] Nietzsche refuses to be systematised; he was in the most literal sense a freethinker and the declared antagonist of systems. To this detachment is due his intellectual force, and to it he owes what influence he exerts. There is no doubt a tendency in professional philosophy to degenerate into mere scholasticism, which excites the antipathy of some independent minds. The danger is, that in their exercise of freedom they will be led into extravagances. This was the case with Nietzsche, who no doubt took some pleasure in shocking the conventionalists in the spirit of a cynic, though his sincerity is not questioned. M. de Roberty divides his criticism of Nietzsche into three parts—General Characteristics, Philosophy, and Sociology. He subjects the writings of Nietzsche, but in somewhat too general a way, to careful analysis, and in the main presents what we believe to be a just estimate of this extraordinary man. He affirms his sincere belief that Nietzsche is one of the noblest and most sympathetic thinkers of our era. "He attracts us," says M. de Roberty, "by the numerous truths of detail which he discovers and which he clothes in splendid images, and he charms us almost as much by his errors and his contradictions which are singularly suggestive; which always strike us as the loyal confession of a conscience, never as the satisfied parade of a vain ambition." This generous estimate of the personal characteristics of Nietzsche does not prevent our author from exercising the freest criticism when dealing with the substance of his writings. Although there is much omitted in this book which the reader would naturally expect to find, it will, nevertheless, help him to form an intelligent estimate of one of the most remarkable men of our time.

[1] *Frédéric Nietzsche—Contribution à l'histoire des idées philosophiques et sociales à la fin du XIXe Siècle.* Par Eugène de Roberty. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1902.

There appears to be a common notion in the minds of men who have passed through some religious change or crisis that their experience must be of interest to the public. We think this a mistake, and without a man is exceptionally great, the public have no wish to listen to his confession. It is true that every sincere book is in a measure a confession of the author's experience; but without the author is a very great man, or a very little one, he keeps himself in the background. We must apologise to Mr. Horton for this remark, which we do not intend to be personal, but we think that *My Search for Truth and What I Found*,[1] would have been more effective if the personal element had been left out. Some of his reminiscences are trivial and detract from the real serious weight of the book. Mr. Horton writes intelligently and sometimes impressively on religious questions which agitate many minds, and his conclusions are those of a Christian Theist; it is a book that should be useful to other seekers.

There is so much insight and good sense scattered through the pages of *Eureca*[2] that we cannot but regret that Dr. Jamieson allows himself to be carried away with the idea that he has made a great discovery. His theory is, if we understand him aright, that the ether is the universal spirit-substance, and the basis of all existence. This theory was proclaimed by Dr. Jamieson in other books some years ago. *Eureca* is, on the whole, theological rather than psychological; but the theology is, in the main, psychological and ethical, and, we must admit, often puts a good deal of fresh meaning into old doctrines. It is the ethical side only which has really any value; the only thing that is original, even if that is, is the attempt to reconcile ethical ideas with antiquated formulas. For our part, we can dispense with the formulas altogether, and wish that Dr. Jamieson had seen his way to do the same. To quote his own words: "I think I have got to the bottom of this subject, but others will judge."

One of the best memorials of the Coronation is *The Form and Order of the Service*.[3] This edition is beautifully printed, the prayers in black, and the rubrics in red ink; it therefore contains what is actually a full official description of the imposing ceremony, with all its ancient and symbolic features. The slight volume is elegantly bound in white and gold.

The Journal of Theological Studies (quarterly) for July (Macmillan), contains several articles of special interest. One on

[1] *My Search for Truth and What I Found*, By J. Horton. London: Williams and Norgate. 1902.

[2] *Eureca: Hidden Lights Revealed in the Departments of Nature and of Grace.* A fresh issue. With a new Expository Introduction by Rev. George Jamieson, D.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

[3] *The Form and Order of the Service that is to be Performed, and of the Ceremonies that are to be Observed, in the Coronation of their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra in the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, on Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1902.* Oxford: The University Press. London: Henry Frowde.

"The Textus Receptus of the Apostles' Creed," by the Rev. A. E. Burns, clears up some obscurities and debated points; one by Rev. J. H. Moulton, "It is his Angel," deals with a very curious and almost unnoticed phenomenon in the New Testament; and "The Church of France in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century," by F. F. Urquhart, makes us better acquainted with the state of religion in that country, and should correct some misapprehensions. Under the headings of "Documents," and "Notes and Studies," the *Journal* contains much important matter of a more technical character.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland having decided to take part in the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901, erected an Irish pavilion in the grounds. A necessary corollary was an official handbook, dealing with Ireland's chief economic resources, out of which has grown the handsome volume before us, entitled *Ireland Industrial and Agricultural*,[1] a beautifully illustrated work, giving a description of the general geological and physiographic features of the country, together with articles on the climate, flora and fauna of Ireland. An analysis of the economic distribution of the population follows, preliminary to an account of the internal means of communication and the banking facilities of the country. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to agricultural and technical education and art instruction, whilst the remainder is taken up with a detailed account of the various state and voluntary associations which control or conduct the industries of the country. Few persons even in Ireland are sufficiently acquainted with the material resources of the country, and the information given here has not hitherto been generally accessible. Each subject is treated by a specialist, and the whole has been under the direction of Mr. William P. Coyne, superintendent of statistics and intelligence in the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, assisted by leading members of his staff. The value of this work cannot be over estimated. The illustrations, maps, and diagrams, are first-class. Printed on specially made Irish paper in Dublin, the book would be a credit to any of our leading London publishers.

Educated Working Women[2] consists of six essays contributed to

[1] *Ireland Industrial and Agricultural.* Dublin, Cork, and Belfast: Brown and Nolan, Ltd. 1902.

[2] *Educated Working Women.* Essays on the Economic Position of Women Workers in the Middle Classes. By Clara E. Collet, M.A., Fellow of University College, London. London: P. S. King & Son. 1902.

the *Nineteenth Century, Economic Journal, Contemporary Review,* and *Charity Organisation Review* by Miss Clara E. Collet, M.A., Fellow of University College, London. The great majority of women belong to the working classes, who spend their youth as wage-earners, and eventually marry and find their life work in their own homes. With the middle-class woman the position is reversed. Living with their parents at home, they are brought up, and, if educated at all, educated upon the assumption that in marriage they are to find similar support to that they have enjoyed. In practice, however, it is found that a large number do not marry, and, left without means, are obliged to become self-supporting. The avenue of employment, says Miss Collet, open to the educated women is that of teaching, for which of course few are competent. Her plea is for the employment of educated women in other spheres. Not so much in those where men excel, and not so much even here in competition with men, as in co-operation. There are many occupations where men are alone competent and efficient, and many in which women are equally so; but there are more, says Miss Collet, where men and women acting in co-operation would be invaluable. In business it is obvious to the least observant that a woman with her powers of organisation, her different point of view, and her quick perception, would contribute an immense impetus and commercial value to many undertakings which for lack of this fall short of that perfection of organisation which spells success. This is a book which deserves to be read not only by women but by all men who take the slightest interest in the progress of the sexes and the welfare of humanity. It is the work of a virile thinker, logical, keen and lucid, one who has thought out to practical issues one of the gravest problems of our time.

We have already noticed the earlier papers of the *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute for the Year* 1901–1902,[1] as they appeared periodically. The most noticeable contribution to the later papers is undoubtedly that by Lord Lamington, the late Governor, on Queensland. His comparison between the economic progress of Australia and the United States is one that deserves more attention than it usually receives from statesmen and politicians. "In the United States," he observes, "individualism has had full play. A man there is self-reliant, and ever believes he will himself make his way. In Australia the Government and the Laws are looked to in every department of activity for support direct or indirect, and the laws passed are usually opposed as much as possible to the accumulation of capital in the hands of the employer. This policy may procure a more dead level of the diffusion of wealth, and ensure the happiness of the greater number, to a wider extent than that sudden

[1] *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute.* Edited by the Secretary. Vol. xxxiii. 1901-1902. London: The Institute. 1902.

creation and disappearance of fortunes in the United States; but it necessarily checks that great amount of enterprise, development of resources, and increase of wealth, that so prominently characterise the progress of the latter." But is not this vast increase of wealth purchased at the expense of the masses and their deterioration mentally, morally, and physically? In Australia, although the expansion of wealth may be slower, there is not the same deplorable poverty, and politically development is on a higher plane than in the States. Doubtless each country has still to learn that collectivism is compatible with the highest form of individualism. There is not much danger of the Anglo-Saxon losing his characteristic individualism, and when he has found that his own interests form but a necessary part of the collective interest, then we shall be nearing the goal of political perfection. The longest paper, and one to which many will turn, is Canon Dalton's on the 'Recent Royal Tour." The Canon accompanied the Prince and Princess on board the *Ophir*, and is thus specially qualified to speak upon a topic of Imperial importance. The volume ends with a report of the Empire Coronation Banquet held in July at the Guildhall.

THE DRAMA.

EUGEN ZABEL, literary essayist and dramatic critic, may be regarded as the Sainte-Beuve of Germany. I. *Deutschland*,[1] which opens with a thoughtful article on the "Art of Elocution," deals with the modern German drama—a subject of which most educated Englishmen are woefully ignorant. Till quite recently the names of Hermann Sudermann—about whose latest plays a most interesting article by Mr. W. S. Lilly has lately appeared in the *Fortnightly*—and Gerhart Hauptmann were practically unknown in this country. One very interesting chapter is devoted to "Immanuel Kant on the Stage and in Life." The great Königsberg philosopher affected the society of clever, especially of domesticated, women, and was as much interested in their small talk as he was in the Categorical Imperative. He never married, though his prosaic life was not utterly devoid of romance. Out of such unpromising material Heinrich Lee, however, wrote a comedy entitled "Das Examen," which was first performed, in March, 1895, at the Lessingtheater. II. *Ausland* treats of the influence exercised by the French, Spanish, English, Norwegian and Russian drama on the German stage. No

[1] *Zur Modernen Dramaturgie: Studien und Kritiken.* Von Eugen Zabel. 2 Bände. I. Band: *Deutschland.* Zweite Auflage. II. Band: *Das Ausland.* Zweite Auflage. Verlag der Schulzeschen Hof-Buchhandlung (A. Schwartz) in Oldenburg. 1902.

short notice could do even faint justice to these remarkable volumes, which display their author's critical insight no less than his brilliant style and perfect command of his mother tongue.

BELLES LETTRES.

THE fourth of *The New Volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica*[1] opens with a characteristic article on "The Growth of Toleration," by Sir Leslie Stephen. Electricity in its theory and application occupies about a sixth part of this, which is incontestably the most interesting volume of the series. Mathematics figure largely; probably the most important article in this section is that on "Non-Euclidean Geometry," by Mr. J. H. Grace. Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert's brilliant summary of the "Law of Evidence" will be found useful by the Junior Bar. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley is responsible for the "History of France." Dr. Edmund Gosse has contributed articles on "Edward Fitzgerald," of Omar Khayyám fame, "Gustave Flaubert," and "English Literature" (since 1870). "It is difficult not to be persuaded," writes Dr. Gosse, "that in 1880 English literature was near the height of one of its periodic waves, although the actual culmination should be placed a little further back than that year . . . that pure literature of a very distinguished kind was, at the close of the nineteenth century, produced or encouraged to any signal degree—in comparison with the production and encouragement of it a quarter of a century earlier—is not to be maintained. . . . It would therefore be, perhaps, more true to say that 1875 was an exceptional high-water mark of literary effort, than to say that 1901 was a particularly low one. . . . The authority of literature is mainly empirical, so far as the great world is concerned. The vast body of 'men in the street' is not more capable of comprehending the difference between good writing and bad than it is of observing the difference between good and bad painting and sculpture. What is worse is that the cruder forms of education tend to encourage false judgment in these matters, so that bad books and bad pictures are deliberately preferred to good ones." The article on "Gladstone" is in every respect admirable.

In *Maxim Gorky, his Life and Writings*,[2] by E. J. Dillon, six closely printed pages of bibliography are devoted to this vagabond artist who, eight years ago, was unknown to fame. Unfortunately

[1] *The New Volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica.* Vol. iv., FLE-GLA. London: The *Times*, Printing House Square. 1902.

[2] *Maxim Gorky: his Life and Writings.* By E. J. Dillon. London: Isbister & Co. 1902.

we are not informed as to whether the facts concerning Gorky have been directly supplied by the writer himself, or have been gleaned from the biographical sketches which have appeared in various magazines during the past two years, and supplemented by the numerous autobiographical disclosures with which his stories abound. "Gorky is a consummate master of the short sketch, the *genre:* a waste of water or a wilderness of grey land as background, and two or three human figures as *dramatis personæ*, and the picture is complete. His force lies in showing—unconsciously it may be—that, however begrimed, the human soul can never wholly shed the fragrance of the paradise from which it has been expelled: selfishness, baseness, cruelty, murder itself, may blacken and disfigure it; but beneath the ugly crust of crime the spirit of the Godhead is still alive, though imprisoned. . . . To paint the idylls of squalid beggars and hardened criminals from whom almost every trace of the human spirit has seemingly vanished, and to allow them to gather a certain quality of nobility from the background of the vast steppe, the boundless ocean, was an undertaking worthy of a poet. . . . But instead of approaching Art in the humble spirit of self-surrender, and helping others to a pleasurable apprehension of life by presenting it as it appeared—not indeed to the will which feels attracted or repelled, but to the passionless æsthetic sense—Gorky deliberately strove to touch his readers' sensibilities on behalf not only of his wayward men and women, but also of their subversive principles. . . . To have worked with a didactic purpose is Gorky's besetting sin, and it is intensified by the circumstance that that purpose is often distinctly immoral. . . . Each of his Over Tramps is, by virtue of his inborn strength, physical and psychical, a law unto himself, repealing every code of restrictions, human and divine. And lest the indifferent exercise of this privilege should accidentally give the Ten Commandments a chance, he directly challenges our admiration for every character and almost every act by which moral law is held up to scorn. Here we are no longer in the presence of a morality as artists interpret it, but of immorality pure and simple, as it had never been preached before Nietzsche, nor illustrated before Maxim Gorky." Strange to say, Gorky, who speaks of Schopenhauer, never mentions Nietzsche in any of his writings. We are grateful to Mr. Dillon for his brilliant monograph on one who, when experience has taught him to eliminate that baneful subjective element which is wholly alien from art, may some day become the legitimate successor to the illustrious author of "Anna Karenyina."

In his introduction to his *Donegal Fairy Stories*,[1] Mr. Seumas MacManus tells us that: "Tales as old as the curlew's call are to-day listened to around the hearths of Donegal with the same keen

[1] *Donegal Fairy Stories, collected and told by Seumas MacManus.* London: Isbister & Co. 1902.

and credulous eagerness with which they were hearkened to hundreds of years ago. . . . The professional shanachy recites them to a charmed audience in the wake-house, in the potato field, on the green hillside on summer Sundays, and at the cross-roads in blissful autumn gloamings, whilst the green marge rests his hearers' aching limbs." Of the ten stories which make up this collection that of "The Plaisham" will, on account of its rollicking humour, probably be the most popular. Nobody—not even the inventor of the word—knew in the least what a "plaisham" meant; even the Wee Red Man, who got it for Shamus, admitted that there had never been such a thing as that. In several of the stories *iocshlainte* (ointment of health), which heals wounds and even restores the dead to life, and *loca*, a balm possessing the same properties, play an important part. Very curious, too, is the custom of putting a person under *geasa*—an obligation which can only be shirked under dire penalties.

Curiously enough, up to the appearance of *In der Sternenbanner Republik*,[1] translated from the Italian by M. Rumbauer, Germany possessed no adequate modern guide book to the United States. The route described is the one that was actually followed by Prince Henry in his American tour. Owing to the rapidity of progress in that country, certain minor alterations from the original text have been found necessary in the present version. These have been introduced with the author's approval. Merchants and politicians will doubtless appreciate the abundance of statistical information which this admirable guide-book affords. The work is provided with a map and also forty-one good illustrations.

Although *Colonial Children*,[2] by A. B. Hart and B. E. Hazard, is primarily designed for use in American schools, there is no reason whatsoever against its introduction into our own Board Schools; indeed it is high time that some serious steps should be taken towards dissipating the clouds of ignorance which the apathy of English teachers has suffered to obscure the history of a great country that is united by ties of blood and tradition to our own. The characteristics of a good modern reading book are (1) clear thought simply expressed; (2) good English; (3) interesting pieces that will train in expression; (4) valuable matter that is worth remembering for its own sake. All these conditions will be found fulfilled in *Colonial Children*, which is a practical outcome of the system of "anticipation and correlation" now employed in many schools throughout the United States. The book is both well and copiously illustrated.

[1] *In der Sternenbanner-Republik.* Reiseerinnerungen von Dr. Carlo Gardini. Nach der zweiten Auflage des italienischen Originals von M. Rumbauer. Zweite Auflage. Verlag der Schulzeschen Hof-Buchhandlung (A. Schwartz) in Oldenburg.

[2] Source-Readers in American History. No. 1. *Colonial Children.* Selected and annotated by Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, with the collaboration of Blanche E. Hazard, of the Rhode Island Normal School. London: Macmillan & Co. 1901.

Die deutschen Zeitungen während der Fremdherrschaft,[1] is the long-expected second volume of Ludwig Salomon's *History of the Newspaper Press in Germany from its earliest beginning down to the Re-establishment of the German Kingdom.* With the appearance of the third and concluding volume of this accurate and comprehensive work, which is a monument of patient research, the possibility of compiling at no very remote date a General History of the Newspaper Press will be greatly facilitated.

[1] *Geschichte des Deutschen Zeitungswesens von den ersten Anfängen bis zur Wiederaufrichtung des Deutschen Reiches.* Von Ludwig Salomon. Zweiter Band. *Die deutschen Zeitungen während der Fremdherrschaft* (1792–1814). *Napoleon I. und die Deutsche Presse.* Oldenburg und Leipzig: Schulzesche Hof-Buchhandlung und Hof-Buchdruckerei. A. Schwartz. 1902.

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AMNESTY AND COMPENSATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

OF all the questions raised by the resettlement of South Africa those of amnesty and compensation are the most vital. To the rebel political questions are of but little real importance: amnesty directly affects his whole future life. To the loyalist, amnesty is the most bitter and humiliating clause in any peace settlement. In loyalist eyes, the conduct of the colonial rebels was wanton in the extreme. They had no grievances to redress. The veil of "sentiment" with which they endeavoured to cloak their rebellion, seems very flimsy to any one who knows the feelings with which the Colonial and Republican Dutch regarded one another before the war. In their hour of triumph, especially in Natal, they showed themselves the merciless oppressors of the English neighbours with whom they had lived side by side in amity for years.

The conduct of the Orange Free State seems unprovoked enough; but by the will of England, as declared in 1854, the Free State was a "Sovereign Independent State," whilst the Convention of 1884 explicitly recognised the right of the South African Republic to conclude treaties with its Southern neighbour without submitting them to the assent of England. Hence the two Republics were fully entitled to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance. They did so, on whatever grounds, in 1896, after the Jameson Raid; and we cannot, therefore, blame President Steyn for choosing to fulfil his treaty obligations in place of remaining neutral at our request.

The colonial rebels, however, stand on a different footing. Even if we grant the fullest weight to ties of kinsmanship which make the Dutch settlers from Cape Point to the Zambesi a series of huge

clans, we cannot forget that these family ties have never, in the past, prevented the jealousies and disputes which divide the Dutch amongst themselves from degenerating into civil war. This was proved even before the English annexation of the Cape in 1795. Graaf Reynet and Swellendam were then independent Republics in full revolt against the Dutch East Indian Company. The Transvaal we annexed in 1877 had been formed by the union of four Republics which for years had been carrying on a petty warfare with one another. Kruger gained his first laurels in these campaigns. The raiders, who provoked Sir Charles Warren's Bechuanaland Expedition of 1885, had split into the two rival and hostile Republics of Stellaland and Goshen.

The Cape Dutch, when, in October 1895, their trade interests were threatened by the action of the South African Republic, were the first to urge their Government to support England in a war over the so-called "Drifts Question;" whilst many shrewd observers maintain that, but for the Jameson Raid, the intestine quarrels of the Dutch Reformed Church would have provoked a civil war in the Transvaal. The ties of kinsmanship can, indeed, be tightened or slackened at the pleasure of the Boer. He cherishes them mainly as a weapon in his struggle against the English. What real or sentimental grievances, then, had the Dutch in the two Colonies? In Natal, where they are a small minority, the accidents of politics had given them more than their fair share of representation in Parliament. At the Cape the elections of 1898 had placed a Dutch Ministry in power. It retained office, despite a Redistribution Act, in October 1899. In all respects Dutch and English were equals. The interests of the Dutch "pastoralists" were far better looked to than were those of their English neighbours. Bread was taxed whilst brandy went free, lest the Bond members in the Cape Parliament should seek to obtain revenue from the diamonds of De Beers. Meat was dear because ignorant farmers refused to allow the Scab Act to be enforced. If the Dutchman grumbled at the intervention of laws, shaped by English prejudice, between himself and his black labourers, he found a sympathising hearer in the capitalist of the ports. Throughout our South African Dominions no act of Government interfered with the influence of the "Predikant" over his Dutch congregation. His rule was, indeed, less disputed than is that of the priests in Connaught. There was no Redmond or Davitt on the Karroo.

Nevertheless, just as the lawyers of Corfu lost England the Ionian Islands, so the disloyalty of the Dutch colonials in South Africa to the English connection was mainly due to the Predikants, ably seconded, it is true, by the schoolmaster, the lawyer, and the journalist. Many Dutch Africanders were educated at Scotch universities and in English inns of court. Their education may

have sharpened their wits: it did not enlarge their minds. If they spoke English, they thought in Dutch; and since Latin in the seventeenth century ceased to be the universal language, Dutch thought has, save in theology, ceased to influence the world.

The comparatively narrow surroundings which have for two centuries paralysed the once great influence of Holland have had an even greater share in paralysing the intellectual life of Dutch South Africa. The educated few, placed by their education upon a pedestal amongst their fellows, had no standard by which to measure their own intrinsic value. Like the stunted animal forms found on Oceanic islands, they became dwarfed by the very fact that they were shut out from taking part in the "struggle for life." President Reitz and President Steyn were educated in England. As far as their early life was concerned, they enjoyed every advantage which fell to the lot of Lord Milner. Their intellectual environment was, to the superficial eye, far more favourable than was that of Mr. Chamberlain in his youth. But in South Africa they were placed on too high a pedestal. If in England they would have been men of but average stature, they towered amongst the Africanders like giants. Unable to gauge the real greatness of England, their vanity made them the easy prey of men like Dr. Leyds, a Malay half-caste, who had lived the life of an adventurer, and who himself was but the plaything of those European statesmen who had won their spurs in a harder struggle. There was but one man of first-rate ability in Dutch South Africa, and he had lacked opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of the outer world—the peasant Paul Kruger. Had he been trained in the wider school of Europe, he would have beaten Bismarck at his own weapons. Bismarck thought Kruger the ablest diplomatist he had ever met.

Vanity and ignorance have been the ruin of South Africa. The South Africans are a nation of Bible readers. Had they known how to read their Bible aright, they would have found a fitting parallel for their self-chosen guides in the priests who twice brought Zion into the dust and her children into captivity.

Such were the primary causes of the rebellion at the Cape. We can well understand that they form no excuse for the Cape "rebels" in loyalist eyes.

Fortunately, however, for the future happiness of South Africa we can take a surer ground. Mr. Chamberlain himself has supplied us with a precedent.

In the eyes of President Kruger, Dr. Jameson and his accomplices on the Randt were rebels of an even deeper dye than were Lotter, Scheepers, and Kritzinger in the eyes of a South African leaguer. In a time of profound peace and without any legal justification whatsoever, they had organised and carried out an

invasion of the territory of a friendly State, during which several of the burghers of that State had perished by their act. President Kruger would have been justified in executing Dr. Jameson and the leaders of the "Reform Committee," on charges of murder and conspiracy to murder. In place of doing so, the Government of the South African Republic, at the request of Mr. Chamberlain himself, handed the raiders over to English justice, and punished the reformers by fine and imprisonment.

Can we not afford to act with the same wise generosity as President Kruger did?

The President well knew that if he executed the raiders in accordance with his legal rights, he would, at once, bring on a contest with England, for which his State was, as Dr. Jameson has since told us, utterly unprepared. We know that if we do not grant an amnesty to the Cape and Natal rebels, we must hold down Dutch disaffection in South Africa for many a long year by force.

Are we prepared for the sacrifice which will be entailed upon us by the upkeep of a garrison of fifty or sixty thousand men, recruited by voluntary enlistment, beyond the Tropic of Capricorn; Such a fretting sore will paralyse our arms in every other quarter of the globe.

We do not hold the whole of South Africa. We share the subcontinent with Germany and with Portugal. If we banish the leaders of the Boers from our dominions, we shall simply create rallying points for Africanderdom in Damaraland and at Lorenzo Marques. Revolutions are always made by exiles. English exiles at the Hague brought about the Revolution of 1688; United Italy is the work of exiles; exiles paved the way for the liberation of Cuba and the Philippines from the Spanish yoke; we ourselves know too well what Irish exiles in America and Paris have done in Ireland. The blood of martyrs and the pen of the exile work the changes of the world's order. It will be by our own deliberate choice if we give these weapons to Dutch South Africa.

"Clemency" Canning was scoffed at and derided for granting an amnesty to the Indian mutineers; if the English loyalists in Canada had been listened to, the rebels of 1838 and of 1885 would have been shot down like dogs. We have had no serious rising to face in India since India was brought under the direct rule of the Crown, even the North-West Frontier remained quiet during the South African War, and some of the old comrades of Riel were amongst the first to join the Canadian contingents for South Africa. Spain put down the rebellion in Cuba in 1876 by severity, bribery, and deceit; in that same year she amnestied the Carlist leaders and kept her promise to the Basque Provinces, even though she withdrew their "Fueros." The Queen Regent made San Sebastian her summer

quarters, and King Alfonso XIII. has spoken Basque from his cradle. There was no rising in the Pyrenees even when, as the penalty for the violated Treaty of Bayamo, the Spanish flag was being hauled down in all Spain's old dominions beyond the seas.

A policy of mercy in South Africa will in the end be the cheapest. If we exile the Boer leaders, ill-judged though their actions since their interview with Mr. Chamberlain have been, and allow our prisoners to return home only to find themselves ruined and landless men at the mercy of their mortgagees, we shall simply exchange a state of war for a state of brigandage. The late struggle has shown us that South Africa is as well adapted by Nature to be a haunt of brigands as is Mexico itself, and capitalists know but too well that law and order are the most indispensable conditions for the development of a new country. The workman will not toil now-a-days, as he toiled in the Middle Ages, with his sword by his side. We must remember, likewise, that by the very force of circumstances we are imposing upon the rural population of South Africa an administrative system far more costly than that to which they were accustomed. The Boer farmer policed his own natives. He elected his own magistrate from amongst his neighbours. We employ a paid official and the South African constabulary. The Government which passed the Agricultural Rates Act and the Voluntary Schools Act has seen that justice requires that, in these circumstances, the town must aid the country. Johannesburg must give generous help towards the cost of resettling the agricultural population on the land. The mines can well afford the expense; the life of De Beers is calculated by its own Directors at 144 years; the late discoveries in the bore holes on the Turf Club ground and those announced by Mr. Rathbone on the Vaal River have doubled the gold producing area of the Randt; working expenses will be diminished at least one-half. We may regret, indeed, that Mr. Chamberlain does not see his way to giving some relief beyond the grant of £2,000,000 to the commercial classes of Johannesburg who have suffered by the war; but abstract justice is rarely attainable in this life, and the case of the Randt traders is no harder than was that of the Irish landlords who were sacrificed in the vain effort to kill Home Rule by kindness.

At all events, a contented South Africa will afford a better field for those who are thus forced to start their life anew, than would a South Africa swarming with brigands and riddled with conspiracies.

Security alone can attract capital, nor can the cost of living be reduced until South Africa raises more of her own food. But permanent security cannot return so long as the Boers are not contented. The cost of six weeks of war would fully compensate every agricultural sufferer, whether Boer or Loyalist, in South

Africa, and a generous amnesty would strip peace of her terrors. Machiavelli has well said rebels cannot be subdued; they must be exterminated or conciliated. Extermination is impossible, we must choose conciliation, and if we do so, our choice will bring happiness and wellbeing not only to South Africa but to ourselves. Let us recognise that, thanks largely to our own blunders in the past, "absolute independence" means to the Dutchman a cheaper and more genial government than we can give him, and, perchance, we may look even upon the Dutch rebel with kindlier eyes.

"Peccatum peccavit Jerusalem, propterea instabilis facta est," yet let us bethink ourselves that our own vacillating policy has had no small share in driving the Dutch to their ruin.

HUBERT READE.

1902.

A DEFENCE OF TRADE UNIONISM.

DURING our coming struggle to maintain a respectable position as a commercial nation, many attacks will be made upon trade unionism; for it will be contended—is contended—that trade unionism imposes certain restrictions upon industry that are detrimental to our trade and commerce. Many of those who are most anxious for Britain to retain her industrial supremacy—men of intellect and influence—honestly believe that trade unionism is nothing less than a blight upon British industry, and when the problem of foreign competition comes to reach an acute stage—as it certainly will in the near future—and hundreds of thousands of men are workless, and much capital laid dormant, these men will push their opinions with considerable force, and it will go badly with trade unionism, unless the evidence for, as well as against it, is carefully considered before the real crisis arrives.

The question whether trade unionism is to lose or gain power will have to be faced, and those of us who are interested in the subject cannot do better at the present time than give free expression of our opinions, without professing an impartiality we do not possess in dealing with a problem so highly contentious. As one who has given as much attention to the rights and wrongs of trade unionism as circumstances have permitted, I beg leave to defend organised labour and collective bargaining to the best of my ability, believing that trade unionism has been, is now, and will be, an industrial blessing, and that those who seek to destroy its power are on the wrong track, no matter how well-intentioned they may be.

What are the objects the opponents of trade unionism have in view? Their objects are, primarily, to create a strong public opinion against trade unionism, if that does not already exist; secondarily, to destroy the workers' power of collective bargaining; and, ultimately, to secure cheap labour in the hope of improving trade. Now, before we allow trade unionism to be condemned—before we allow its enemies to annihilate it—let us recognise what it has accomplished as the chief factor in the labour movement; what moral effects it has had upon the workers; what influence it has exercised upon our trade and commerce; and, finally, whether it has been, broadly speaking, a success or a failure.

That trade unionism has been a wage-riser is, of course, indisputable; and in this respect what has it accomplished? It has been the means of increasing wages during periods of prosperity, and it has often prevented serious reductions during times of depression. Not only has it raised the wages of its members, but also of the workers generally, whether unionists or non-unionists. Besides increasing wages, it has decreased the number of working hours, and given men more time for leisure, although this, I am prepared to admit, is far too often abused. The usual weekly half-holiday is one result of trade unionism. But it is with the question of wages I want to deal more particularly just now. This problem of wages is the biggest one with which we have—and shall have—to deal. Trade unionism seeks high wages (dear labour); capitalism, broadly speaking, seeks low wages (cheap labour). The opponents of trade unionism generally point to cheap labour as the panacea for our waning trade supremacy. Here, however, we should note that there is often a wide difference between cheap *labour* and cheap *production* which is really the object. But that by the way. We are told that trade unionism, by putting a high price upon labour, drives trade from the country. Will this gospel bear scrutiny? I think not. And here I would like to put this question—granting for a moment that low wages would increase our *foreign* trade, would they not do far more harm than good, inasmuch as they would injure our *home* trade by decreasing the spending capacity of all our workers? I think I shall not lay myself open to contradiction if I say that wages in this country are 25 per cent. higher than they would have been but for trade unionism. Now, what does this mean? I am looking at this question from my own particular standpoint, without the aid of employers' spectacles. I only claim to be presenting one side of the question, and my point is this: Suppose we have 10,000,000 men, getting on an average 5*s.* per week more for their labour than would be the case but for the action of trade unionism. This represents a difference in the national wage bill of £2,500,000 per week. What is done with this money? What would be done with it if the employers had the entire benefit of it? Some of it would be spent in luxurious country mansions, private parks and deer forests, and more land would be thrown out of cultivation, and a national loss would be the result. A large portion of it would be taken on the Continent, and spent extravagantly among our foreign competitors, and be a real loss to us in more ways than one. But trade unionism says no; it insists upon the worker having this money, and the worker spends it in his own country—he hands it over to the shopkeeper, the publican, and the property-owner; and so the money goes on to the merchant, the manufacturer, and the employer, making profit and stimulating industry at every turn.

I have carefully noted workmen whose wages are considered good, and others whose wages are low. What have I found here? The average worker enjoying a good wage is tolerably well-dressed and well-fed, he occupies a decent house at a stiff rent, his wife and children are a credit to him in dress and general appearance; he can afford to patronise the theatre, and occasionally take a "trip" to some distant part of the country; taking him all round he is a good customer to the grocer, the butcher, the publican, and many others—*he makes trade.* But the man with the low wage, what of him? He must not spend a penny where a halfpenny will do. He must, above all things, have a cheap dwelling, regardless of health; he and his family are poorly clad, and insufficiently fed; their physical and mental vitality is enfeebled, they make bad workers, bad soldiers, and bad citizens; their homes are badly furnished, and devoid of books—even a newspaper cannot be regularly purchased. Surely this cannot be very good for the trade of the country, which the apostles of "free" labour and starvation wages are so patriotically anxious to foster.

I claim that trade unionism—despite the opposition of press, pulpit, and capitalism—has struggled heroically with an avaricious commercialism, and by forcing up wages it has elevated the British worker physically, socially, and morally, and mitigated that grinding poverty which is so prolific a mother of squalor, misery, and crime. Where there have been protracted labour disputes with all their dramatic suffering, and where there has been failure to bring about reasonable and humane conditions of industry, it has not been the unionism, but the lack of unionism that has caused the failure. Although not more than one-eighth of our wage-earners have yet got the wisdom, as I think, to be trade unionists, I venture to say that trade unionism, by raising wages, by increasing the spending capacity of the workers, and stimulating the demand for commodities, has done more to develop our trade than any other agency. And we should not forget that nobler side of trade unionism which keeps its unemployed and aged members outside the pale of pauperism, and supports the defenceless widow and orphan. I maintain that this trade unionism, with all its faults, so far as it has yet gone, has been, from an industrial, a commercial, a moral, or any other standpoint whatever, an unprecedented success; and all honour to the handful of men who, in face of many difficulties, have carried on a movement so economically and religiously sound!

Let the detractors of trade unionism beware the conditions they are seeking to bring about in this country. They want cheap labour; they want as few men as possible, and only the strongest, on each job, each man to do as much work as possible without rest or leisure, for the lowest possible existence wage; they want work doing in the hurry-scurry Yankee fashion, without any regard for

safety, for the lowest Continental wage; they want to set the young against the old, and the strong against the weak—every man viciously struggling to impoverish his neighbour. They would take us back to the "good old days" of "freedom of contract" and "individual bargaining" and unrestricted capitalistic enterprise, when tiny children were slaves of the mine and mill, and mothers worked in chains!

Now suppose that we reduced the wages of our 10,000,000 workers by half a crown a week, just to satisfy our cheap labour advocates—what then? The combined wages of these men would be diminished by £1,250,000 per week. The weekly takings of the shopkeepers and publicans would be reduced by this enormous sum. Are we to understand that this would give an impetus to trade? Then suppose we made nine men do ten men's work, and thereby added another million to the ranks of the unemployed. By reducing the weekly wage bill by £1,250,000 we should so depress industry that a million men would be thrown out of work, and then by making nine men do ten men's work another million would be rendered workless. By depriving 2,000,000 families of wages, and therefore of the power to purchase goods of the value of £2,500,000 per week, I suppose our far-seeing capitalist friends will be able to explain how we should be fostering British trade.

But we shall be told that it is to enable us to beat our foreign rivals that cheap labour is necessary. This, I beg to suggest, is another fallacy. The great manufacturing countries of the world are not, and never have been, those in which the wages are the lowest. Those countries in which trade is most flourishing, dividends the largest, rents the highest, and millionaires the most numerous, are those whose workers are the best clothed and the best fed. Not that I admire the capitalist system at all; but these facts are worth noting. What is needed to render Britain capable of holding her own in manufactures and commerce is cheap and rapid production and transit; and before we can have these, the ground rents, mining royalties, and railway rates of this country will have to come down to the level of those of our competitors. The extortionate demands of our landowners and our outrageous railway tariffs are the greatest stumbling-blocks to the free and healthy development of British industry. It is not in the direction of cheap and demoralised labour that we should look for industrial salvation; but to the unfettered cultivation of our native soil, free access to the minerals under the soil, and cheap carriage from the farm, mine, and factory to the markets.

T. Good.

THE REIGN OF COMMERCE.

LONG ago the British people earned the name of being "a nation of shopkeepers." To a Frenchman such an appellation would be a term of reproach; but the Britisher has always taken the taunt good-humouredly, and even gloried in his shame, if shame attaches to the trading instinct. We *are* a commercial nation, and do not mind being told so; our shop is in the main street, and our sign is large and conspicuous. We are proud of our position as the "world's provider." And we have our reward. Are we not the wealthiest nation on earth? And has not the past century, which has seen the great development of our trade, been one of unexampled prosperity and national progress?

Of late we have had some fears and misgivings as to the effect upon our old-established business of some new shops that have been opened on the other side of the street. What if they should undersell us and take away our trade? What, indeed, would be left to us but irretrievable ruin, for we have sunk all our capital in the business, and have nothing else to fall back upon? We should just have to put up our shutters, and go to the workhouse. We cannot dig—we have forgotten the way, and, besides, it doesn't pay—to beg we are ashamed.

In view of the progress that other nations are making in providing for their own wants, it is not to be expected that Great Britain will be able to retain her commercial supremacy much longer. There are ominous signs that it is waning already, and the prophets of evil are busy with predictions of disaster. If our trade leaves us, the country will undoubtedly pass through a period of great distress and suffering; but in the end it may emerge to a higher and better life. For the changes that commerce has brought to English life have not been all beneficial.[1] Against growth of population and increase of material wealth, we have to balance a deterioration of the race, which is becoming more apparent every year. The standard of living has risen, but the standard of life has, in many respects, fallen.

[1] A graphic and interesting picture of the kind of changes which modern commercial life has brought to many districts of England was given in a letter from a lady correspondent printed by Mr. Ruskin in *Fors Clavigera* (Nos. 55 and 57). It is too long to quote, but well worth reading.

At the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, England was comparatively poor, and burdened with the cost of long and exhausting wars; there was great distress and much discontent in the land, appalling grossness in the lives of the people, small regard for religion, and almost total neglect of the education of the people; a low moral tone pervaded all grades of society, and abuses of various kinds prevailed unheeded; but, with all these defects, there remained much of the manly, generous character that has always been regarded as typical of the Englishman; and there was no lack of talent in the leading professions. We had great commanders on land and sea, great statesmen and orators, great administrators, great poets and literary men, great artists, great musicians, great actors and actresses, and great philanthropists. At the beginning of the twentieth century, what do we see? Notwithstanding increased educational facilities, improved means of intercourse, the remarkable discoveries of science, the unprecedented opportunities which the expansion of the empire affords to men of education and influence, the enormous increase of wealth, and the many other advantages of our high state of civilisation, the new century opens with a dearth of great men such as has not been paralleled for many generations. Our military officers, with few exceptions, have proved themselves mediocre or incapable, while our admirals have had no opportunity of showing whether they inherit the traditional skill and valour of their predecessors: we have no statesman of the first rank, no great administrator, no pre-eminent orator, no great poet, and few even second-rate ones, no prose writers of the highest merit, no actor or actress of supreme genius, no artist likely to rank with Reynolds, Gainsborough or Turner—unless, perhaps, Mr. Watts, who belongs rather to a past generation—no great educationist, and no philanthropist to be compared with John Howard or Mrs. Fry for personal devotion. Mediocrity marks the whole range of modern British achievement, except perhaps in the departments of science and invention, and even there we are outclassed by foreigners.

Why is this? Simply because commercialism rules supreme in every walk of life. We have lost our ideals; we have ceased to value education, art, science, poetry, music, and literature for their own sakes: we regard only what is practical—that is to say, what has exchangeable value, and can be converted into hard cash. We have grasped at the shadow, and lost the substance; we have spent our money for that which is not bread, and our labour for that which satisfieth not; and are beginning to realise our mistake. With a crown of glory hanging over our head, we have persistently bent downwards and plied the muck-rake in search of material prosperity, and have sacrificed everything in its pursuit.

The dominance of commercialism has vitiated our educational

methods, corrupted political life, dulled the national intellect, debased the morals of all grades of society, destroyed art and literature, and taken from us the simple joys of life. It has, moreover, separated classes, fomented discontent among the workers, and robbed labour of its legitimate satisfaction. Its influence has been evil and that continually. If its power should now be curtailed, national disaster might be averted rather than sustained. The present state of society is unhealthy and unstable, and full of danger to the best interests of the nation. Thirty years ago Ruskin wrote: "The morbid power of manufacture and commerce in our own age is an accidental condition of national decrepitude."[1] To-day the signs of national decrepitude are becoming only too evident; let us hope that the accidental condition that is bringing it about may be speedily changed, and that the nation may renew its life before actual decay sets in.

Such a sweeping indictment of our national life will not be accepted without abundant evidence. In all ages there have been those who have criticised their own times, and sung the glories of the past; yet the world has gone on its way, and the march of progress has been unbroken. May it not be so in this case? The present seems mean to us—perhaps it has seemed so in all ages to those then living; great men are not always recognised until we are far enough away to see their heads and shoulders above the crowd. It may be there are giants in the earth to-day as there were in the days of our fathers; it is strange, however, that we can discover none of them. Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Darwin, Tyndall, Gladstone, Bright and Beaconsfield, to name only a few notabilities of the past half-century, were recognised as great in their own day. It would be hard to name three living Englishmen to compare with any of these. It is admitted on all hands that the stock of great men has temporarily run out; but it is not generally perceived how much commercialism is responsible for the deficiency.

Our methods of education have been devised to produce immediate practical results, rather than to develop what is best and noblest in the race. Our elementary schools have raised an army of cheap clerks, but have done little to stimulate the intelligence of the lower classes. The extremely commercial system of "payment on results," now happily abolished, tended to a mechanical method of cramming information, destructive of all true education. Though the commercial spirit has not so completely dominated the secondary schools, it has made itself felt in many ways. For a long time there has been a continuous pressure from men of "practical" views to "modernise" the education given at them; the desire being to give a directly practical tendency

[1] *Fors Clavigera*, xv. 4.

to the studies, with a view of preparing youths for commerce, or professional pursuits. Preparation for the entrance examinations to the army, navy and civil service, &c., forms an important part of the work of public schools, and their success is largely measured by their achievements in this direction. The sort of education to which this leads is not genuine culture, but a gorging with information after the manner that poultry are fattened for market. Real interest in learning is distinctly checked by such means, and it is seldom that the successful candidate follows up his studies after he has passed the ordeal of the examination. If he has ability and literary taste, he may take to writing articles for the magazines or newspapers, as means of turning his stock of information to immediate account; but he is not likely to give himself to literature seriously.

We have been much exercised about our educational methods of late, but it is our commercial interests that have aroused our anxiety. We find that Germans and Americans are ahead of us in matters of practical education; and we are alarmed lest our trade should suffer in consequence. The revision of our schemes of elementary and secondary education, and the establishment in all great centres of population of science, art and technical schools, is the direct outcome of our alarm. It is not for the love of science and art, or from a desire to make labour more interesting, and life fuller, for those who toil and spin, that we have done these things; but purely and simply that we may keep the shop going. It has been my lot to listen to numberless addresses on the subject of technical education, and I cannot remember one in which the commercial argument was not first and foremost. We must educate the people, we are told, if we are to keep our commercial position; we must have some science and some art, or we shall not be able to compete with our neighbours who are better at these things than we are. This is a prostitution of art and learning, and destructive of the highest qualities of both. Ruskin defines Art as the expression of man's delight in the works of the Creator, and William Morris as the natural outbirth of happy labour; but commercial art is neither of these. However, we may improve the technique and method of our art, it will not be "a joy to the maker and the beholder" (to quote Morris again) until it ceases to be commercial. Great art is produced for love and not for money. It is the same with science; the delight in investigation and discovery is greatly marred if the observer has his eye constantly directed to the workshop. The elevating character of a study like astronomy is largely due to the fact the student's mind is not bent towards immediate practical results. As the wonders of the heavens are unfolded to the astronomer, feelings of admiration and awe are evoked in his mind, rather than the thought of the possible applica-

tion of cosmic forces to the production of cheapear commodities, or quicker means of transit.

The influence of commercialism upon literature has been such as to produce a veritable "rot" in the profession of letters. The reason that we have no poets or writers of real eminence is that modern commercial methods do not encourage the production of really great work. The publishers are continually on the look out for books that will create a sensation and sell by the hundred thousand; and the finest literary work does not answer to this demand. If a man happens to write a meritorious book, he is immediately pressed by the publishers to manufacture more to the same pattern, and inundated with proposals from magazine editors for articles or short stories. The temptations of money-making often lure him into over-production; and, as a result, his first book proves to be his best, or perhaps the only real book that he produces.

Even if the author should be proof against the blandishments of the publishers, and strive to maintain the dignity and seriousness of his profession, the reading public would not support him. People, nowadays, do not want serious books. Strenuous devotion to business so exhausts the energies as to make recreation a necessity. Spare time is usually occupied with sports and exciting pleasures, or reading of a light, entertaining character. The enormous increase of magazine literature in recent years has destroyed the capacity for studious reading with most; while the ever-increasing output of novels tempts the average reader to an unwholesome indulgence in fiction. There is little demand for high-class literature, and the majority of authors are content to go with the stream, producing what costs them little effort and brings large reward, rather than spending their energies in serious undertakings that would probably result in poverty and disappointment.

The evils of the patronage system in literature have often been enlarged upon, and the greater independence of the modern author extolled; but this independence is more imaginary than real, and much may be said for the practical results of patronage. The old-time author often cringed to his patron, but he delivered his soul in his books; while the pressent day writer cringes to the public and writes to its order. Which is the nobler and more independent position?

If our intellectual tastes are not high, can it be said that our moral standards are much higher? Compared with English life a century ago, there is much superficial improvement in society—less coarseness and brutality, less crime, and less cruelty; but it may be questioned if the evils of the present are not more dangerous, because more insidious and crafty. Brutal sports are not countenanced to-day, nor do our gentlemen usually drink to excess, or flaunt their immoralities before the public; but crimes of fraud and over-reaching are more common than of old, and men of position deliberately rob

widows and orphans in their reckless haste to grow rich. Company promotion has become a system of public robbery, and even members of the aristocracy lend themselves to its organised schemes of fraud. Adulteration of food, misrepresentation of quality, and other tricks of trade, are common practices, notwithstanding the efforts of the law to put them down. The blunt honesty and large-hearted generosity of the English character are disappearing with the advance of commercialism, and the spirit of the cheating pedlar is manifesting itself instead. By all classes of society self-interest has been adopted as a legitimate rule of conduct, and to get on in the world, by fair means or foul, is the aim of the majority.[1]

Even in our international relations we no longer maintain a high-minded and chivalrous position. We are not afraid to fight when "British interests" are concerned, not ashamed to stand aside in a quarrel if by fighting on the side of right those interests would suffer. The sight of gold or diamonds, or danger to our investments, will raise our military ardour to the highest pitch; while the cries of the victims of massacre and persecution scarcely move us to remonstrance. The days of chivalry are over; the money-lender now rules the destinies of nations.

Among the lower classes of society there is less brutality than of old; but there is little real refinement. Drunkenness, immorality, and gambling, are shockingly prevalent, and in all great towns there has grown up an ungovernable class, as the direct outcome of our manufacturing system. The Birmingham "rough," the Northampton "lamb," the Australian "larrikin," and the London "hooligan," are types that belong to the present day, and represent a grade of humanity lower than the untutored savage. These ruffians fear neither God nor man; and none hold themselves responsible for them. In the days of feudalism, the lord of the soil was charged with the welfare of his dependants; but the average modern manufacturer takes no thought, and feels no responsibility, for his employés after they leave his factory. Hence our great cities are thronged in the evenings with young men and women who have nothing to do and nowhere to go, and whose chief amusements are foul talk, horseplay and mischief. The wages they earn make them independent of parental control, and the law has no terrors for them.

The low moral tone among the young people is not the only evil effect of our manufacturing system upon the working population. The employment of women in factories has been productive of enormous injury, both morally and physically. The children born to the factory-worker are feeble and unhealthy. Their mothers cannot nurse and tend them, on account of their occupation, so they are handed over to incompetent and careless nurses, with the result that large numbers of them die in infancy, and the remainder

[1] The appearance of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* marked the definite abandonment of the ethics of the Gospel in favour of the system embodied in the new Gospel of each for himself, the fruits of which we now see so abundantly around us.

grow up under-sized and weakly. So serious has the deterioration of the stock become in towns, that the physical standard for recruits for the army has had to be lowered, and, even with a low standard, a large proportion of those who offer are rejected.

The moral effect of the employment of female labour in factories is evident on all sides. Young girls find themselves in an atmosphere of impurity from the moment they enter the factory door. Their sexual instincts are aroused too early, with the consequence that many of them fall into vice, or contract marriage with some undeveloped boy, and so enter on a life of drudgery and unhappiness. Having learnt no domestic accomplishments, their homes are necessarily comfortless; the boy husband, therefore, soon begins to seek his pleasures outside, and times of wrangling and misery ensure. Perhaps, as often happens, the proper bread-winner thinks he has no need to work, now that he has another to work for him, so the whole burden of the support of the household is thrown upon the wife; for female labour is a great incentive to male idleness.

Modern methods of work have had a distinctly deteriorating influence upon the British workman. The explanation of the superiority of the American artisan to his English competitor is to be found in the fact that the latter seldom exerts his full powers, deliberately restraining his efforts that his employer may not get too much for his money. For the relations between employer and employed are purely commercial, each class striving to get as much and give as little as possible. The healthy delight in labour, and rivalry between craftsmen, have almost disappaared; uniform wages and restricted output having brought about a dead level of mediocrity in the workshop. The trades unions must not be unduly blamed in this matter; their action has been defensive in intention, aiming to protect the worker from the rapacity of unscrupulous employers, and, as far as possible, to ensure work for all. The mechanical nature of manufacturing processes is also largely responsible for the diminished interest of the craftsman in his work. Mechanical production has greatly added to material wealth, but it has to a large extent taken away the joy of labour, and cramped the intelligence of the worker. In estimating the productiveness of manufacturing processes, we must remember that these make men as well as commodities; and the quality of the men produced is of more importance to the nation than the bulk and value of the exchangeable articles.

In the manufacture of men, there are other elements to be considered besides the influence of the daily occupation upon the individual. The environment in which the latter is placed is largely responsible for the character of the resulting product. Outward circumstances do not make the man, though they may help or hinder his development; health of body and refinement of mind

are largely dependent upon the surroundings in which the subject is placed. Manufacturing localities are usually squalid, grimy and ugly, with little to charm the senses or elevate the mind. Our great industrial cities are beginning to be ashamed of their lack of beauty and dignity, and are vieing with each other in the erection of fine public buildings, and the provision of art galleries and museums; but these are too often but masks to the appalling squalor and dreariness of the parts where the workers live and toil. In the development of modern industrial enterprise little regard has been paid to the health and morals of the people, or the beauty of their surroundings. The sky is defiled with smoke; the streams are made black and foul with dye stuffs, and other manufacturing refuse; and the vegetation is often destroyed by chemical fumes, and effluvia of various kinds. The factory buildings are aggressively ugly, and the workers' dwellings without pretension to beauty—rows of "brick boxes with slate lids," as William Morris called them. What refinement can be looked for from the dwellers in such surroundings? Would any person of culture and taste willingly pass a week in the Black Country of Staffordshire, or in the chemical districts of Lancashire and Cheshire? How, then, can we expect culture and refinement among those who are compelled to live the year through in such howling wildernesses?

By withdrawing the working population from the country to the towns, we have undoubtedly lowered the standard of national health and morals, and taken from the people some of the chief elements of wholesome and happy life. To breathe fresh air, to watch the clouds fly and the streams glisten, to hear the birds sing, to see the corn grow and the trees bud and blossom, are almost an important means of human development as are food and drink to the nourishment of the body; but all these the town artisan misses, and there is nothing to compensete him for their loss. If our manufactures should fail, and the population should be driven back to the deserted country, it would be, in many respects, Paradise regained. Our present artificial and unwholesome life would give place to simpler and healthier conditions; and the loss of material wealth might be more than compensated by the gain of physical health and moral vigour. Life might be harder for many, and luxuries would be rarer for all; but our people would regain many of the simple pleasures which the dominance of commerce has long denied them, and the national character would be deepened and strengthened. The creative faculty would revive, and we should no longer have to deplore the poverty of our art and literature. The national consciousness would be aroused to higher ideals, and great men would again appear among us. A new era of prosperity would be inaugurated; not measured by imports and exports, but by the increase of human happiness, and intellectual attainment.

It may be that all this will be achieved without the loss of our commercial greatness. Perhaps we shall grow virtuous, refined, and cultured at the same time that we continue to grow rich. There are movements in society towards better things; possibly these will be reached without loss of wealth and pre-eminence. We may discover what we have been trying long to find, a way of serving God and mammon; but the lessons of history do not warrant the expectation. Devotion to commerce has always tended to national decadence. Of nations, as of individuals, it may be said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom" of higher things! The gate of entry to this kingdom may prove a narrow one, and our passage through it involve the forsaking of our great possessions. Who knows?

We have been too long accustomed to estimate our greatness as a nation by our scientific attainments and our material prosperity; but it is what men are, and not what they have or know, that makes them great. This is recognised in regard to the individual, and it is equally true of the nation. In many respects England was a greater country in the time of Elizabeth than she is to-day, though in point of wealth and population there is no comparison to be made between the two periods.

The higher powers of the human mind are atrophied when its chief energies are given to the making of money. Look, for example, at the United States; with its enormous population, and great educational institutions, it has added little to the thought of the age. In a century of national existence it has hardly produced a single poet, writer, composer, or artist of the first rank, and this because the main energies of the nation are given to business, and what is called "practical politics." Little Greece, whose population was never a tithe of that of the United States, and the whole of whose exchangeable properties might have been bought up by one of the millionaires of the latter country, bequeathed to the world treasures of art and learning that have been the inspiration of all latter times; but then the ancient Greek was not so absorbed in Stock Exchange speculations, trusts and combines, corners in wheat, and the many similar transactions that monopolise the American intellect. Let us not deceive ourselves; the truth was never more apparent than to-day, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If we have sown "to the flesh," that is, if we have sought only worldly and material advantage, we may receive our reward in luxuries of food and habitation, worldly dignity, and sensuous delights; but the deeper satisfaction of the soul, high thoughts, brotherly love, and pure pleasures will be denied us. We may have the one or the other, but we cannot have both; we *cannot* serve God and mammon.

GEORGE TROBRIDGE.

IS NATURAL SELECTION EVOLVING A SOBER RACE?

WHEN Ceres, in her distracted wanderings after the loss of her daughter, desired to show her gratitude to her entertainers she thought to bestow the gift of immortality on their sick son. She therefore—the rest of the family having retired to rest—after nursing him in her lap, set him down in the fire to burn out his mortal parts. His fond and anxious mother, perceiving what her guest was doing, got up and snatched her boy from the flames. Thus did mistaken affection frustrate the benign intentions of the goddess, and deprive the youth of the great gift.

Ceres, Demeter, Mother Earth, has given us corn and wine, and in the use of the latter we have shown the weakness of our mortal nature. We have become—as a race—drunkards. But Ceres, the benign mother, proposes to make us sober again by setting us down in the fire of natural selection, and thus burning out our racial weakness. Such is the grand intention, but, as in the other case, it is frustrated by well-meaning but mistaken kindness. "Save the drunkard, keep him from temptation, shut up the public-houses, &c.," cry the temperance reformers, aspiring to play the *rôle* of the fond but foolish parent, and ignorant of the fact that in thus saving the individual they are perpetuating the drunkenness of the race. The fire of natural selection would fain burn out the individual drunkard; they would save him to perpetuate his kind. And thus the human race is in danger of losing a great gift.

So, at least, Dr. Reid tells us, cursing the temperance reformers with "bell, book and candle," as increasing the very evil they would avert. He himself would fain reach the same goal—a sober race—but by another road; he would leave the human race in the fire of natural selection, possibly he would himself fan the flame—a little. Dr. Reid has elaborated his theory with much ingenuity, and fortified it with a great array of facts. It is supposed to work in this way:

Individuals differ in their capacity for enjoying alcohol, as they do in the colour of their hair, and—as a rule—men drink up to this inborn capacity. This capacity is an inherited character. But alcohol is a poison. The individual who drinks the most poison will

have the worst chance in the struggle for life. Hence the sober will survive, and the drunkard be weeded out—in the long run.

The usual facile style of argument with which we are so familiar, especially in biology. It is, in fact, too easy. The Olympian heights of success was not to be scaled in this fashion—*Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire.* We distrust it. Let us look at it carefully. When an argument of this sort is brought before us it is incumbent on us to examine the *assumptions* on which it rests. For, as in Euclid, no proposition can be proved without a certain number of axioms and postulates, so no theory can be framed without its preliminary things taken for granted. And unless these can be shown to be obviously true, or extremely probable, we cannot accept the theory:

> "From great Lucretius take his void,
> And all his world is quite destroyed."

The assumptions of the Roman philosopher poet were atoms and a void; if you don't grant him these his hypothetical world comes to naught. Let us see, then, what stands for atoms and void in Dr. Reid's theory.

Assumption No. 1 is that men differ in their capacity for enjoying alcohol, and that this capacity is an hereditary quality. Now here we are, unfortunately, confronted with what must be largely a matter of opinion. Capacity for enjoying alcohol is not a thing that can be measured. The view that men are fairly equal in this respect seems more probable. Not that they are equal in capacity for taking it with impunity—that is quite another thing. Nor, again, that it may not take a larger quantity to make A happy than it does to produce that state in B. Yet each enjoys it as much as the other. If, indeed, there be any whose capacity does not extend as far as taking even more than is good for them—and so giving natural selection the chance of weeding them out—they are probably so few that, as the mathematicians say, they may be neglected.

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead"

who can stand up and say he cannot enjoy alcohol? Human nature is even seeking the lost happiness, even as the Norwegian lemming, in its reckless migrations to the ocean, is supposed by some to be seeking the lost Atlantis. Or, steeped to the lips in misery, it stretches out eager hands for anything that promises relief. And alcohol offers itself as a universal Nepenthe, an anodyne to pain and sorrow. It comes in the guise of the Homeric draught, of which,

> "Whoso drinks when once
> It is infused and in the cup that day
> Shall never wet his cheek with tears, although
> His father or his mother lie in death,
> Nor though his brother or beloved son
> Fell butchered by the sword before his eyes."

And so men seize with feverish haste the soothing or the cheering cup. And if Burns gives us a true picture—and he had much experience—when he says:

> "Kings may be happy, Tam was glorious,
> O'er all the ills of life victorious;"

who would not wish to attain happiness in the same way? If Herrick was right—and he ought to have known—when he wrote of wine,

> "Thou mak'st me nimble as the wingèd howers,
> To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
> And ride the sunbeams;"

who of us might not wish to have our sluggish wits stirred up to similar flights of fancy? If Longfellow—and he had a poet's knowledge of human nature—rightly describes the effect of the draught on Prince Henry:

> "It is like a draught of fire!
> Through every vein
> I feel again
> The fever of youth, the soft desire;
> A rapture that is almost pain
> Throbs in my heart and fills my brain!
> O joy! O joy! I feel
> The band of steel
> That so long and heavily has pressed
> Upon my breast
> Uplifted, and the malediction
> Of my affliction
> Is taken from me, and my weary breast.
> At length finds rest.
> . . . . .
> Who says that I am ill?
> I am not ill! I am not weak!
> The trance, the swoon, the dream is o'er!
> I feel the chill of death no more!
> At length
> I stand renewed in all my strength!
> Beneath me I can feel
> The great earth stagger and reel,
> As if the feet of a descending God
> Upon its surface trod,
> And like a pebble it rolled beneath his heel!
> This, O brave physician! this
> Is thy great Palingenesis."

what sufferer would not also wish to invoke the aid of the "invisible spirit of wine," and call in Lucifer the travelling physician? If good old Izaak Walton spoke true when he said, "The fruitful Vine, of which, when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit," who would not wish to act on heart and brain in like manner?

If Anacreon could truly sing,

> "Within this goblet, rich and deep,
> I cradle all my woes to sleep,"

And again,

"When my thirsty soul I steep
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep,"

might we not all wish for such a soporific?

If the old Greek epigram strikes a true note:—

"If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine's your true horse of Parnassus,
Which carries a bard to the skies"—

which of us would not then wish to navigate the air?

If, then, as I venture to think we all have capacity for enjoying alcohol, even to the extent of taking more than is good for us, why do we not all seek to drown our sorrows, and water our joys, in the flowing bowl? This brings us to assumption No. 2, that all—as a rule—drink up to their capacity for enjoyment. There are many and various reasons which "must give us pause" on the brink of the precipice. "Nothing for nothing," is a motto of wide application. Every enjoyment must be paid for, and there is a "pain that has crawled from the corpse of pleasure." Some of us, therefore, taught by Epictetus ask ourselves, "Would we like to pay the price?" Our friend A enjoys his nightly carousals, but we look at his vermilion nose, and shudder at the price *he* has had to pay.

We see others with

"Cheekes ale-dy'd,
And noses tann'd with beere."

They have had their pleasure, but *we* feel "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la lumiere.*" B, again, has incipient cirrhosis of the liver, and not "to gain a world of happy days" would we run the risk. Another is cured of too great devotion to his cups by hearing a dear friend "talk fustian with his own shadow." Some, proud of their intellect and learning, do not wish, in Shakesperian phrase, to "put an enemy in their mouth to steal away their brains." Others are educated to abstinence in the Spartan method; they see our modern Helots reeling down the street. Some rise to higher considerations and remember the injunction, "Be not drunk with wine."

So, even were we to admit the variation in the capacity for the enjoyment of alcohol, we could not for a moment suppose that men—as a rule—drink up to this capacity. And in making the—as I think it—mistake of supposing they do, Dr. Reid seems to have been led astray by not judging others by himself. Some of us err from too wholesale an application of the motto *ex uno disce omnes*, that *one* being ourselves. But if this is Scylla there is also a Charybdis—the standing apart and judging *the rest* by an altogether different rule.

When Carlyle said, "The number of the inhabitants of the world is so many millions, mostly fools"—the implied exceptions being

Thomas Carlyle and a few others—he waa sailing too near Charybdis. So also was the writer who began his essay, "We are all automata. The only difference between me and the rest is, that I am automaton and know it, they are automata and do not know it."

May I suggest, in the gentlest way in the world, that Dr. Reid has fallen into this error—one of the most human of all errors? I venture to suggest—in all kindness—that Dr. Reid has an average capacity for enjoying alcohol; I am quite *sure* he does *not* indulge that capacity up to its limits. And I would have him believe that this is the rule, and not the exception. Even the teetotalers do not abstain because they have no capacity for enjoying alcohol; it would be gross libel to say of them, "Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner." And for reasons religious, moral, philosophical, medical, commercial, prudential, &c., probably 90 out of a 100 restrain themselves. And if we admit this Dr. Reid's theory falls to the ground; we have taken from him his void. As to the assumption—it seems to me a *pure assumption*, since we have no measure of a man's capacity for enjoying alcohol except the amount he takes, which I have endeavoured to show is no real measure—that this capacity is hereditary, I am not competent to discuss it. So I pass on to the next assumption, that alcohol is a poison. Well, perhaps, in a sense, it is. But

> "If wine's a poison, so is tea,
> Though in another shape;
> What matter whether one is kill'd
> By canister or grape."

Probably most things we either eat or drink are more or less so. Perhaps this is why we always finish off by dying—a process for which there seems to be no theorectical reason. But alcohol is *not* sufficiently a poison to justify the position of the word in Dr. Reid's argument. For, notwithstanding a very liberal use of it, many live beyond the three-score and ten—one is often shocked, indeed, in reading the lives of the very aged to see what poor arguments they furnish for the teetotalers. Probably these leave as many descendants as their more sober fellows. Yet how the mere force of a word carries us away! Alcohol is a *poison; poisons* kill; *therefore* those who take much die, those who take little, or none, live. Hence natural selection evolves a sober race. Could anything be clearer—on paper? But if alcohol is only a poison in a very modified sense, if even large quantities of the diluted alcohol usually drunk does not kill—or even shorten life—then it is quite another thing.

But if Dr. Reid is right in thinking that natural selection is by means of alcohol evolving a sober race he does not go far enough in his application. After branding the temperance reformers as hinderers of the benign work of natural selection, he comes to an illogical stop. He refuses to advocate that it should be made

perfectly free and easy for every man to drink to the limit of his capacity without let or hindrance. But if men don't drink up to the limit of their capacity the *steam* is wanting in Dr. Reid's theoretical engine. Men of *large* capacity will not be weeded out, and there will be no evolutionary progress towards a sober race. The temperance reformers must, it appears, refrain from damping down the flame by throwing water on it; but no one must use the bellows to fan it up. But you cannot play fast and loose with an argument in this way. Dr. Reid, in fact, is in the position of a man who has called up a spirit from the vasty deep, and finds it beyond his control. It has done his work—it has wiped out the pretentions of the temperance reformers to be benefactors to their fellows—and now it goes about to do a little wiping out on its own account. It offers its services to the intemperate and the liquor traffic. *If* we must go through drunkenness to reach sobriety let us hasten the process. *If* damping down the fire is a mistaken idea, then a judicious use of the bellows must be good; if the child is not to be taken off the flames let it be pushed down into the hottest part. Let us get the painful business over as quickly as possible. Dr. Reid must not complain if, while he leaves his argumental train at some wayside station, others go on to the terminus. Between denouncing the efforts of the temperance reformers and advocating perfect freedom and increased facilities for every man to drink as much as he pleases, there seems to be a distinction without a difference. *If* temperance efforts have promoted drunkenness, than the removal of all restraint—*i.e.*, perfect freedom for, and encouragement to, every man to drink up to his inborn capacity for enjoying it—must promote sobriety. And Dr. Reid will perhaps remember that the Greeks, whom he believes to have risen to their present comparative sobriety on the wings of natural selection and free exposure to alcohol, were not merely permitted but encouraged to drink—even to drunkenness. And encouraged by the highest of all motives, the religious motive. They were worshippers of Bacchus; to get drunk was to honour Bacchus.

Alcohol is evolving man towards sobriety! What a rich fund of consoling thought is here for the poor drunkards taking their quietus with unlimited "three pennorths!" True benefactors of their species, earning the—future—blessings of generations yet unborn, they may say with the convicts, only more so,

> "True patriots we, for be it understood,
> We leave our country for our country's good."

And now I hope the point I am here driving at begins to be perceptible. I wish to show a *reductio ad absurdum*. To exhibit the logical sequence of Dr. Reid's views as a state of things no sane person would tolerate; a state of things which Dr. Reid himself

shrinks from as a "monstrous idea." But when we have reached a *logical reductio ad absurdum* we go back and challenge our assumptions; they must be false. Hence, in this case, natural selection does not tend to evolve a sober race.

But while I deny *in toto* the conceivability of the evolution of a sober race by the elimination of those with the greatest capacity for enjoying alcohol, and the preservation of those with less, I see vaguely the possibility of the preservation and multiplication of quite another sort of individual. I mean the individual with the greatest capacity for standing the ill effects of alcohol. This capacity varies in the individual, and *assuming* that all men drank—on the average—the same amount, those with the greatest capacity would survive in preference to the others. If then—but I offer no opinion on this point—this quality were hereditary, we can imagine the evolution of a race "mighty to drink wine and men of strength to mingle strong drink."

En passant, it seems to me that the stick which Dr. Reid has used with such effect on the backs of the temperance reformers has jumped from his hands into those of anyone who choses to use it on its original possessor. For is not he, as a medical man, in helping to cure the sick, doing exactly what he accuses them of doing? If natural selection is evolving a sober, it is also evolving a disease-proof race. And if temperance reformers are hindering it in the one, doctors are hindering it in the other.

Dr. Reid brings forward a number of facts and figures all tending to show that those nations which have had the longest racial experience of alcohol are now the soberest. To criticise these statements as to the relative drunkenness of different countries, or as to the relative times different nations have had racial acquaintance with alcohol is, for me, *ultra vires*. I will, therefore, take them as they stand, though not without a suspicion that they may require sifting. I will merely inquire whether they will not in many cases bear a very different interpretation to that put on them by Dr. Reid. Let us take the case of the Greeks. They are now a more sober nation than the English, and than they were themselves in the far past. The reason of this is that they have been evolved by natural selection, those with the greatest capacity for enjoying alcohol having been weeded out. But is there no other reason for this greater sobriety at the present day? The Greeks of to-day are a Christian people, and drunkenness is forbidden by their religion: the Greeks of the past were Pagans, and drunkenness was a part of their religion, the worship of Bacchus. The same remark applies to the comparison of tha Italians of to-day with the Romans of the past. This, so it appears to me, *must* account for some of the difference, and *might* easily account for it all.

Again, in Dr. Reid's comparisons of the nations of Europe, we

notice that it is the Northern nations which are more drunken than the Southern. The latter, as Greece, Italy and Spain, have had a longer racial acquaintance with alcohol than the former, as England, Germany, and Denmark. Hence the one is the cause of the other. But it has also been suggested that the difference in the climate might account for the difference in sobriety. Dr. Reid will not allow this. Yet, it appears to me, that while it can be *almost proved* that climate must have an influence, there is nothing beyond the mere coincidence to support the other view. Men drink to exhilarate their spirits or to drown their sorrows. In a climate "foggy, raw and dull," as ours so often is, it requires more drink to produce the desired effect than in the sunny south. The more frequent out-of-door life in the south, also, is more conducive to sobriety than the indoor life of the north. And what a lot of drinking is done "to keep out the cold!" Again, has it not been pointed out, that in some of our great cities the amount of drunkenness rises and falls with the commercial barometer? The southern countries we have named are the poorer countries of Europe. Again, do we not know that drunkenness is more rife in our great manufacturing centres than in any other parts of the country? The sober southern nations are the least given to manufactures; they are chiefly the nations that have no coal. And is no weight to be attached to the fact that they are the older civilisations? Are we to put aside all these as mere coincidences? Are we to disregard causes which apparently *must* have had some influence, and rely instead on the pure assumption that the greater sobriety is due to longer racial acquaintance with alcohol?

Dr. Reid points triumphantly to the savage, and says in effect, "See how drunken they become as soon as they are introduced to alcohol. They have had no racial experience of it. Hence those with great capacity for enjoying it have not been weeded out. They have practically all this great capacity. When alcohol comes it is like a spark to the dry grass of the prairie." For my own part I doubt whether the so-called introduction is not often a meeting of old friends. But I have no information on this point worth quoting here, so let it pass. Yet there seems to me to be two or three reasons, quite apart from any racial acquaintance with alcohol, to explain these facts with regard to savages.

(1) The savage lives according to nature, and habitually exercises less restraint than civilised man. He gorges himself with food when he finds it. Why should he not do the same with drink? (2) He has not seen the ill effects of it in shortening life and reducing strength. (3) It takes less to intoxicate his less seasoned frame.

And I don't fancy that the average capacity of the savage for enjoying alcohol is greater than that of the Europeans who send it to him. But Dr. Reid cites the case of certain tribes who, having

been evolved on palm wine, do not become so drunken as others when introduced to the fire-water of the pale-faces. Much is naturally made of this case. But, quite apart from any idea of evolution of sobriety, is not this exactly what we might expect? They are *individually* seasoned with palm wine from their youth. Naturally the liquor of the Europeans has less effect on them than on their unseasoned fellows. Probably they have seen among themselves the evil effects of too much drink. What more is required to account for the difference? Other reasons might of course be suggested. As, for example, that they were in easier circumstances, so that they did not need to gorge to-day for fear of not getting a meal to-morrow. Or that they were a higher class of savage, with more natural self-restraint. These are, of course, assumptions as regards the particular case, of which I do not know the details, but surely there is no need to invoke the aid of natural selection weeding out those with large capacity for enjoying alcohol.

Dr. Reid makes much of the case of the Jews. They are sober. They have had a long racial acquaintance with alcohol. There is no other way of accounting for it than by putting these two things together as cause and effect. But is their religion to count for nothing? Are their commercial instincts to count for nothing? Is the fact that they are strangers in a strange land to count for nothing? And, by the way, on what grounds does Dr. Reid support his view that they have been through the fire of a great national drunkenness?

As regards the belief that, given a variable quality—in this case capacity for enjoying alcohol—which is of advantage or disadvantage in the struggle for existence, a race having that quality highly developed, or the reverse, will be evolved, this has been accepted by many of the leading intellects of our generation. I will not, therefore, here discuss it. George III. is reported to have said of Shakespeare's plays,

"Poor stuff, but we must not say so."

And, nowadays, if one doubts the power of natural selection to evolve anything—from the pattern on a butterfly's wing to man's mental and moral qualities—one "must not say so." But I may be permitted to bring forward a little anecdote. Many years ago, a Mr. Torbit brought forward a Ceresian scheme for producing a disease-proof potato. He would raise a large number of seedlings and expose them ruthlessly to infection, saving only those that escaped, and sowing seed from them. Every generation being thus rigorously weeded of all those capable of being infected, a disease-proof race would arise. This plan received the approval of Mr. Darwin. I have inquired for this disease-proof potato, but cannot hear of it.

And I fancy that if Ceres had been allowed to keep the poor boy in the fire there would have been nothing left but a handful of ashes. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to let the temperance reformers alone. Natural selection has sometimes an awkward way of exterminating a whole race, instead of evolving an improved breed from it.

G. W. BULMAN.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF WOMAN:

FROM A MASCULINE POINT OF VIEW.

"This question is a question of civilisation, nothing less. The position of woman anywhere is the test of civilisation. You need not ask for the statistics of education, of national wealth, or of crime: tell me the position of woman, and you answer the question of the nation's progress. Step by step as woman ascends, civilisation ripens. Wherever you go in history this is true. I warn the anxious and terrified that their first efforts should be to conquer their fears, for the triumph of this crusade is written as certain on the next leaf that turns in the great history of the race, as that the twentieth century will open."—WENDELL PHILLIPS, Speech at New York, November 25, 1856.

"We men must accustom ourselves to regard and treat the female half of mankind not as agents for the service and gratification of the men, but as our equals."—RADENHAUSEN, *Isis*, Part iii., p. 100.

"Our request for woman is only this: that she may have a fair field and no favour—freedom to give expression to her own powers. We have no wish to turn women into men. Our plaint is that the masculine element is already too much in evidence. We wish to increase the truly feminine: in the home, in the marketplace, in the civil service, and in the forum."—Mrs. M. H. SIEVWRIGHT, Address as President to the National Council of the Women of New Zealand, May 5 to 15, 1902.

OUR human perception is slow to remark incongruities which have been familiar to us from childhood; but were a visitant from an alien sphere to arrive on this planet, and report his observations of our "civilised" institutions in terms intelligible to earthly intellect, he would doubtless at once express a mingled indignation and amazement at the artificial restrictions and arbitrary injustices by which man adds to woman's already heavy natural burden of difference in sex. Such an amazement would become the keener from the fact that this indicated policy of man is of the gravest detriment to his own interests in several clearly marked points. Thus, by the plan of Nature woman has the inestimably greater share in the physical and mental formation and nurture of the infant and youthful progeny on which are dependent the hopes of an improved coming race of men; and to this end her own intellectual and physical development is of supreme and vital importance. By Nature's further ordinance the two sexes are complementary one

to the other, so that in their companionship and relationship is involved the potentiality of emotions psychic and physical, with the evoking of conjugal and parental obligations and affections which are the live root of social life, and the common ground of sympathies that knit humanity at large, and make the whole world kin. In woman, therefore, the partner and the parent of man, is essential for the highest well-being both of himself and of the race the fullest attainable intellect.

But this fullest intellectual development of woman necessarily postulates the freedom on her part to achieve it, a freedom equal in every respect to that employed and enjoyed by man himself in the same pursuit, nor has the latter any other than garbled argument to oppose to such reasoning. Yet the general man does so oppose, bitterly and persistently, and retains his antiquated and prejudiced enactments accordingly. But, that man should esteem and seek intellect as the highest good, and yet bar the road, tie the hands, and starve the brain of that half of the race, which (for all he knows) may have the genius most capable in such a quest, is somewhat more than a foolish injustice; that he should struggle helplessly to thread the labyrinth of human truth by the one masculine eye, rather than accept and encourage the scope of the feminine eye also, is, in the words of the shrewd French adage, "worse than a crime, it is a blunder."

Happily, however, not all men have been so completely controlled by prejudice or lower purpose, and within the last few decades there has been a steadily growing proportion who recognise the injustice and imbecility of the present position. Among such men are those who have conceded to women the entry to sundry University examinations and certain other light privileges, hitherto reserved to the male sex exclusively. In this way a very considerable number of women have already passed examinations which have proved their intellectual capacity and qualification to be at least fully equal to those of the male graduates. But in the preparatory studies necessary for the examinations the more thoughtful of these women became painfully conscious of a crudely "mannish" tone and concept pervading that which may be called the human aspect of the academic teachings. They were not surprised at this tone, as being the perhaps natural consequence of so many centuries of restrictedly masculine thought and training; nor did they complain, but they realised all the more vividly that to the woman's full share in the further education and progress both of herself and of the race would be needful a cultivation and restitution of the specially feminine genius and spirit hitherto so contemned or unrecognised. Long had a solitary woman thinker here and there (and exceptional male writers likewise) uttered such a surmise; but the matter was now borne in upon the deeper minds of both sexes with fuller data and irresistible conviction.

Of the various elements in the now widely spreading movement for the elevation of woman, that which causes the most general perturbation and resentment in the average man is this feminine claim to individuality in purpose and action, in other words to the development of woman's innate genius according to her own promptings and in her own manner. The claim, and the desire that prompts it, are as natural and as rational in the female as in the male. But the man of shallow thought has no eyes for such considerations, and construes her procedure into a covert *lèse-majesté* concerning himself in three tender points—his pride, his authority, and his convenience. His "pride" suffers, because even his own modicum of reason recognises that—with woman proved equal to himself in intellectual power and capacity—his long-time vaunt of natural mental superiority vanishes. But with this loss dies also the "authority" attaching to that pretended superiority, on the faith of which has been allotted to woman by him—and largely accepted by herself in the same futile belief—a "proper sphere," and a series of attendant "duties," with stern provisos and social penalties against any mutiny or evasion thereof. And as to the third specified item, his "convenience," he sees little prospect that a woman of intellect and independence will continue to accept or tolerate the undignified and unworthy conditions of subservience (or worse) which his lower impulses alone have inflicted upon her.

It is this last sordid consideration that, in modern times as of old, and consciously or unconsciously, has been at the root of man's common opposition to aught that—by improving the mental powers of woman or increasing her pecuniary resources—should render her more independent of strictly personal bondage to himself. It is true that in some circles masculine fear or jealousy of the added competition of woman in the "struggle for existence" is pleaded as the ostensible objection; while in others the full force of theological (*i.e.*, man-made) prejudice is summoned against any dereliction of its asserted tenets of feminine duty. Yet either of these positions is but a veiling of the issue, since each of them accepts and even accentuates the merely physical (and sensual) *raison d'être* of woman in the masculine scheme of society.

In a coldly philosophic light this mental attitude might be explained as simply a "survival" of barbarism, a relic of the time when "men regarded women as merely slaves or instruments of passion."[1] The course of man's evolution, however, moves steadfastly onward from the animal to the human, and the grosser intellect is not able permanently to resist the higher mental atmosphere that surrounds it, so that the current which is increasingly carrying woman forward sways her male objectors also; while even the reckless opponent begins to falter as he witnesses the successes

[1] Dr. Thos. Davidson, *History of Education*, p. 46.

that she has already achieved, and recognises the increasing proportion of his own sex who neither partake his desires of sexual tyranny, nor his petty forebodings; but who hold that woman is the fittest arbiter of her own destinies, and who have, moreover, a sure confidence that her fuller personality and happiness will redound to the benefit of man also. Arnold, of Rugby, was rightly honoured for discarding the fossilised habit of treating boys as irrational beings, amenable only to the argument of the stick. His more genial scheme, the outcome of a deeper human sympathy and wiser perception, put trust in the boy's innate sense of personal dignity, and surely did that dignity respond. The system, moreover, has a complementary further result: it elevates not alone the pupil, but the perceptor also—an action with an ever-widening circle of consequences.

Equally so in man's recognition of the genius and autonomy of woman: it is not she alone that will be profited and elevated thereby. Yet the general man enters but tardily into this further emulation of Arnold. It is, presumably, an emulation in which is expedient some share of larger heart and brain, since it is certainly men of unimpeachable intellect who have been the most conspicuous and earnest pioneers in the male advocacy of the equality of the sexes. Sydney Smith, that "prince of common sense," was so convinced of feminine ability as to "take it for granted that nature has been as bountiful of understanding to one sex as to the other;" and he insisted that "if the education of women were improved, the education of man would be improved also" (Essay: *Female Education*). Huxley—no mean observer—also wrote an essay with the suggestive title, *Emancipation, Black and White*, in which the object of "white" emancipation referred to is—woman! He urges:

"Emancipate girls. Recognise the fact that they share the senses, perceptions, feelings, reasoning powers, emotions of boys, and that the mind of the average girl is less different from that of the average boy than the mind of one boy is from that of another; so that whatever argument justifies a given education for all boys justifies its application to girls as well." (*Lay Sermons, art. cit.*)

Physicists of more recent time also, treating on considerations of humanity from directly scientific data, arrive at corroborative conclusions. Thus Dr. L. Buechner writes:

"The objections which have been raised to the so-called emancipation of women, or, in other words, to their political and social equalisation with men, are generally of so untenable a kind that it requires some little self-command on the part of a candid author to argue against them. There is indeed not the slightest visible reason why the principle of equal legal rights, which is so generally recognised, should not also be extended to the feminine half of the human race." (*Man in the Past, Present, and Future*, art. "Woman.")

Similarly in our own country Professor Patrick Geddes and Dr. J. A. Thomson, in joint authorship, declare that "we need a new ethic of the sexes; and this not merely, or even mainly, as an intellectual

construction, but as a discipline of life; and we need more. We need an increasing education and civism of women" (*The Evolution of Sex*, ch. xx.).

Somewhat of the foregoing teachings has already been accepted and acted upon; but, unhappily, much of what such thinkers advanced is as unaccomplished to-day as at the time it was written. John Stuart Mill devoted the later portion of his life almost entirely to effort for the equality of the sexes; it is a lasting reproach to successive British legislatures and statesmen[1] that his claim, formulated in 1869, still remains unsatisfied:

"That the principle which regulates the existing social relations between the sexes—the legal subordination of one sex to the other—is wrong in itself, and now one of the chief hindrances to human improvement; and that it ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no power or privilege on the one side nor disability on the other." (*The Subjection of Women*, ch. i.)

This conclusion was no hasty or lightly considered one; Mill declares that it is "an opinion which I have held from the very earliest period when I had formed any opinions at all on social or political matters, and which, instead of being weakened or modified, has been constantly growing stronger by the progress of reflection and the experience of life" (*loc. cit.*).

Such expressions of masculine feeling have not emanated from Britain alone; Condorcet, in France—more than a century ago—wrote and published an *Esquisse sur l'Admission des Femmes au Droit de Cité*, in which he claimed and pleaded for woman's admission to civic rights equally with men. In America within more recent time the names of Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, and W. H. Channing, may swell the list of notable intellects that have chafed and protested under their inability to eradicate the injustice and iniquity that their own sex had formulated and enacted against defenceless womanhood. But it becomes invidious to select among the worthy names of men, in times more or less remote, and in our own land or

[1] It must not be forgotten how, since Mill's utterances, a Women's Franchise Bill has on two occasions (in 1870 and 1897) passed Second Reading in the House of Commons, but was denied further progress into law, by lack of the favour of the Government at those periods; while again in 1892, despite the renewed opposition of Mr. Gladstone, and a personal letter of declamation by him against the measure, the Bill was rejected by only the small majority of 23 in a House of 315 members. On the other hand, it is pleasing to note that within the last few years the American States of Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, and Utah have conceded the franchise to woman; and that also in each of our own Australian colonies woman now possesses the federal franchise, though only South Australia, West Australia, and new South Wales have as yet accorded her the further local parliamentary vote; while in New Zealand also woman has the full franchise. The happiest result to the community in all these places has ensued; strong testimony to this effect being given by colonial Ministers during their recent Coronation visit. In the United Kingdom the most recent effort in the matter of the franchise has been the formation of "The Male Electors' League," the aim of whose members is to extend their own parliamentary privilege to woman also. Particulars of this League may be obtained, post free, by application to the honorary secretary, Mr. Frank Wolstenholme Elmy, Buxton House, Congleton.

elsewhere, who contributed their counsel and rendered such further aid as was practicable to them in woman's struggle: to obtain fuller education for her sex; to enter upon occupations or professions hitherto monopolised by men; to secure more equitable conditions as between husband and wife, father and mother, parents and children; and to exercise both vote and voice in the making of the laws to which she is subjected.

Yet it must not be supposed that what measure of success is already achieved in these directions has been a ready and graceful concession at the hand of man, or was attained but with the most arduous exertions on woman's own part, and in the teeth of the opposition and opprobrium of a large proportion of the men who fancied their interests or their privileges assailed. No point in which the lot of woman is brighter now than fifty years ago has been gained but at the cost of years of unceasing and disheartening toil and much personal sacrifice by heroic women, whose names are but little known to the outside world, or even to the mass of their sisters who are now reaping the fruits of that half-forgotten combat. But the younger women have also their own share of the contest still to carry on; and unweariedly are they doing so, strengthened thereto by the weapons and position secured for them by those older comrades.

From that contest, meanwhile, there is one notable result steadily evolving, to an extent scarcely realised in the masculine world. The very nature of the objections and obstacles which the brain of man at large opposes to woman's craving for higher intellect, and fuller citizenship, suffices to make clear to the feminine contestant—even apart from her own proved successes—the fallacy of the male pretension to a normal superiority of mental calibre or power. In due proportion, likewise, has this aroused introspection given a more tangible form to other long-felt promptings of her own mind, and confirmed the assurance that within her faculties are potentialities that have entered into no masculine concept—impulses or tendencies of her special genius that have never been allowed room to expand, or received any outward encouragement to develop themselves, and so are as yet but shadowy recognitions even to herself. Space permits only the bare mention of the American names of Eliza Farnham and Margaret Fuller Ossoli, bright with their premonitions and ideals of feminine—and therefore human—possibilities; but their position is well epitomised by an Englishwoman who wrote, in 1870: "I believe that woman is to this day the most unknown of all the visible forces of creation, and that while man dredges the deep seas, or spectroscopes the far realms of space in quest of occult knowledge of various kinds, his nearest companion walks by his side in uncomprehended majesty." And within the present year the human value of woman's latent

powers, with specific independence to develop them, has been reiterated by the National Council of the Women of New Zealand: "The question is often asked, 'What do women want?' We want men 'to stand out of our sunshine,' that is all. We want to grow as the flowers of the field are permitted to grow, whether they be of male or female form. Let woman, we say, but have free course and she will glorify not only herself but the whole race."—*Mrs. M. H. Sievwright.*

Man has evinced some vague surmise of one such variation of feminine psychic attribute by affirming that woman is a creature of "intuition," and he even concedes that these intuitions occasionally prove more correct than his own laboured reasonings. But soon there intervenes some male philosopher to whisper him that these intuitions being a mental procedure somewhat different from that of the male, they are—*ipso facto*—a failing rather than otherwise. Thus Darwin says: "It is generally admitted that with woman the powers of intuition, of rapid perception, and perhaps of imitation, are more strongly marked than in man; but some, at least, of these faculties are characteristic of the lower races, and therefore of a past and lower state of civilisation." (*The Descent of Man*, chap. xix.)

The implied censure is somewhat vague, being loaded with saving clauses; and it is further open to the objection that a cultured woman's intuition is frequently displayed in questions of social delicacy, or even of *la haute politique*—considerations which even a hostile judgment might hesitate to ascribe as the usual mental exercise of bygone savages. The truest course is to regard this assertion concerning the genius of woman as simply an instance of masculine sex-bias; an infirmity not always absent in even the highest of male intellects. And we shall appeal with confidence from Darwin biassed to Darwin sober. For he says in his *Origin of Species*, chap. xiv.: "It is, however, often difficult to distinguish between rudimentary and nascent organs" (or faculties); "for we can judge only by analogy whether a part" (or faculty) "is capable of further development, in which case alone it deserves to be called nascent."

Making the perfectly allowable bracketed additions as above, and holding woman's special faculties to be undoubtedly "capable of further development," we shall prefer to believe, on the evolutionist's own showing, that this faculty of "intuition" is no effete survival of savagery, but a nascent specific attribute of a coming fuller humanity. However, "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns;" and true successors of Darwin in both sex and spirit now look forward as eagerly as woman herself to the encouragement and full development of her individuality, with its ensuant beneficent effects on womanhood, and thereby on the whole of humankind.

So far as bare education is concerned, the United States have been prompt to grasp at the promise of the better time. Though still not sufficiently enlightened, as a majority, to extend the electoral franchise to woman, they have yet established the co-education of the sexes, and placed the larger proportion of the office of teaching in her hands:

"Boys and girls sit together in the same classes and work together through all the standards. This is universal in the primary schools, and it also prevails in the high schools and the universities. Sixty-eight per cent. of the whole teaching staff from primary school to university are women. It is quite possible for a youth to pass through all the grades of education, from the primary school to the high school and thence to the end of a university course, without ever having been taught by a man." (See *Review of Reviews*, September 1902, p. 319.)

Rich firstfruits of this recognition of the feminine "quality" are already being reaped, not alone in the improved mental tone and efficiency of school and schooling, but also in all the adaptabilities of outer life. We find no deterioration of the masculine intellect from the infusion; rather is there evidence, visible to the eyes of the whole world, that woman's intuitive and valuable power of rapid ratiocination becomes communicated to the male portion of the American community likewise, together with a certain mental suavity yet firmness. It might be hypercritically objected that the above acquirements are, perhaps, not immune from an occasional sordid use in the engrossing quest for the "almighty dollar"; yet other results, of a nobler stamp, are advancing at a more than equivalent rate. The same atmosphere which may lend a casual aid to a Pierpont Morgan affords far deeper inspiration to an opposing Edward Bellamy; and the already considerable number who accept the spirit of this latter will steadily outgrow and overcome the votaries of the former. "The end crowns the work," and we are as yet hardly at its beginning; nor can either half of humankind have any clear experience of feminine individuality or its influences, until woman has herself gained needful strength and training by the possession, equally with man, of the civic rights and other human interests or duties that he still withholds from her. With their exercise will woman begin truly to "find" herself, to comprehend and actively utilise the hitherto suppressed aspirations of her inmost nature; so will further untold attributes or developments make themselves manifest, and that one time "ugly duckling"—the lightly esteemed feminine faculty divine—will resolve into an embodiment of unsuspected beauty and dignity and power, which shall guide to fuller and higher life our common humanity.

There is nothing in all this to disquiet even the most timorous of male recusants, so he but have an element of justice in his composition. Discarding his ignorant tyrannies, he may acknow-

ledge and welcome and encourage woman's right to individuality far as her spirit may prompt, her nature suffice. He may cast away vacuous foreboding that the gold of human passion will become dim, or the most fine gold of its emotion change; the hallowed reciprocity of deep and pure affections on which depends, among other things, the temperate and reasoned and worthy replenishing of the race, will not perish, its conditions will be rendered but more equitable and its sympathies the more complete; it is woman's own voice that utters the assurance:

"Peace, then! Fear not the coming woman, brother!
Owning herself, she giveth all the more!
She shall be better woman, wife, and mother
Than man hath known before!"[1]

BEN ELMY.

[1] Mrs. Charlotte P. Stetson, *In This Our Life.*

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

It has recently been stated that a large building to be let out in flats is about to be erected in the Rue Beautrellis, Paris. The old cemetery of St. Paul, in which the Man in the Iron Mask was buried, according to the journal of the turnkey Dujonca, on November 18, 1703, occupied the site of No. 17 Rue Beautrellis. In Grant-Allen's *Guide to Paris* it is stated that by a stroke of retributive justice the Colonne de Juillet, to commemorate the Revolution of 1830 stands where formerly loomed "the horrid towers" of the Bastille. The accuracy of du Jonca's journal has been impugned. Taulés and others have contended that the Jesuits subsequently altered the dates of the entries in order to conceal the fact that Avedick, the Armenian patriarch, was confined in the Bastille. But M. Topin, a French writer, who enjoyed unrivalled opportunities of inspecting archives, considers that the Jesuits are to be held innocent of the forging entries in du Jonca's journal, though they certainly procured Avedick's arrest. Bingham, in his two volumes on the Bastille, also considers that the journal of du Jonca is perfectly authentic. This is an important conclusion, because the entries in du Jonca's journal form one of the few real data of the problem of the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. Assuming the authenticity of the journal, the absurd theory that Avedick was the Man in the Iron Mask is conclusively disposed of. The latter is thus shown to have died in the Bertandière Tower of the Bastille three years before Avedick was arrested at Chio, and some years before he was taken to the Bastille.

But it is idle to deny the existence of the Man in the Iron Mask, as some writers have done, because the problem of his identity seems insoluble. As M. Topin tersely puts it, the official documents of the French Minister of War, and du Jonca's journal, clearly establish the fact that a prisoner was sent with St. Mars to the Bastille in 1698, and that he died there in 1703, without any one having ever known his name. It is equally certain, from the despatches of Barbézieux, written before this man was conveyed to the Bastille, that he had long been in captivity, and that great precautions were taken in removing him from the Ile St. Marguerite, Cannes, to the Bastille. Montesquieu says that there are many things which everybody says because they have been said once. It constitutes little matter for surprise, that, after conclusive evidence of the existence of the mystery some fifty or sixty writers should have endeavoured to

pierce the impenetrable veil that shrouds his identity. Napoleon once confessed in his youth that the two most prominent traits of his own character were obstinacy and idle curiosity. Whether the curiosity he exhibited in directing the Duc de Bassano to institute inquiries as to the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask was altogether idle is perhaps debateable. But, like the inquiry subsequently instituted by Louis Philippe, that of Napoleon was fruitless. Henri Martin and Michelet consider that the problem will for ever remain obscure. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it is argued that the criticism of Colonel Jung has so narrowed the field of inquiry that, not improbably, an ultimate solution may be arrived at. The documentary evidence of the archives shows that the persons who are connected with *l'affaire* are the King, Louvois, Barbézieux, and St. Mars, the gaoler of the Man in the Iron Mask. The despatches sent to St. Mars show that the Grand Monarque busied himself very considerably, not only about the Man in the Iron Mask, but also with his other prisoners. He regulated the times and manner in which they were to receive either spiritual or physical support.

It is impossible to suppose that Louis XIV. was not fully responsible for the imprisonment of the Man in the Iron Mask. He seems actually to have directed, in 1674, that he should be treated "very harshly." The tradition naturally grew up that the mystery of the identity of the *Masque de fer* was "a gloomy secret transmitted from king to king and to no other." A parallel may be sought in the case of the writer Junius. George III. is said to have avowed to General d'Aguilar in 1774, that he knew who Junius was, and that he would write no more. At a much later date, the authorship of the *Letters of Junius* are known to have interested other members of the Royal family. Louis XIV. said to M. de la Borde: "You wish me to tell you something on this subject (that of the *Masque de fer*); you shall know more than the others; which is that the confinement of this unfortunate man does no harm to any one but himself." The Dauphin, father of Louis XV., told Meilhau in 1754, that Louis XIV. told him that, "if you were to know who he is (the Man in the Iron Mask), you would see that the matter has little interest." Choiseul told Meilhau that Louis XIV. had spoken to him about the Man in the Iron Mask in the same terms and after the manner in which one speaks of things without importance. In the *Correspondence Interceptée of Dutens*, it is mentioned that Louis XV. told Madame de Pompadour that he believed that the Man in the Iron Mask was the minister of an Italian prince. This fact is quoted by M. Topin (at p. 356) and constitutes a substantial link in the chain of circumstantial evidence pointing to the identity of the *Masque de fer* with Ercole Matthioli, the ambassador of Charles IV., Duke of Mantua, who certainly was a state prisoner of Louis XIV. from 1679. But the Man in the Iron Mask is supposed to have been confined from

April 1673 to November 19, 1703. On this hypothesis, of course, he cannot be identified with Count Matthioli. The reign of Louis XIV. is replete with the most flagrant violations of international law, such as the capture of Strasburg in 1681 in time of peace, and the arrest of foreigners out of French territory. D'Estrades and Ferriol, the ambassadors of Louis XIV., lent themselves to this policy of kidnapping in the cases of Matthioli and Avedick respectively. At the date of the Brinvilliers trial in 1676, half France was accusing the other half of having poisoned it. Francois Michel le Tellier, Marquis de Louvois (1641-91), not only ravaged the Palatinate, but were gloried in having advised Louis to institute the dragonnades. "The brutal minister whom all men feared," was also responsible for the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The imprisonment of the Man in the Iron Mask has been attributed to the vengeance of Louvois. *Internment au secret* is a necessary consequence of the policy of Louis XIV. and Louvois. Was the imprisonment of the *Masque de fer* "an enormous crime against the law of nations," such as M. Topin instances in the arrest of Avedick? This is far from being a rash presumption. It may be said to be *primâ facie* confirmed by a letter of Besmaus, Governor of the Bastille, written to Louvois on May 10, 1673. This date proves that the letter in question cannot possibly refer to the cases either of Matthioli or Avedick. In this letter, quoted *in extenso* by Bingham, Besmaus told Louvois that a certain prisoner, who had just been brought to the Bastille, was complaining of the way in which Louvois had treated him, "a grand *seigneur* who might retaliate." This prisoner, Besmaus added, pressed him to warn "the ambassador," or to allow him to write. In answer to this letter, Louvois told Besmaus to keep a strict watch on the prisoner, and to inform him from time to time what he said. Later on, we find this prisoner lamenting and groaning and denying his guilt. A month later he is sent to Pignerol, a strong fortress that commanded the Italian frontier on the side of Savoy, at the entrance of the valleys of the Chisone and Lemina. But Voltaire has pointed out that no known person of importance disappeared at this date. It is curious to observe that there is an account to be rendered of the utterances of this prisoner on the hypothesis that he was insane. According to Topin this despatch relates to a Jacobin monk known to have become mad at Pignerol. In 1680, St. Mars, then Governor of Pignerol, informed Louvois that he saw this Jacobin monk "get out of bed stark naked and preach, as well as he could, without rhyme or reason." St. Mars, we know from Topin, adopted the most singular means of spying on his prisoners. Bingham, in his two volumes of *The Bastille*, treats the utterance of the prisoner of Besmaus as serious, and argues, from the appeal to an ambassador, that he must have been a foreigner.

There is a piece of entirely unconnected evidence that supports the view that the Man in the Iron Mask was a foreigner. Nélaton, a surgeon, was sent for to bleed a man in the Bastille during the time that the Man in the Iron Mask is known to have been confined there. The governor, St. Mars, "introduced him" into the chamber of a prisoner who had his head covered with a long napkin tied behind his back; this prisoner complained of bad headaches; his dressing-gown was yellow and black, with large gold flowers; from his accent he recognised him to be English. "It is curious that there are many letters of St. Mars before 1698, when he went to the Bastille, saying that the health of his "old prisoner" was feeble. The hypothesis that the *Masque de fer* was Monmouth does not perhaps deserve the contumely with which it is treated by Macaulay. Many things once believed about Monmouth are now generally discredited. It is much more than doubtful whether Charles II. was his putative father. In the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it is contended that his father was Robert Sidney. Evelyn describes Monmouth as handsome and adroit. Monmouth's mother was the well-known Welsh beauty, Lucy Walters—"a brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature." Now Voltaire describes the Man in the Iron Mask, as portrayed by the doctor who was present at his death, as—"admirably built, his skin was slightly brown." The theory that Monmouth disappeared in 1673, and that he was personated after that date conflicts less with probability than the hypothesis of Sainte Croix and other writers, that he was personated on the scaffold in 1684, and subsequently was interred by Louis XIV. in the Bastille. Even Macaulay shows that on facts he admits Monmouth was personated both in 1686 and 1698, the imposture being widely believed in both cases for a time. Now Monmouth was in Holland in 1673; and according to Colonel Jung, the prisoner who crossed the Somme at Péronne in April 1673, in whom he sees the *Masque de fer*, was "tall, slightly built, and still young." This is consistent with his being Monmouth, who at this date was only thirty-three. It may be asked what could have induced Monmouth, then commanding 6000 English troops in Holland, to have embarked in an attempt against the life of Louis XIV.? Monmouth, as a Protestant, may have resented the persecutions Louis XIV. was commencing against the Protestants. It may seem incredible that the disappearance of Monmouth from the head of an English army should not have got bruited about. But on the hypothesis that there is a great State secret to be accounted for one must adopt the corollary of a mysterious disappearance.

Topin scouts the idea that one can look for the Man in the Iron Mask among the obscurer victims of Louis XIV.'s statecraft. The theory that Monmouth was personated after 1673 constitutes no unreasonable account of the lamentable breakdown of 1685. It

might be contended that only a *soi-disant* Monmouth would have behaved in the manner that incurs Macaulay's reprobation, offering James II. to turn Catholic. It is generally considered that Colonel Jung is the last writer who has treated the subject of the Man in the Iron Mask in a manner worthy of serious attention. He connects the prisoner taken at Péronne with a conspiracy to poison Louis XIV, Though he admits that he gave a false name on his arrest Colonel Jung contends that Marchioly, the name under which the Man in the Iron Mask was buried, was a mis-spelt attempt of a name, frequently met in Lorraine, whence this man is said to have come. But Colonel Jung does not explain how any one intending to poison Louis XIV. should have adopted the strange method of entering France at the head of a band of mounted men. Secrecy seems an essential concomitant of an attempt to poison. Again, a great difficulty arises in connecting the letters of Louvois and the governor of the Bastille with the arrest of any prisoner intending to assassinate Louis XIV. Previously it was always thought these same letters referred to a Jacobin monk. The prisoner who was arrested in May 1673, was described by Louvois as "an unmitigated scamp, who in very serious matters has abused the confidence of several important persons." It is impossible to apply this description to a man arrested on a charge of intending to poison the King. But either this description of Louvois can be made to apply to the prisoner of Péronne or no account can be given of the latter. It is pointed out that Colonel Jung has failed to trace the identity of two prisoners frequently referred to as "the prisoners of the Lower Tower" of Pignerol. It is in the survivors of these that one must look for the Man in the Iron Mask, and one of them probably possessed secrets, since there are repeated instructions that these prisoners, though confined in the same tower, are not to communicate with each other. The Jacobin monk was confined in "the second chamber" of this Lower Tower; and therefore the prisoners, *ex hypothesi*, could have been separately confined. A letter of St. Mars to d'Estrades conclusively proves that Matthioli was not one of "the prisoners of the Lower Tower."[1] This letter proves that St. Mars in June 1681, took those two *messieurs* of the Lower Tower with him to the prison at Exiles, to which he was appointed in that year. The question arises who was the other prisoner of the Lower Tower? This question is answered by a letter of Louvois, dated August 16, 1680, ordering St. Mars to place Matthioli with the Jacobin so as "to avoid any intercourse between the two priests."[2] The answer of St. Mars to this letter shows that the Jacobin monk was confined in the Lower Tower. The two prisoners of the Lower Tower were therefore two priests, one of whom was a Jacobin monk. The name of the other priest may possibly have been Caluzio or Dubreuil. On

[1] Topin, p. 320. [2] *Ibid.* p. 300.

January 4, 1687, one of these "prisoners of the Lower Tower" died of dropsy at Exiles. Louvois, who did not know of his death at the time, had instructed St. Mars, whom he had promoted to the governorship of the Ile St. Marguerite, to convey these two prisoners there with the greatest precautions. St. Mars arrived at the Ile St. Marguerite with the surviving prisoner of the Lower Tower on April 30, 1687. He describes his journey from Exiles to St. Marguerite in a letter to Louvois on May 3. He tells the great War Minister that he hurried on the road because his prisoner was ill, complaining that he had not enough air.

In 1691, Barbézieux succeeds Louvois, and informs St. Mars that he must continue to take the same precautions with regard to his "old prisoner of twenty years standing" that he took in the days of Louvois. It is perfectly certain that this can only refer to the Jacobin monk or else the other priest—since there were the "two prisoners of the Lower Tower." In subsequent letters Barbézieux describes this man as the prisoner of Provence. This instruction cannot refer to Matthioli, who can be conclusively shown, by a letter of St. Mars to d'Estrades, to have been left behind by St. Mars when he quitted Pignerol for Exiles in 1681. It is universally considered that the references of Barbézieux in 1691, to the old prisoner, are to the Man in the Iron Mask, and to none other. Colonel Jung adopts this view. Matthioli drops out of all notice after December 27, 1693. In the genealogical tree of the Matthioli family, the date of Ercole Matthioli's end is left blank. The question is complicated by the introduction of three prisoners, one of whom was admittedly a person of importance, who are brought, early in 1694, from Pignerol to the Ile St. Marguerite. One of them, the one who had been longest confined, dies on the way. This is supposed to have been one Eustache d'Auger, an obscure spy, who had been confined at Pignerol since 1669. The crux of the question lies in the fact that Matthioli may have been the important prisoner who was brought from Pignerol to St. Marguerite early in 1694. It is certain that St. Mars, in 1681, left behind at Pignerol Matthioli and two other state prisoners. Nor can Matthioli be the prisoner who died in 1694 on the road from Pignerol, since his confinement only dated from 1679, and the man who died is described as the one who was longest confined. But there remains the fact that Matthioli is never mentioned in any despatch after December 27, 1693. Previously, he had been frequently mentioned, even in the private letters of St. Mars. It is an essential part of the theory of the Man in the Iron Mask, that he was never named—he was only "one of the *messieurs* of the Lower Tower." Finally, in 1698, St. Mars, is appointed to the Bastille, and conveys his old prisoner from St. Marguerite with the same precautions as he had conveyed him from Exiles to St. Marguerite in 1687. Notwith-

standing the insidious character of Matthioli's offence, which consisted in betraying a secret treaty, under which Louis XIV. was to obtain Casalé from Mantua in 1678, it seems inevitable not to see in the Man in the Iron Mask, the surviving "prisoner of the Lower Tower" of Pignerol. All that can be affirmed with confidence of the man is that his offence consisted in divulging secrets dangerous to Louis XIV., of which he may have obtained possession in his capacity of priest. The secrets he divulged, it may be with some confidence affirmed, were the secrets of Fouquet, the favourite of Anne of Austria, the procureur-general of Louis XIV., and former rival of Mazarine, who died at Pignerol after an imprisonment of sixteen years, in 1680.

Voltaire relates an anecdote that Chamillart, the last minister who possessed the secret of the Man in the Iron Mask, declared to his son-in-law, Marshal de la Feuillade, that the *inconnu* was a man who possessed all the secrets of Fouquet. Again Louvois, in 1674, told St. Mars that the prisoner, whom he had described as having "abused in very serious matters the confidence of important persons," was to be allowed to confer to the same priest as Fouquet. The reason of this direction is obvious. Lastly, we again find the prisoners in the Lower Tower mysteriously connected with Fouquet. In 1682 Louvois told St. Mars, then at Exiles, to guard severely the prisoners, "who were called at Pignerol the prisoners of the Lower Tower," as it was important to prevent them holding any communication. St. Mars then replied that these prisoners were guarded as strictly as Fouquet and Lauzun had formerly been at Pignerol. It is submitted that the survivor of "the prisoners of the Lower Tower," probably the Jacobin monk, who had abused the confidence of important persons, "the old prisoner of Provence," as he is alluded to by Barbézieux after 1691, is none other than the Man in the Iron Mask. It is not necessary to attribute undue importance to the wearing of the mask, though there is abundant evidence that he was masked, and that no one was allowed to see him on his dismal peregrinations from Exiles to St. Marguerite and thence to the Bastile. The fact that he was never named, and that no one was allowed to have any communication with him, connects him with "the unmitigated scamp" of Louvois' despatch of 1674, who had abused confidences. Independent evidence shows these confidences were the secrets of Fouquet. Fouquet became very devotional at Pignerol; and thus a side of his character is disclosed which shows that he may, previous to his fall, have been under the influence of a priest.

It has been contended that there must be "a rank and fortune" theory of the Man in the Iron Mask. But a person may be obscure and yet of importance, as Louvois indicated to St. Mars when he directed this very prisoner to be conveyed to Pignerol. Again, if

Colonel Jung's theory be accepted, the Man in the Iron Mask was not a person of social importance. But the despatches of Louvois in 1674, as subsequently, are silent about an attempt to poison the King. If the man whom Louvois described as having abused confidences becomes one of the prisoners of the Lower Tower of Pignerol, it is easy to understand why Louvois should have written despatches merely for the purpose of insisting that these prisoners were only to be allowed to confess when death was imminent, and should not be allowed to hold any communication with each other. But the survivor of the "prisoners of the Lower Tower" as clearly becomes the prisoner of twenty years standing, who is conveyed across France with such extraordinary precautions in 1687 and 1698. But this last occasion discovers the Man in the Iron Mask.

N. W. SIBLEY, B.A., LL.M.

OUTLINES.

> "Never indeed will our efforts be wholly in vain. The truth, though too late, yet comes soon enough; for mankind will not die just yet. Fortunate nature's hit the right moment, but never has the thoughtful observer the right to be silent, merely because he knows that for the present there are but few who listen to him."—F. A. LANGE.

VEILED in the mists of dim past ages, remote as stars whose beams still wait on Time to reach our planet, we see faint outlines of the mighty workings of that "Infinite and Eternal energy from which all things proceed."[1] We see the patient weaver at his loom, whose shuttle has woven on with woof and warp out of the eternal past to weave on for ever into all eternity.

Time is limitless as space, and nature serving herself with lavish hand has moved majestically from æon to æon leaving a thousand evidences to bear witness to her stately march of progress.

A little powdered chalk reveals to us myriads of minute shells, once inhabited by living organisms (Foraminifera) who crowded the upper waters of primeval oceans; through countless centuries they lived and died leaving their shells to fall one by one to the ocean floor and there build up colossal masses of white rock; a fragment of weather-beaten limestone from yonder high crag shows a surface thick with shells and corals; long hidden forms of strange fantastic creatures all remain to bear witness to those past, distant, cycles, when nature's guiding hand led the young earth slowly onwards.

Step by step, she mounted, order and harmony following in her train, until, at last, out of the mingling of blind forces there awoke something almost divine, hitherto unknown, that which we call consciousness, a child of yesterday as compared with the eternal laws which gave it birth.

Man's place on the planet touches man's insignificance in point of time, but endowed with celestial flame, he has been urged upward and onward, slowly at first, but with ever growing swiftness, in his course performing feats of magic until to-day he sees himself "the apex and the crown of all."

From his lofty pinnacle he proclaims his greatness and his worth, proudly he boasts his progress, subjugates the elements to

[1] Herbert Spencer.

his imperious needs, encroaches upon the silent majesties of time and space, while, like some graceless usurper, he binds the hands and stifles the voice of the great benefactress who lifted him to power.

Along the quiet bye-ways, far from the rush and clamour of modern life, silent dwellers stand watching. In solitude they "see visions and hear voices," which are lost amid the rush and bustle of the crowd. They see nature, the great beneficent Earth-Mother, slighted and scorned, they see her too, pitiless as death itself calmly seeking vengeance. Already the sweets are in her mouth to be followed by a feast to satiety.

Urged on by his insentient vanity man has grown calmly to disregard the great immutable laws of nature, unheedingly he sweeps aside those silent forces which have ministered to his greatness, he the offspring of harmony and order, out of the fathomless ages. We who look out fearlessly on truth see him in the toils, struggling vainly in the meshes of a network of his own making; out of harmony with his environment, helpless in the face of the demands and exigences of modern life altogether beyond his poor human strength, and well might he despair were he not blinded to his pitiful plight by his own fatuous folly.

Fear, chill as the mists of early dawn, strikes to our hearts when we contemplate the awful misery and suffering which is meted out to human millions by those who gladly sacrifice on the altar of the modern monster, proudly named "Civilisation."

Here, we see a man equipped with sensibilities acute as sharpened steel, delicate as nature's finest web, set in a reluctant body, which serves but grudgingly a mind kindled to flaming point. Whirled hither and thither, amid a rush and turmoil past bearing he cries despairingly: "Who seest the wider but to sigh the more. Most progress is most failure," and drops heavily to oblivion.

There a young girl of soft, fair beauty comes into being only to wage grim warfare against poverty and starvation. Out of a hovel, loathsome and hideous, she creeps forth into the house of toil. There the white slaves gather, there hunger, misery and despair serve the great wheels, driven to satisfy the implacable demands for wanton luxury.

The sovereign need of humanity, deep and strong as life itself, must be sanctified to man-made laws, in which nature is allowed but little part, or be regarded as of the devil. Nevertheless, desire lives and youth and beauty command. So the woman weary of slavery turns to the halls of pleasure and drops quickly into hell—a man-made hell, which freezes all our tears with horror.

Out of the shrouded gloom of driving rain a pitiful figure emerges, a woman wearied and stained. To her breast she clasps a tiny burden, her pinched wan face, eyes sunken and lustreless, blurred to

dimness by heavy tears, poor strained lips, all tell a woeful tale. Her skirts, heavy with wet, swish sullenly as she moves away. Presently she climbs the parapet and sinks quietly into a watery embrace, which swiftly calms all her needs.

The plight of a little child wakes pity to fierceness, so small and helpless a thing it seems to have been, so cruelly used of fortune. The tiny body, the shrunken and wizened limbs show a mere framework. A delicate tracery of blue veins alone marks its waxen whiteness, the thin fluttering breath sobs hesitatingly from between parched baby lips. Big glazed eyes, starting from deep sunken sockets, look out upon what has been a world of woe to its poor dim consciousness. It came to being, only to know starvation. Such things and worse are common as falling leaves in autumn. And yet men boast.

Medical science prates of its achievements, assures us death is painless, promises us immunity from physical suffering. But we recall perhaps long torturing years, spent in the valley of the dark shadow, along with horror and agony unspeakable as we watched over a dear one fallen victim to the modern curse of cancer. And then what availed our prayers, our entreaties, for a little mercy from God or man. Silence and impotence alone answered us.

Another maybe has seen the beloved one bereft of reason, to live with haunted horror a thousand times more terrible than death.

And what has man to say in face of these hideous assailants to our peace. It should be common knowledge that Cancer, Insanity, Suicide, and Chronic alcoholism have seized us in an iron grip. Year by year, silently, remorselessly they steal a march on science, embracing an ever-increasing number of victims, and baffling all efforts to stem their ravages.

The boaster shouts lies; trumpets more loudly the wonder and perfection of his methods, while the wise man seeks out the truth, and amid dry facts and realities finds it. Then he realises the menace to the human race, the real peril which threatens its well-being, as he contemplates with horror the ominous record afforded by the Blue Book, containing the report of the Registrar-General through a number of recent years.

It stands out clearly, as follows, intelligible to the poorest understanding:

ANNUAL DEATH-RATE TO A MILLION PERSONS LIVING IN ENGLAND.

Year.	Cancer.	Insanity.	Suicide.	Chronic Alcoholism.
1875 . .	470 ...	41 ...	67 ...	27
1898 . .	802 ...	114 ...	92 ...	65

The patient seeker after truth learns too that in poverty, cruelty,

hardship, in these increasing figures lie the outward and visible signs of man's violation of the great laws of nature. Along with humanity in the so-called march of progress and civilisation these grim spectres stalk. As the struggle grows fiercer and more increasing, so man wearying of perpetual toil and strife, falls an easy prey to these fell foes, always and ever on the alert until we may cry in the words of the poet:

> "We who stand supreme, the apex and the crown of things,
> Have gained supremacy of suffering
> And sovereignty of limitless despair."—BROWNING.

And yet the pulse of life beats high towards hope. The shattering of bright dreams has left the ardent youth eager still for goodness, fearlessly he has let fall the garments of delusion and superstition which bound him in the past, "heavy as frost and deep almost as life."[1]

Untrammelled by convention and prejudice he may face life boldly, seek for himself "the mystic vision pure from all delusion free" and realising the truth through sacrifice and renunciation may yet bring humanity into harmony with its environment, into harmony with the great eternal laws of nature.

It is to the young, to the enthusiastic, the parents of the future, that we must turn to cure a sick world, if remedy there be.

Knowledge is power, and in education based on the lines of truth and righteousness must lie the salvation of the human race.

Let the young know clearly without reserve the greatness of their responsibilities; beat into their hearts the sorrowful facts of modern existence as the result of an artificial and unnatural order of things, let them realise the deep abiding insistance of the great laws which govern our being, let them in all humility seek the truth, to follow it whithersoever it may lead them.

It may be that a period of "sturm und drang" is ahead of the human race, that a conflict unparalleled in its fierceness may arise between man and man, and according to the outcome so will humanity move forward to well-being and contentment or rush blindly on to destruction and despair. Let all those who elect to become the champions of truth remember that no reward is offered except the reward of their own consciences:

> "Entsagen sollst, du sollst entsagen,
> Das ist der ewige Gesang,
> Den unser Ganzes Leben lang
> Uns heiser jede Stunde seigt."

And let them, whatever may befall them, take comfort by the following passage gathered from the noblest of English thinkers:

[1] Wordsworth.

"Not as adventitious therefore will the wise man regard the faith that is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter, knowing that let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well—if not—well also; though not so well."[1]

H. GIFFARD RUFFE.

[1] Herbert Spencer.

THE STIMULUS OF VITIATION.

THERE is recorded in Roman history how the arrogant pro-Consul Crassus, anxious to distinguish, and at the same time handsomely enrich himself with the spoils of the temples, invaded and overran Mesopotamia; and to one of the Parthian deputies sent to inquire the reason of his irruption, he haughtily replied they should have his answer in Seleucia, the Empire's capital, to which the chief, holding out the palm of his hand, replied, "Sooner, Crassus, shall you see hair growing here than be master of Seleucia." And later when the avidious rascal, after ignoring the warning and twice allowing his men to be ambushed by the treachery of an Arab guide, met with a just reward in the shape of an awful death, all through his inordinate lust of wealth, the Parthian king, to whom his head was sent, caused melted gold to be poured down his throat, remarking, "Sate thyself, Crassus, now of that metal of which in life thou wert so greedy."

"And so perish all who venture on such deeds."

It is, perhaps, savouring somewhat of a controversial nature to attempt to prove a simile between this epoch of what has (although wrongly) been described yellow journalism in the press of this country and an ancient narrative of Rome. But if there is a single atom of truth in the assertion that history repeats itself in divers curious ways, then it is daily becoming more apparent that there is every likelihood of the press of this country, sooner or later, experiencing the same fate as befell the old Roman Consul—in short, through its own greediness, iniquity and inordination, it is allowing itself to be betrayed, and will eventually meet its demise at the hands of a disgusted public, over which it would only too readily domineer and abuse.

Lately we have heard much of the so-called American invasion; but be that a reality or only an illusion, there is absolutely no doubt whatever if there is an invasion by our cousins at all, it is to be found more particularly in the newspaper offices, where supreme it reigns, although so far it is more confined to methods, than persons. There was a time, and that not so many years ago, when the press, like Cæsar's wife, was above suspicion; but now, since the advent of so-called yellow journalism—in other words, the initiation of up-to-date American press work by the majority of our newspapers—over

50 per cent. of British daily and evening papers are rapidly degenerating to the level of the "gutter" press of the Continent.

But yellow journalism is peculiarly an American malady. Actually we have hardly such a thing in England. We have, indeed, a temperate form of it in what is popularly known as "ha'penny" journalism—a sort of sensation-cum-sentiment, or give our readers the most for their money, and hang the truth! That is our yellow press. The one of our cousins in the great Western Continent is a very different thing, an institution that could hardly hope to ever exist amongst us for very long, and wield an equal sway: for it would never be tolerated for the smallest length of time. But the Americans—if one may use the expression, although it is likely to be sneered and laughed at by Americans—are wakening up; and just as ardently as they are endeavouring to stamp out the notorious Tammany Hall, are equally as determined to have done with, once and for all, this scandalous yellow journalism, with all its disgusting lying dogmatism; its barefaced effrontery and unscrupulousness; its vile intriguing and intimidating; and its tyrannical cowardly domineering! The fact is the Americans, with all their talk, are an exceedingly sensitive people; and, besides, with their noted shrewdness they see it doesn't pay; consequently all classes are extremely anxious to see the last, and have done with in a sort of hush-it-up manner, of what at one time they were excessively proud to laud up to the skies—the great free press of the greatest free country in this globe or any other!

I have said the Americans are sensitive to a degree, so much so that they often carry it to a point of excruciation, although they would be the very last to admit it. They simply cannot bear to have to confess to being beaten by any one. In this respect they are much more concerned than we are. That imitation is the sincerest form of flattery is an axiom with which we all are conversant from our childhood. If such is the case we are guilty of both imitating and flattering them; and of the two things an American hates most it is to be flattered or patronised—patronage is suspiciously analogous to imitation in business. They never seem to get rid of the idea that they are being fooled. Consequently they're suspicious always. Besides, they are striving to compete with and beat us in everything. They therefore naturally view with dismay that the very thing they are resolved to banish, knowing the harm it has wrought to themselves in the past, is obtaining rather a firm foothold where they would least see it. In blunt American parlance the yellow press gives the show away. So far as we are threatened with this modified form of yellow journalism it apparently is viewed with more pessimism in America, and by honest Americans of the better sort, than it is in this country. Here the apathy of the people is something to be marvelled at, after reading as they do something of the following, and passing it over without any comment whatever.

"Mr. Horace Avory, who prosecuted, said, with reference to a certain witness, he did not propose to call his witness because inquiries had satisfied the prosecution that the evidence was altogether unreliable, and it illustrated forcibly the mischief which arose from the publication by certain evening newspapers of sensational paragraphs with reference to the case. This man, it appeared, for the purpose of notoriety, pretending that he could give information concerning the crime, had invented, so far as could be ascertained, a story; and while the magisterial proceedings were pending had sold this to an evening newspaper that most improperly had published it!"

Then at another sensational trial, so prejudiced were the local press against the prisoner that they simply stopped at nothing, and on the last day of the trial Mr. Marshall Hall, who defended, was most emphatic in his indignation that the prisoner had already been tried by his journalistic peers, found guilty, and all but executed! The average man, I am inclined to think, is apt to question whether he is actually secure himself against these same newspaper peers, seeing that the law practically allows them a free hand to continue their nefarious game. And this too in the twentieth century! Beyond a reproof they escape absolutely scathless for their crime; and this reproof, I have no doubt, instead of dreading, they eagerly look for, seeing it means a glorious cheap advertisement.

That the press, or part of it, has reached such a state is to be greatly regretted. In the past it has been perhaps one of the best friends the public have had. We can never be unmindful of the fact that times out of number it has voiced the opinions of the nation. It has assisted the victim and the oppressed when the single individual or the community at large could not have given a ha'porth of sympathy. It has denounced the tyrant and the swindler, and assisted to bring many rogues and rascals to justice. It has generously aided the many communities in their sorest hour; and there is no one short of a saint that could have breathed more tender and heartful words of sympathy and condolence to those of Britain's sons and daughters at home and across the seas, from the highest to the lowest, when their lives have been saddened and their homes have been darkened by calamities that, unfortunately, are only too often occurring (in which our own people not only are the sufferers) east, west, north and south, that none can foresee and nothing short of Providence prevent. And there is no pulpit in the world from which sermons have been preached that could surpass in beauty, sincerity, and pure and honest sympathy, some of the leading articles that have appeared in the columns of the press of Great and Greater Britain.

Is that day over? Is that one-time magnificent *puissant* press to be allowed to degenerate, or like that equally one-time mighty Empire, that "did fearful execution on herself," be but the memory of a thing that was? Is it a sort of modern Tiberius, who, to the

question, "You remember Cæsar?" replied, "Nay, I do not remember what I was!"

It may again attain its past pre-eminent position, but certainly never so long as cheap, trashy, sensational journalism is allowed to exist. The absolute expulsion of this feature of press work is imperative. It must be stamped out root and branch, and abolished from our midst; for although it may be (as yet) but an insignificant danger, it is the small things that invariably do all the mischief, and kill the more powerful. And this same "ha'penny" journalism may prove to be the ivy that brings the kingly oak down to a decrepit wreck of its former sturdy self. The oak takes many years to build up its massive frame, the ivy a few years too; but once allow it to obtain the upper hand, and it will spring more and more into existence, expand and strengthen, and the mischief is complete. There is no doubt that the greater press have encouraged these sensational newspapers. They have not sprung up in a night or a year, but have moved steadily forward, slowly, but none the less surely, and the fillip from "ha'penny" journalism they received some few years ago, gave them the chance that she had waited for so long and so so ardently. But it is like everything that springs from nothing (very similar to human beings in this respect) and becomes great—there is no rest until a greater degree is attained.

The press ought to be to a considerable extent, independent, most assuredly. But where it has made an egregious mistake is in being too much so. Perhaps the idiosyncrasies of press men accounts for this, which, in fact, is but natural. But in general press work journalists should have a common understanding with each other, a sort of brotherhood after the Freemason order, to assist each other and protect their profession and interests from foul calumny and journalistic sensation-mongers. Surely it is worth thinking over. Journalism is an honourable profession, and there ought to be nothing to be ashamed of in being a journalist; but if things continue at the present alarming rate, a journalist will be held up to ridicule and contempt. It therefore behoves press men one and all to at once initiate some scheme by which their interests and profession will be firmly protected. I have often thought could it not be possible for journalists themselves to appoint one of their own profession—a man high in literature and journalism—as a sort of Lord Chamberlain or Press Censor. Plays are protected by Government, why not newspapers? Of course it would be the height of folly to advocate that a Governmental official should supervise press work, even were it possible, which of course it is not. But were there, say, a society with a powerful following, and a man at the head, —a man like, say, Sir Wm. Leng, for instance—that could and would make its influence felt, and strongly backed up by law, I venture to

think there would soon be an end to trashy newspapers, iniquitous editors, and caddish journalists.

Their game pure and simple (it certainly is neither one or the other, but it is immaterial) is Sensation and Blackguardism. Both spell advertisement. That means an increased publication, and an increase in the sale means an increase in the editors' and proprietors' banking account per annum.

And yet surely it ought to be possible for a man to increase his income without having to resort to tricks of which a common thief would be ashamed. Why so much of the Paul Pryism in the press?

It is there and has been for very many years, for the late Cardinal Newman, writing as long ago as 1842, with reference to the Littlemore Monastery, said, "I had thought an Englishman's home was his castle; the newspapers thought different." [1]

There lies a very strong root of the evil. In the race for news, some press men will simply stop at nothing; nothing is sacred to them, nothing secure from their prying eyes, lying mouth, and open ears. And if the news is not sensational enough, why it must be made so.

Take Lord Kitchener's noted antipathy to press man—or war correspondents, they're practically one and the same. Why should he hate them? Simply because he knows quite well the harm there is likely to ensue and the mischief many of them will manufacture somewhere or another. And can it be wondered at when one man is trying for his paper to score over another, and does not scruple to stretch a point or two, and exercise his imagination as much as his pen? I am not running down war correspondents as a class. There are black sheep in every flock, and they are to be found in the garb of correspondents as well as in most other walks of life. How many times had Mafeking fallen and been relieved, likewise Pekin? The public bore the strain heroically and did not complain, neither did the press, or a section of it. And yet with reference to war correspondents, Miss Friend, the sister of the Mayor of Mafeking, in her lecture, "Sidelights on the Siege of Mafeking," tells how on one occasion she and a friend, when compelled to retreat to the bomb-proof shelter, consequent on Cronje beginning to shell the town, found a correspondent, dressed in khaki, who had appropriated the remaining mattress in the place, and was sound asleep; and when the ladies promptly rolled that (different) "gentleman in khaki" on to the floor, he calmly went off to sleep again; for what was the good he bothering himself, and where was the use and the sense in risking his valuable life (he never thought of giving a hand to the gallant tiny garrison defending the town, even if there were no writing to be done) when he had been sent (in all probability)

[1] Newman's *Apologia*, p. 172.

simply because his editor knew him to be a smart descriptive writer?

There needs some great reform, but how it is going to come about when many of the larger papers are equally as bad as the smaller fry, is one of those things that must be left unexplained. One thing is doubly certain. Journalists will have, sooner or later, to combine. This sneaking, disgusting Paul Pry business ought, and must be, vigorously discarded by every honest man; fine, loose, or what is generally known as descriptive writing entirely avoided, which can only be done by men that have nothing to lose, and nothing to gain. And what a thing to say, that "every man has his price." It seems, unfortunately, only too true.

For my part, I utterly fail to see how this reform is to be initiated, and a better state of things to prevail, until journalists are, in a sense, protected. The free, loose use of the appellation is approaching a scandal. Every rascal and rogue—or, at any rate, in nine cases out of twelve, it is so—with the slightest pretence to being educated, good, bad, or indifferent, describes himself with unblushing candour a journalist. Almost every day in some part or other of the country one of these persons on being brought up at the local police-court for some rascality, has the impudence to style himself a journalist. Why does it never occur to the gentlemen on the bench to inquire into this disgraceful sort of thing? I am afraid the answer is not far to seek. Magistrates, as a rule, are not exactly "lights of learning." Many of them can hardly discriminate between what is right and what is wrong, they depend on the clerk to guide them; and then, with so many yellow "rag" journals circulating throughout the country, how is a magistrate to know but what such a person is connected with one of these newspapers? But it is rather unfortunate the clerk, who is a legal gentleman, does not investigate the truth of the statement a little further, instead of accepting it as a fact. Certainly, as it is now, he has no option; but were there a law to prevent this sort of thing, then, perhaps, after some of these gentry had been made an example of, he would not hear of quite so many journalists (?) appearing in the police-courts.

What would happen if a person on being charged described himself as a solicitor? A pretty storm he would bring about his head—a storm that would equal a cyclone, and sweep all over the country. Take the case of a defaulting solicitor. I am not aware how far he is allowed to transgress, but that is immaterial. It is quite possible to strike his name off the rolls, and that's the most important point. It's very much to be regretted there is not a journalist roll, and were there such a powerful association as I have advocated, then it might become law. A transgressive press man would be struck off the rolls and be liable to be punished if found working as a journalist.

First and foremost, what is a journalist? A common definition is a person connected with the press. That's quite true in one sense, but utterly wrong in another. A reporter is essential to a newspaper, but is he a journalist? In the majority of cases he is nothing at all of the kind, he is merely a shorthand writer—that's not a journalist any more than the man at the door is one of the clerks in the commercial department.

It is unfortunate for journalism that there should be so many various grades of journalists. There is the young man who reports football matches and the like, the journalists of so-called up to date "rags," "the ha'penny and penny periodical men," the journalists of the lighter magazines, and those of the purely literary and art weekly and monthly journals—all widely divergent from each other, yet all journalists in the right sense of the word. Most of them are gentlemen and educated; but a great percentage are neither educated nor gentlemen, and it is those latter gentry that are doing all the mischief, and will continue to do it, so long as no great effort is made to oust them completely from the profession. The effort must be great, a small effort would be of absolutely no use whatever for the purpose intended, but instead, be of infinite importance to them, for it would result in making them still more secure and powerful.

A great deal was talked and written a few years ago about purifying the stage. Let those concerned agitate for the purification of the press. Many journalists assisted theatricals in their honourable endeavour; now let them turn their attention to their own profession, and insist upon a better state of things than is extant in the press world of to-day. Otherwise they must go from bad to worse, and what the result will eventually be can only be surmised.

J. E. Gofton.

INTELLECTUAL APATHY AND THE INFLUENCE OF MEREDITH.

SINCE the dawn of the twentieth century the pens of many writers have been busy in emphasising the necessity of individual thought, and the application of individual thought to problems of daily life. The eyes of those to whom thought is still a cherished occupation must have been eager to catch any omen of antagonism to the prevalent evils of mental apathy; and it has, perhaps, occurred to many that the superiority of truth over fiction, in respect of the sensational, never was illustrated more strangely than by a demand for the works of Meredith. The public has at length attained to a desire once deemed incredible; may it prosper in devotion to Meredithean literature!

The relegation to their own sphere of writers eminent in the school of corrupt sensationalism, and deadening, narcotic imitations, as the sole instructors in literature of the reading public, should now lie within the scope of practical politics. For in the porch of literature—as it seems—is to stand a new instructor, pronounced by critics of acknowledged competence to be one of the most stimulating writers of modern times; not only a force in the "republic of letters," but a reader unique in analytic powers of life and human character.

The omen may be hailed propitious, that there is arising a weariness of books which make no demand upon the intellect, even the concentration, of the reader. The extraordinary fascination of unsubstantial books and mediocre writing over minds not only in process of development but apparently mature, can be counteracted only by unswerving allegiance to the masters of literature. Among those masters Meredith has taken rank, and the tentative appreciation of his status by the public is significant, surely, of heroic struggles with the pestilence of sensationalism, and unwholesome dilutions from the quintessence of literature. Incapacity for individual thinking, paralysis of original speculation, however humble, may well be dreaded as the bane of the new century, as it was marked with apprehension in the declining years of the last. Nowhere can be found that general "hypopsia," postulated in old time by Demosthenes, as the principle of accurate valuation in men

and matters, and, must be added emphatically, in literature. To-day there is a disposition in men to think in masses and to speculate in herds; especially marked in the representative classes of society is a desire, born of apathy and indifference, to elude the search-rays of fact and verity—which will not in despite be veiled—to shrink from, and far worse, to transfer responsibilities morally untransferable. Side by side with the inclinations of self-effacement and laxity in the higher social departments, grows the blatant assertion of personality in the lower. The fund of national energies is still too unequally absorbed in the enhancement of attractions in material rather than moral spheres of activity. But here must the fact be set down without pause, that the transcendent quality of Meredithean literature is intellectual energy; turbulent, stimulating, baffling suppression.

The commanding service, the imperative need, of such an agency to excite and stimulate individual thought cannot be denied.

It is the trite axiom of social science that men are gregarious by nature; but it is the reproach of an indescribable education that men are becoming gregarious in thought, for thereby they are annihilating individuality. Has the dictum of general advancement lost its application, that each single man must think, speculate, devise for himself, if he would contribute his portion to the aggregate of public opinion; and that the innate faculty of contribution is his *raison d'être* as a social being? Why has individual effort towards origination sunk so low, and what is the remedy of a national evil?

The causes of decline are too many to enumerate in the compass of a brief sketch; for many errors the general education must account, which is no education but rather compression, but for many more, the dissipation of mental energies in the worship of false idols in literature; the apathetic delegation of thought and speculation by the great majorities to infinitesimal minorities, and the abuse of the intellectual palate with seductive but ruinous spices, the gossip of the hour, trivial circumstances, and sensational paragraphs—these represent a few influences destructive to the faculty of original and consecutive thought—the heritage of each individual.

From the intellectual physicians of society was never demanded a more urgent remedy to ward off a disease so insidious; and as the most effective remedies are oftentimes the least complex in themselves, so may the evils of mental and intellectual torpor be overcome by methods intrinsically simple. The main difficulty, however, is not the accessibility to remedies; the real task lies ever in the application of the remedy when discovered. The reform of educational schemes, and careful application enlightened by experience, and a deep consciousness of their importance, should do much to produce the type of mind which, while it obeys abhorred convention in mechanically rejecting all things below the standard, must be original,

speculative, free, in all things above. Surely, however, and infallibly as education moulds mind into a selective faculty in the sphere of literature, there are, in addition, the many complex influences of environment, predisposition, and tastes, which either spur each mind to the craving for origination of thought and opinion, or degrade it to a waxen surface receptive of indiscriminate impressions. Thus it is of the first importance that there should exist an environment of free speculation corrected by experience, a predisposition towards originals and aversion from corrupt imitations, and a taste for the healthy stimulus of masterpieces in literature, expressing every department of human activity and every manifestation of human genius.

Latterly the hopeful signs have appeared of a movement in a positive direction, a progressive search for truth, paradoxically in fiction, and the maligned public is straining an ear to catch the new voice above the babel of contentious sophists, and new tones sounding strange but strong beneath the honeyed medleys of poetasters. George Meredith it is who has been speaking weighty oracles, in unmentionable accent—let us say rather, in the way of the spirit, if you will, the genius that moves him; a spirit working imperiously, without apologies to Mr. Meredith.

But we must away with quibbling criticism of Meredithean style; the impulse thereto, springing from the friction of the abjectly conventional with the assiduously unconventional, induces an irritant disease of the mind's eye that blinks on the flame and is blind to the light. Must the interrogation still be put to the analysts of literature, poring, torch in hand, over the written page, whether it is the mission of criticism to lead truth into the light or into the flame? If, then, no apologies from Mr. Meredith on the score of style and the points of expression are demanded by genius, are apologies from Mr. Meredith to be exacted by us? To this end may the words of Goethe be laid to heart—he who would tax an author with obscurity should first of all examine his own mind to see if it is perfectly clear. In the twilight even the plainest writing is rendered illegible.

Not assuredly without effort will the oracles of Mr. Meredith be divined, nor without patience is the ripe grape plucked. Yet it is not too much to hope that with effort and patience the public, large or small, that is eager and strenuous and progressive, will some day drink of the wine and assimilate the truth of Meredithean literature, and will leave the bottles, and bequeath the vanities of stylistic disquisition, to the leisure of his critics.

For the present it is sufficient that the public—for be the pioneers many or few, it is still the public—is making the intellectual effort and acquiring the patience to study Meredithean literature. The influence to be exercised by that study depends

critically on a co-operation of the mental habits most foreign to the century.

For those who attain, the influence will beget an intellectual activity which probably will amaze; it will stimulate thinking and original speculation as surely as harmonies respond to the touch of the musician.

In these days of chaotic interests and wild rush of affairs, Carlyle may look in vain for disciples in regeneration; Thackeray for admirers of human portraiture; George Eliot may no longer attract students of ethical fiction; the poets may mourn a world unresponsive to lyrical passion and epic appeal; but each and all hand on the imperishable elements of human interest to Meredith, and from instantaneous fusion, at the touch of genius, they are moulded into new and lasting shapes by the hand of a master.

The significance then of an effort towards appreciation of Meredith's works no longer remains obscure, if we read it in the light of a revelation. It is the revelation that interests are chaotic because many are false, and that the wild rush of affairs springs from the very inability to concentrate the mind, and to discriminate between the objects worthy and unworthy of pursuit. The problems of Meredithean literature are the problems of professorial chairs, but by virtue of their expression in the pages of fiction they are becoming the study of a wider circle, of a public. Through a study which proceeds almost involuntarily, they reveal the facts of life which are permanent and true, and by irresistibly suggesting matter of thought, develop the essential faculty of discrimination. Once that development is attained, a stronger hold on the vital interests of life and a wider sphere of mental energy are assured. George Eliot, Thackeray, Carlyle, and the *dei majores*, will haply form the stepping-stones, back to the successive fount-heads, of a literature which is co-extensive with the furthest range of thought, and undying in beauty and strength of diction. Thus rang Tennyson's theme of the ultimate discipline of intellectual activities:

> "Large elements in order brought,
> And tracts of calm from tempest made,
> And world-wide fluctuation swayed
> In vassal tides that follow'd thought."

Let no misconception arise as to the claims of guidance from others; there are many guides and divers paths to the promised land of high activities of mind and the literature of truth; but none who have temporarily surrendered themselves will deny the claim that Meredithean literature is a path as safe, its creator a guide as sure, as any in the tangle of multitudinous highways.

To those who complain that this estimate of Meredith's influence appears extravagant, a challenge may be extended to adduce

a single contemporary writer, Thomas Hardy excepted, who combines the power of characterisation, the close-packed expression of dialectic, subtle, luminous, and pregnant in thought—here the fulness of touch, there the deliberate reserve—which are the shibboleths of art, the wit that flashes and the humour that glows; but, far above all, the profound knowledge of social problems, and the unerring insight into the souls of individuals from whom, collectively, the social problems arise; who combines in his work *humanity* with the comprehension and compelling truth of George Meredith.

From minds responsive in any degree to conceptions of humanity, infinitely little in animal satisfaction, unspeakably great in the divinity of intellectual unrest, must spring the enthusiasms which, from age to age, sweep back the clouds of soul-destroying apathy.

CECIL F. SILVER.

THE WORK OF HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THERE are many means whereby humanity may be benefited. The novelist, the statesman, the scientific discoverer, the philanthropist, and the poet all serve mankind by their labours, and reap their reward in the satisfaction of their specific energies as well as in the commendation of a grateful public. But there are toilers for the commonweal whose efforts do not win a ready recognition and universal applause. Their work is, nevertheless, great and valuable. Among this class of humanists are to be found those who attempt to refute the mass of popular fallacy, which has in all ages retarded the social and moral progress of communities, and stultified the brains of individuals. Those who help us to unlearn much that passes for wisdom offer a very high service; but so devoted are the generality to their vulgar preconceptions, their errors of opinion, and their reckless guesses, that they are apt to resent, rather than to welcome, the correction of a teacher who has duly investigated, examined, and closely reflected before essaying to array facts and to pronounce judgments.

Indeed, the man who sets himself to observe men, and to classify facts of human nature, without prejudice, is as little esteemed by the majority as the one who rudely assails religious and political creeds. Malthus, at much pains, and with a vast body of evidence, sought to inform his fellowmen that population tends to outgrow means of subsistence. His thesis set the mind of Charles Darwin to work upon a hypothesis, and the result was a course of specialised study which has revolutionised thought. But there were many more or less intelligent persons who derided "Parson Malthus," while those who had never read a page of his book, fatuously dismissed him as a crank.

It is more than strange, it is veritably appalling, that the momentous question of the relation of the sexes should be of all other questions the least understood in this country. And so remarkable is the attitude of thought towards the subject that even sociologists of the standing of Herbert Spencer shrink from approaching it in the most cautious manner without some kind of whispered apology for allusion to certain of its phases. That the prevailing ignorance upon this "central problem" brings its train of evils, suffering, and disaster is plain to any man or woman who ponders

upon the matter. Yet there are very few who are capable of speaking with knowledge, and of this number there are those who fear to let their voices be heard. I shall not here further discuss this curious phenomenon of reticence upon a deeply vital subject. Very much might be written upon the phenomenon, its origin, phases, and effects upon society. Its pathos is profound, for ignorance in this regard is the cause of terrible social wreckage.

The life-work of Havelock Ellis is proclaimed, in his own words:

"As a youth I was faced, as others are, by the problems of sex. Living partly in an Australian city where the ways of life were plainly seen, partly in the solitude of the bush, I was free both to contemplate and to meditate many things. A resolve slowly grew up within me: one main part of my life-work should be to make clear the problems of sex. . . . As a youth, I had hoped to settle the problems for those who came after; now I am quietly content if I do little more than state them. For even that, I now think, is much; it is at least the half of knowledge."

The peculiar difficulties that beset the classifier of facts upon this neglected, yet fundamental and vastly important, subject of human interest may well daunt endeavour to clear the ground. To attempt a conscientious investigation is indeed heroic. For it must be remembered that the battle for liberty of speech upon sex is yet to be fought in this country, and that many bold spirits must suffer legal persecution, the misrepresentations of ignorance and prejudice, and often a lack of sympathy and moral support from the Press, before it can be deemed safe to turn the searchlight of truth upon the chaos of darkness which now prevails. But it is certain that the battle will be fought in the near future; and it is to the credit of Havelock Ellis that he has been the first to enter the field.

It was not, however, in a combative spirit that the author of the monumental work, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, began to collate and set down his facts. He does not describe himself as a fighter for free speech, but as a student of somewhat eremitic habit, content to patiently observe, reflect, and record. At the outset he did not even apprehend that his dispassionate and scientific volumes could possibly, even in England, come beneath the scrutiny of police censorship. Before issuing the first of seven or eight volumes of the *Studies*, Havelock Ellis was well known as the editor of *The Contemporary Science Series*, which comprises a score or so of valuable works by specialist writers. He had practised as a doctor, and contributed to a number of medical and scientific periodicals, besides preparing papers for reading before learned societies on the Continent and in America.

The Lancet, in an editorial comment upon the police attack on the second volume of the *Studies*, pointed out that the work could scarcely have been assailed had it not been for the indiscreet action of the publisher in advertising the volume in a manner calculated to

injure its repute. The prestige of Havelock Ellis remains, however, absolutely unimpaired, and a host of scientific men in all parts of the world strongly condemned the officialmeddling with the *Studies.* Still, the misunderstandings in the mind of a section of the public, and the great annoyances to the author, which must follow upon legal interference with his work, gave him good cause for a temporary disheartenment. And as judicial opinion rendered it impossible for booksellers in this country to sell the volumes without risk of attack, Havelock Ellis resolved to issue the series in the United States. By this means he is able to appeal to a larger number of thoughtful readers, without fear of official misconception and intervention.

The late Robert Buchanan was not alone in pronouncing upon this prosecution of highly moral and indispensable works of psychology as a symptom of the survival of savagery in Great Britain. In years to come the episode will be regarded with amazement. But while the present-day education on this subject remains in its primitive state, we shall probably witness further instances of the singular hostility of Anglo-Saxon Grundydom towards any valid treatment of sex problems.

The study of "the questionable" is to Havelock Ellis precisely the study most worth his while. Undoubtedly, those subjects which we are accustomed to regard as "delicate" demand inquiry; the very fact that we fear them demonstrates how vitally they are related to the well-being or the unhappiness of society. And the more thoughtfully one observes human affairs, the more cogent becomes the conviction that the silence upon topics which secretly engage the minds of every adult is not a symptom of a healthy state of intelligence, but is indeed a sign of morbidity. Thoreau said truly that the subject of marriage would not be so often avoided in a pure society, but "treated naturally and simply." There can be no better safeguard for the purity of the mass than this natural and simple method of dealing with the sex passion. It is the death-blow to prurient and uncleanly ideas; it is the only way to elevate that which morbid asceticism and loathsome vulgarity have attempted to dishonour and degrade. Respect is due to those sincere and direct teachers who endeavour to drag a noble passion from the slough of ignorance and iniquity into which we have allowed it to sink. Until we understand the relation of the sexes we understand little indeed of humanity.

For any man or woman who wishes to take a share in the betterment of the conditions of human life, Havelock Ellis provides a preparatory equipment of knowledge concerning the secondary characteristics of the sexes in his volume, *Man and Woman.* I know no book more serviceable and interesting as a primer upon a great subject. It exposes popular fallacies, it modifies preconceptions, and gives data for forming opinion upon many social

questions. It is one of the most instructive books in the English tongue.

The reform of our penal system, and the reconstruction of the criminal law on a scientific basis are subjects of supreme interest for the sociologist. It is now agreed amongst authoritative investigators that the retaliative modes of dealing with crime entirely fail to cure offenders of their propensity for ill-doing. Reformative treatment will eventually take the place of retributive punishment, and the psychology of the criminal is becoming a branch of social science. Recidivism is a disease; the congenital criminal is a pathological subject. Our useless and wasteful mode of meting recurrent terms of imprisonment to habitual offenders is a national scandal. It directly fosters crime, and it is costly to the nation. And here again, in this matter of crime, its nature, causes, prevention, and cure, we blunder lamentably through a lack of facts concerning the physiology and mental and moral traits of the habitual evil-doer. In his work upon *The Criminal*, Havelock Ellis has made the first classification of facts upon the subject which has been presented to English readers. This book is full of fascinating interest. As a handbook for legislators, jurists, and prison officials it is of paramount value.

It will be recognised that Havelock Ellis has never lost sight of his central purpose, the study of the neglected, and yet momentous, in all that he has written. The point of view of the specialist is manifest when he discourses upon Diderot, Ibsen, Walt Whitman, and Tolstoi, in *The New Spirit*, or upon Casanova and Nietzsche in *Affirmations*.

It is, of course, a debatable question whether the conclusions of the ardent specialist are not influenced at times unduly by his bias. I have heard this urged against Havelock Ellis as I have heard it urged in respect of Renan, Schopenhauer, and Cardinal Newman. No writer who appraises one especial problem, hyphothesis, or creed as of supreme moment can escape suspicion of undue sense of proportion in treating his theme. But the first essential of scientific investigation is an attitude of scepticism, a strict questioning of one's own predilection and prejudices; and, to my mind, Havelock Ellis manifests such restraint upon his opinions. It would be difficult to impeach his method as dogmatic. He arrays his facts in order, he provides data, and he states his problem without passion. When one postulate is insistent in the works of a writer it by no means follows that the fascination of his thesis has unbalanced his judgment.

In Havelock Ellis we have a reformer whose labours will be gratefully appreciated in the future. He has not essayed to provide solutions for problems; he has wisely contented himself with stating them. The sexual relationship is a subject that has been

practically appropriated in this country by the amateur, the ill-informed, the hysterical, and the crank. Most people approach this great subject with the maximum of didacticism and the minimum of knowledge. The prevailing ignorance upon this question is more startling than upon any other human topic. We need a zealous student who can teach us both to learn and to unlearn.

GEOFFREY MORTIMER.

"GRUB STREET."

DR. JOHNSON in his Dictionary defined Grub Street as "originally the name of a street near Moorfields in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub Street." And Swift with his grim humour, in a *A Letter of Advice to a Young Poet*, says: "Every one knows Grub Street is a market for small ware of wit, and as necessary, considering the usual purgings of the human brain, as the nose is upon a man's face." As early as Milton's time the street gave its name to the ragged regiment of hack writers such as the French poet predicted would be the outcome of the invention of printing:

> "By which new-fangled practice,
> We soon shall see the fact is,
> Our streets will swarm with scholars
> Without clean shirts or collars,
> With Bibles, books, and codices
> As cheap as tape for bodices."

Andrew Marvell, who was contemporary with Milton, applies the term Grub Street in the opprobrious sense which it has ever since conveyed; and the *Lives of the Poets* show that the conditions under which they worked when left to their unaided exertions, or deprived by Providence or their own folly of the patronage of the great, was wretched in the extreme. "Am I for ever to sit up late, and rise early, and contend with the cold, and converse with scarcity, and be a beggar?" bewailed Nash, a versifier of the reign of Elizabeth. In his *Piers Penniless* he vows to forsake "the deceitful arts:"

> "And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
> Since none take pity of a scholar's need."

Birkenhead, ejected from his readership at Oxford on the king's fall and execution in 1649, was rendered destitute, and "made shift to live upon his wits" in London, where he eked out a livelihood by translating and writing books; and, having a turn for poetry, was much employed by young men in love who desired songs and sonnets on their mistresses. Howell, similarly situated, was arrested and thrown into the Fleet. There he wrote no less than forty-nine books on different subjects, that he might obtain a bare subsistence.

Richard Head, who was drowned in 1678, found the life of an author "the most dissipated and unpleasing in the world;" and Otway, "shivering with want and exposed to the insolence and contempt of the world," died of starvation in a public-house on Tower Hill in 1685, at the age of thirty-three. Settle, in his later years, was fain to write drolls for the booths in Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs. Tom Brown, the satirist, whose wit was greater than his wisdom, derived his chief support from translations for the booksellers, who prescribed for him his task; and as often as not, when the press waited, he was to be found in a tavern unable to meet his engagements. Tom, moreover, would sooner lose his friend than his joke, and one of his lampoons nearly cost him a procession at the cart's tail. After a life of light-hearted dissipation he died penitent in 1704; and his brethren of the pen, resenting his apostasy, neglected the usual tributes to an author's memory, and robbed him of his legitimate posthumous reward. The only lines that were written upon him appeared in a Grub Street journal.

Lintot declared to Pope that his translators were "the saddest rogues in the world." One would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak, while others in a hungry fit would swear they understood all the languages in the universe. "I have known one of them," he said, "take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry: 'Ay, this is Hebrew; I must read it from the latter end.' My God, I can never be sure of those fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself." With the critics he was on surer ground. To the rich he gave a sheet of the manuscript that they might boast they had it from the author himself and were of his acquaintance. As for the poor ones, they, too, had their hungry fit, which the bookseller knew how to appease with "a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding." His rival, Tonson,

> "With lowering looks, bull-faced and freckled fair,
> With two left legs, with Judas-coloured hair,
> And frowsy pores that taint the ambient air,"

who paid Dryden in light silver, and was repaid by the poet in light verse, was not behind him in shrewdness. He founded the Kit Cat Club by the simple expedient of adding mutton pies to the customary drink to an author on concluding a bargain.

> "Here he assembled his poetic tribe,
> Past labours to reward, and new ones to prescribe."

Curll's translators lay three in a bed at the Pewter Platter inn in Holborn.

Pope pilloried the Grub Street writers in the *Dunciad;* Swift, whose generosity was at strange variance with his saturnine cast of

character, relieved their distresses. He writes to Stella: "I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bollinbroke." And on January 31, 1711: "They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub Street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it." On August 17, 1712: "Do you know that Grub Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money." Addison in the *Spectator* is less sympathetic. The occasion but affords him a text on which to hang a little gentle mirth.

"This is the day on which many eminent authors will publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that above others delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp and an approaching peace. . . . In short, the necessity of carrying a stamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin folios, which have every other day retailed to us the history of Europe for several years last past. A facetious friend of mine, who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors 'the fall of the leaf.'"

> "Sons of a day; just buoyant on the flood,
> Then numbered with the puppies in the mud,"

sneered Pope. *The Tatler* averred:

"It is impossible for this ingenious sort of men to subsist after a Peace; every one remembers the shifts they were driven to in the reign of King Charles the Second, when they could not furnish out a single paper of news without lighting up a comet in Germany or a fire in Moscow. There scarce appeared a letter without a paragraph or an earthquake. Prodigies were grown so familiar that they lost their name, as a great poet of that age has it. . . . In every dearth of news Grand Cairo was sure to be unpeopled."

An essayist in the *Guardian* gives a humorous account of a supposed year in the life of a Grub Street writer. In the summer he paid a debt for brandy and tobacco by a wonderful description of a fiery dragon, and lived for ten days together upon a whale and a mermaid. In winter he has an apparition ready against the long dark evenings. From November to January he lived solely upon murders, and then upon a plague and a famine. In his epilogue to *The Lyar*, Foote speculates on what would happen were all lying to be proscribed:

> "All Grub Street murderers of men and sense,
> And ev'ry office of intelligence,
> All would be bankrupt, the whole lying race,
> And no Gazette to publish their disgrace."

The eccentric Dunton in his quaint *Life and Errors* says that in his day there were more poets than patrons, and the Nine Muses might travel long ere they would find one Mecænas. When he

set up business in 1681, the hackney authors, "that keep their grinders moving by the travail of their pens," plied him with specimens "as earnestly as the watermen do passengers with oars and scullers." He owns he never had any affection for them. They lied, and they were dishonest. They were all versed in Church history, but could not tell whether the Fathers lived before or after Christ, and they would steal another man's thought and abridge his book. When they got two or three pounds he saw them no more. Boyse was a typical specimen of the "hackney author." Addicted to drink, he regularly pledged his shirts, likewise his sheets, and unable to get up from want of clothes, sat in bed with a blanket round him, two holes cut in it to allow of his arms having free play, and wrote verses for the magazines. Macaulay says he composed very respectable sacred poetry when he was sober. He had an ingenious device to which he resorted when deprived of his linen, and obliged to go out. He cut white paper in slips, which he tied round his wrists and neck. On one occasion at least he went out under the "additional inconvenience" of want of breeches, a coat being all he had at command. When fortunate enough to extract a guinea by a supplicating letter or otherwise he would repair to a tavern, order a sumptuous supper, and drink of the most expensive wines. Boyse translated Fenelon on the existence of God, and was the author of a poem entitled "The Deity," which was praised by Fielding and Pope. He died in 1749 in obscure lodgings near Shoe Lane. An effort was made to collect money enough to bury him decently, but his friends had been so often applied to by him in life that they refused to contribute to him dead. His remains were thrown among those of the common beggars, but in his case a distinction was made, and the service of the Church read over the corpse.

Goldsmith may be said to have written the epitaph of Grub Street in the lines he penned to the memory of his friend and college companion, Ned Purdon, who, like himself, had worn "the livery of indigence."

> "Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
> Who long was a bookseller's hack;
> He led such a damnable life in this world,
> I don't think he'll wish to come back."

And in his *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning* he depicts, with a terrible fidelity to facts, the poverty-stricken scholar and writer of his own and the preceding generation as "schooled by continued adversity into an hatred of their kind, flying from thought to drunkenness, yielding to the united pressure of labour, penury and sorrow, sinking unheeded, without one friend to drop a tear on their unattended obsequies, and indebted to charity for a grave."

Johnson, says Forster, was but a Grub Street man when Goldsmith entered Grub Street, periodical writer and reviewer; and

"Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail"

was Johnson's epitome of the author's lot in his *Vanity of Human Wishes*. In his lines *To a Young Author* he describes him as

"panting after fame
And the long honours of a lasting name,"

and says:

"Warn'd by another's fate, vain youth, be wise,
Those dreams were Settle's once and Ogilby's."

Johnson was under no illusion as to what was in store for him when, accompanied by Garrick, he set out from Lichfield to seek fame, if not fortune, in London. He had written these lines, and he had ascertained, he told Boswell, that "A man might live in a garret at eighteen-pence a week, few people would inquire where he lodged; and, if they did, it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending three-pence in a coffee-house he might be for some hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do without supper. On clean shirt day he went abroad, and paid visits!" This was his and Goldsmith's life for long, and the privations he underwent at that time were such that on recalling them in later years he burst into tears. After two years and a half he would gladly have escaped. He applied for a schoolmastership, but was debarred for want of a degree; and the friends he had made by the publication of his imitation of Juvenal, *London, a Satire*, endeavoured to obtain one for him from Trinity College, Dublin, through the good offices of Swift. "They say," wrote Earl Gower, "he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is of so long a journey, and will venture it, if the Dean thinks it necessary; choosing rather to die upon the road than be starved to death in translating for booksellers, which has been his only subsistence for some time past." Goldsmith has described the author's bed-chamber, where he lay "lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane":

"The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears, the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!"

"It is melancholy to reflect," remarks Boswell, "that Johnson and Savage were sometimes in such extreme indigence that they could not pay for a lodging, so that they have wandered toge.her

whole nights in the streets!" A friend who visited Goldsmith in his lodging at Green Arbour Court found him so poor that he considered it the highest proof of his genius that he could by his unaided powers emerge from obscurity under such circumstances. Writing to his brother-in-law in Ireland at this period, Goldsmith says, "Upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends."

Johnson and Goldsmith entered Grub Street at perhaps its worst time. Patronage had become an effete institution, and the venal and scurrilous tribe of pamphleteers in the pay of Walpole had brought the name of author into disrepute. They were outcasts, reckoned beyond the pale of decent society—to "write for the booksellers" was a term of reproach. Churchill satirised them as

> "The slaves of Booksellers, or (doomed by Fate
> To baser chains) vile pensioners of State."

It was objected to in Burke that he associated with authors. Said Horace Walpole, "he thinks there is nothing so charming as writers and to be one; he will know better one of these days." It was not the least of the merits of Johnson and Goldsmith that they redeemed the good name of the author and introduced a spirit of independence and self-reliance into the world of letters. To write in the pay of Party Johnson declared to be the last refuge of a scoundrel; and Goldsmith finely said, "The author who draws his quill merely to take a purse, no more deserves success than he who presents a pistol." Goldsmith was of opinion that authors like running horses should be fed but not fattened. Subsistence and respect was all he asked, and the absence of these he bitterly resented. "An author," he says, "is a thing only to be laughed at. His person, not his jest, becomes the mirth of the company. At his approach, the most fat unthinking face brightens into malicious meaning. Even aldermen laugh, and revenge on him the ridicule which was lavished on their forefathers," And again, "Perhaps of all mankind, an author, in these times, is used most hardly. We keep him poor, and yet revile his poverty."

Goldsmith had a proper contempt for the methods of Grub Street—he could starve with fortitude, but to beg or flatter he was incapable. "They write books," he said, "and solicit subscriptions. Scarcely a morning passes that proposals of this nature are not thrust into the half opening doors of the rich, with perhaps a paltry petition, showing the author's wants, but not his merits." Yet in relieving their necessities he too often but increased his own. He never could be angry with men for being fools, for as he said he had been a fool himself. Pilkington, a Grub Street writer, by a specious story so worked upon his feelings that he parted with his watch and

a last half-guinea, neither of which to be sure he ever saw again; but when the poor wretch was lying dying in distress shortly afterwards, "a guinea from Mr. Goldsmith" was conveyed to him. The success of his comedy *She Stoops to Conquer* brought Goldsmith a brief span of prosperity, and his Grub Street friends promptly used him as a counter on which to ring the changes of a checkered existence. Some made a guinea or two by abusing his play in the meaner prints, others came direct to the fountain head and solicited of his bounty. One application ran:

> "You're a good-natured man all the word does allow,
> O would your good nature but shine forth just now,
> In a manner—I am sure your good sense will tell how,
> Your servant most humbly 'twould please."

"The bearer is the author's wife, and an answer from Dr. Goldsmith by her will be ever gratefully acknowledged." Goldsmith's *protégés* were not seldom a source of embarrassment to him, and his reward, as too usual in such cases, was often insolence and ingratitude. One after an absence of two years came to his chambers drunk, and in the presence of Topham Beauclerc and General Oglethorpe treated him with insulting familiarity, finally presenting him with a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar. It was not in his power, he said, to repay the loan of two guineas, but not any man would ever have it to say that he lacked gratitude! This was too much even for Goldsmith. The intruder was requested to leave, which he did quite unabashed, and took his tea and sugar with him!

"Jupiter" Carlyle has described what was known as Smollett's levee. The novelist at the time lived at Chelsea, and came to town once a week to Forrest's Coffee-house. Carlyle, accompanied by Robertson the historian, met him there by appointment, "when he had several of his minions about him, to whom he prescribed tasks of translation, compilation or abridgment, which after he had seen he recommended to booksellers." Smollett whispered to Carlyle, that he believed they would amuse him, "which they certainly did," says the reverend doctor, "for they were curious characters."

Grub Street now rejoices in the more euphonious name of Milton Street, not however after the poet, though he too lived in Cripplegate, and was buried there, but from the man who rebuilt it. A writer who visited the street in 1828, described it as consisting of ancient wooden houses. "God be with the days," he says, "and may they never return, in which poverty dwelt with authorship in that exalted region of the house which a Hibernian friend of mine calls 'the first floor down the chimney.'[1] If, however, authors have left Grub Street, their old companion, Poverty, has remained behind, trying her various shifts to eke out an existence."

[1] His Hibernian friend was indebted to Goldsmith for his wit.

The rise and development of the newspaper press did much to ameliorate the condition of the literary man of all work. But the Grub Street tradition died hard. As late as 1825 when young Benjamin Disraeli seduced John Murray into the thorny path of daily journalism, he visited Scott at Abbotsford as the publisher's plenipotentiary and offered the editorship of *The Representative* to Lockhart. But Lockhart would have none of it. He said he would lose caste in society by so doing. Disraeli tried to persuade him that he was "not to be an editor of a newspaper, but the director-general of an immense organ;" but Lockhart was very explicit "in regard to the *impossibility* of his ever entering into the career of London in the capacity of a newspaper editor." Scott was equally emphatic. He wrote to Murray: "It is very true that this department of literature may and ought to be rendered more respectable than it is at present, but I think this is a reformation more to be wished than hoped for, and should think it rash for any young man, of whatever extent, to sacrifice, nominally at least, a considerable portion of his respectability in society in hopes of being submitted as an exception to a rule which is at present pretty general."

ALEXANDER WOOD.

OPTIMISM *V.* PESSIMISM.

I.

THE question first presents itself, "What is Optimism and what is Pessimism?"

Looking at it squarely, I see that Optimism is the spirit of Hope, Pessimism the spirit of Despair. This is a comprehensive answer that needs more than a little comprehension.

For instance, what do I mean when I say spirit? I think I may best explain myself by saying that I mean essence. The spirit of a man is the essence of him, the logical outcome of his thought. Therefore the spirit of Hope is the essence of Hope, the spirit of Despair the essence of Despair; the spirit of Hope the logical outcome of a hopeful mode of thought, the spirit of Despair the logical outcome of a despairing mode of thought.

But what is Hope; and what is Despair? I think that Hope is a habit into which a man grows, and Despair a habit into which a man grows; Hope the habit of looking forward and pressing on, Despair the habit of gazing at things that are and shrinking from them. Hope, in the light of the future, colours the present. Despair, shrinking from the light, finds itself in the darkness.

All the joy of the world springs from Hope, all the misery from Despair. If, then, Hope and Despair are matters of habit, a man is himself to blame if he is miserable; he is able to make his own joy. This is what I wish to prove to you.

II.

All outward reform, however wide-sweeping it may be, begins first in the inner spirit of the individual. Thus, the Government of to-day, which reformers deem so pernicious, is really and truly the visible expression of the souls of those who are governed. The men who govern are, perhaps, stronger spirits than the governed; but they are similar spirits. Forms of government change inevitably as the people change, because they are merely the reflection of the people's character. Therefore a bad government springs from a bad spirit that is manifest in the very heart of a nation. When the bad spirit gives way to a better spirit, then the bad government will

inevitably give way to a better government. Until then, the people cannot have, and do not deserve to have, a better government.

I smile at those reformers who are so eager to reform the world that they forget first to reform themselves. Full of imperfections, they approach mankind, saying, "Be ye perfect"; and are laughed at for their pains. Rightly; for until a man has perfected himself, it is a presumption for him to recommend perfection to his neighbour.

This applies peculiarly to the Pessimist reformer. Full of misery —self-inflicted misery—he strives with all his might to make his fellow-creatures happy—to make the world more comfortable. He forgets that he himself is a part of the world just as much as his neighbour; and that his own misery, which he can avoid, makes so much more misery to be fought against. With a sorrowing face he comes to tell of the joys of a different state of things, when men shall be allowed to be happy; and probably, while he is speaking, there are those in his audience whose very faces, glowing with happiness, prove that men can be happy now, if they wish it.

Given the bare necessities of life, it is in the power of every man to be happy. Happiness does not consist in comfort or in luxury; but in the peace of the inner mind of a man. A king may be supremely miserable, and a peasant be supremely happy, in which case I would rather be the peasant. I admit that it is easier for some men to be happy than for others; and yet it is possible for all.

The real object of reform is to render it as easy for this man to make himself happy as for that man; but nothing outside of a man can make him happy; himself must do that. He alone has control over his soul. He is his own god; his own destiny.

The Optimist is a man who has the good sense to be happy in all circumstances. He is not continually on the look-out for sorrow, like the Pessimist. He waits for it; and when it comes to him makes light of it. But he is keen after joys; and makes the most of them. In effect, he says, "I will magnify the joy of the earth until the sorrow appears as nothing beside it." If every man did this, we should have a happy world. But alas! not all men are Optimists.

The Pessimist does the reverse action to the Optimist. He magnifies the earth's sorrow until the joy is lost within the shadow of it. He says, "I am so full of mourning there is no room in me for joy." Reflection might show him that did he expel a little of his sorrow there would be room in its place for a little of joy; but he is not a reflective creature. He is in an abnormal state. His misery has overmastered him. He is drunk with it. He has become a confirmed mental inebriate.

The same remark may apply to the Optimist. He likewise may be mentally inebriated. But there is all the difference in the

between being drunk on happiness and drunk on misery. The one man is intoxicated with Heavenly fire; but the other man is intoxicated with the fumes of Hell.

There are certain men of extreme natures who must of necessity spend their lives in a continual state of mental inebriation. These men are forced to become either Optimists or Pessimists. The rest of mankind, the normal portion, are able to shape for themselves a midway course, if they wish, and lead lives merely comfortable. But the extreme men can never be merely comfortable. They are creatures born for happiness or for misery. They have power to reach the highest summits of Hope or sound the very depths of Despair. For a time they will hope and despair by fits, now inordinately happy, now supremely miserable; but by-and-by they will fall into a confirmed habit, either of hoping or despairing. Woe unto the habitual despairer!

III.

At one time I thought that if a man could be cheerful in the presence of sorrow it was a sign of callousness, of hard-heartedness and lack of sympathy. Now I rather think it a sign of wisdom. A man who *must* sorrow because another is sorry is a slave to his sympathy; and it is best that a man be slave to nothing, not even to himself. Perfect freedom means that I should be able to do just as I please; and I would rather joy than sorrow; I love pleasure better than pain. Therefore if my sympathy moves me to sorrow against my will, I am a slave to my sympathy.

I do not see anything that is callous or hard-hearted, now, in a man enjoying life under any circumstance whatever. There is something great in it, and grand. This man has freed himself from the mesmeric influences of the world. He has command of himself. Like all other men, he is in quest of joy. Unlike other men, he knows how to get it and is strong enough to make use of his wisdom. This is what it means to be an Optimist on principle. It takes a cool, strong man to do this, not one of those fitful, extreme creatures I have spoken of, who become Optimists because otherwise they must become Pessimists. Not to such men would I speak; but to men who have been born sane and whole minded, men of calm and regularly moving intellects, who have power to grasp a principle and courage to follow it out. I will show these men why they should be happy, and how they can be happy.

IV.

First of all, why should a man be happy? Because it is better than being miserable. This is not to be denied.

Second, how can a man be happy? By fighting against misery.

The absence of misery in a man *who is not dead* presupposes the existence of happiness.

Therefore the first duty of the Optimist is to guard against misery. How can he do this?

Misery, as well as happiness, springs from within. It is the effect of outward things upon the inner mind. Like happiness, it is the impression registered there by what we see, feel, or do. Is it possible, then, for a man to choose what impression shall be registered on his mind by this thing and by that thing? Not altogether; but to a certain extent I think it is. He can choose that the one impression shall be faint and the other deep and lasting. He can regulate his mind to receive a deep impression of all the joy of life and but a faint and fleeting one of all its sorrow.

Hug joy to your heart. Keep it with you as long as you can. Draw all the sweetness out of it; do not be content with a little portion. But fling sorrow back the moment it touches you. It is a poison-cup, the cup of sorrow. A sane man will not consciously drink poison; it would destroy his life. A wise man will not drink consciously of the cup of sorrow; it would destroy his happiness; and happiness is the best of life. To destroy the best of life and leave the worst is scarcely preferable to destroying life altogether. Some men choose death rather than misery. I say again, "Hug joy to your heart; fling sorrow from you!"

Perhaps you will say, "All men do this; it is their instinct to pursue happiness and avoid pain." That is quite so. But I would have men add to this instinct of theirs a conscious effort. Instinct united to reason is infinitely more effective than instinct without reason. Reason, as a force, is subjective to instinct; but instinct cannot do without it, or at the best fares badly. Just so is the body subjective to the mind; but without the body, what is the use of the mind? About as useful as a general without an army.

However much instinct desires a thing, it takes reason to properly accomplish the desire. A man consciously in pursuit of happiness is more likely to find it than a man who pursues unconsciously. The men who are unconscious of what they themselves are, and what is the object of themselves, are like sleep-walkers. They live, yet do not recognise what it is to live. They move, yet know not where they are moving; nay, do not realise that they are moving at all. The reason within them is sleeping. Some of them dream in their sleep; others do not even dream, but move mechanically, like brainless automatons. Instinct is awake within them; yet reason is not awake.

All men pursue happiness; but the Optimist pursues it consciously. Even the Pessimist pursues it in his way; but he runs with despair at his heart, feeling that he cannot gain the prize. A

race was never won in such a manner yet; and never will be. The man wins who goes in to win.

V.

If a man pursues happiness consciously, he soon discovers the things which will bring him happiness and the things which will not; in other words, that certain things produce this effect upon his mind, and certain other things produce that effect. He finds a gauge for his own actions, seeing that one action produces an agreeable effect upon his consciousness (*or conscience*) and another action a disagreeable effect. His conscious pursuit of happiness will lead him to do the things which he knows will please himself, and to leave undone the things which he knows will displease himself.

All men act, it is true, solely with the desire to please themselves; but most men mistake that which will please themselves, because they mistake themselves.

One man says, "I will give rein to this sense which I have within me; and I shall find pleasure in pandering to it." Another says he will give rein to that sense and find pleasure in it. One man flies for pleasure to the sense of taste, another to the sense of feeling. Neither achieve pleasure in the true meaning of the term—real pleasure being, I take it, synonymous with happiness. What they achieve is a momentary excitement of certain nerves. They are not really pleasing themselves, because the moment they pause to think—that is to let the real self have play—the real self disapproves of the action, and there follows what is called remorse.

The thing, then, that we must do is to so rule our actions that remorse becomes impossible. Let each of us ask himself when about to do a thing, "Is this thing worth doing? Is it the best thing that I can do? Am I making the most of myself in doing it? Am I getting the most from myself? Will this action really bring me happiness? Would not another action bring me greater happiness?"

A man must reason with himself honestly if he wishes to achieve a lasting happiness. Besides being conscious of his pursuit, he must make himself conscious of the best method of pursuing. Doubly conscious, he is well equipped for the race; and he will win.

VI.

What has the Pessimist to say to all this?

He says that life is not worth living; that to pursue happiness is to pursue a shadow. Happiness is a mere dream, an impossi-

bility. Misery is the whole of existence. There is nothing but misery.

This is madness; or rather intellectual drunkenness. Let the man think, if he is capable of thought. What is misery? It is the mere negation of happiness. Without happiness we are miserable; without misery we are happy. The existence of the one presupposes the existence of the other. It is the balance of nature. If there were no happiness in the world it would be impossible to recognise misery. Our sensibilities are governed by the law of contrast. I am happy when I know that I am not miserable. I am miserable when I know that I am not happy. Eternal happiness and eternal misery are inconceivable to the honest mind. The Optimist will take this into consideration. He will fight misery and find happiness in the struggle; but unless the misery was there to be fought, the happiness would not be there to be gained. A man never wins a victory who never risks a defeat. Do not run away from misery. To run from misery into the arms of fear is like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. To be afraid of misery is to possess a two-fold misery. The Optimist must be actuated not by fear of misery, but love of happiness.

The Pessimist says there is no happiness, because he has failed to find it. Once on a time he wandered round in quest of happiness; but he did not strike the right path. By-and-by, he gave up in despair, saying, "I have looked everywhere, but I do not find that for which I am looking. Therefore it cannot exist." Having arrived at this conclusion, he gazed around him and saw, on this side and on that side, happy men and happy women. He was puzzled. How could these creatures be happy when happiness did not exist? He came to the conclusion that they were fools and dreamers. And he became more miserable than ever. If he had been a really wise man, he would have said to himself, "Here am I grieving because I cannot be happy. I find that in order to be happy I must be a fool and dream that happiness exists. Well, then, let me be a fool; let me dream!" He would have been wise to have made himself a fool, as he believed; though in reality he would have been turning, not from wisdom to folly to achieve happiness, but from folly to wisdom. The wise man is always the happy man, because he has chosen the better side of life.

Another saying of the Pessimist is that the times are out of joint. By this he means that the times are in discordance with the nature of his own ideas, and jar upon him, making him miserable.

Mind you, it is always "The times are out of joint," never "I am out of joint with the times." It is like a little atom of the universe saying, "The gods are against me," when something has gone wrong with its own puny affairs. The gods against an atom! Bah! To think the gods would trouble themselves about an atom! Millions

upon millions of atoms are as nothing in the eyes of Nature. The great universe is a plaything to her. She crushes a million atoms scarcely knowing that she has done it, and recking not at all. The gods against an atom! How comically preposterous! It is the atom vexing itself about the great gods, who are not even aware of its existence.

The Pessimist is an atom protesting against the fare that Nature doles out to countless millions of atoms. He does not like Nature because he does not understand Nature. And so he says that Nature is out of joint with him. Ridiculous! Nature is boundless; her strength is inconceivably great. He is marvellously little, and weak. Nature plays with him, as with millions of others like him. He cannot help it. Whether he likes it or not, she will play with him until at last she destroys him. All he can do is to give himself wholly up to Nature, enter into the spirit of the play, and enjoy it. This is Optimism.

VII.

Man's whole philosophy lies in being true to himself. Before a man can be true to himself, he must understand himself. If he understands himself and is true to himself, he will be a happy man. He will put himself in harmony with the spirit of things. He will see that that which is good is good because it is inevitable. He will not endeavour to fight against Nature, because he will feel that he is merely the material with which Nature works. As soon would he imagine the clay struggling to keep the potter from moulding it according to his will as himself struggling against Nature. Because Nature is inevitable, he will be satisfied with her. He will see that Hope is better than Despair, and more natural. Therefore he will be hopeful. He will see that happiness is better than misery, and more natural. Therefore he will take care to be happy. I have tried to show you that a man may so rule his life that his happiness will greatly preponderate over his sorrow. This will he do. He will revel in the joy of the earth; but he will not wallow in its misery. The misery he will recognise as something that Nature has given him to fight against. He will fight, knowing that he has the power to win; and he will win.

I think that everything in Nature points to Optimism as the natural spirit of things. In the beginning, whenever that was, things were not so perfect as they are now. Did Nature sit down and weep over the imperfection. I think not. She set to work; and she has been steadily mending things ever since, with a smile on her face. And she will go on mending and mending, and smiling and smiling for eternity.

CHARLES MORSE.

CEREMONIES AND CONDUCT.

In other words, does our creed dominate our life, our conduct and our actions, or does it serve only to adorn its outer fringe? This is, indeed, not only the most vital question we can ask, but the only question—among the many metaphysical speculations that trouble to-day some of our theologians and most of our thinkers—which permits of any clear and definite answer.

We weary ourselves with theories, postulates and problems, with hard and curious questions as to the reason of the world's existence and of our own—From whence we came? Whither we are going? How long shall we, that is our individuality, last? Is our progress towards a fuller development to be, though slow, infinitely prolonged; or are we, with our small planet, to be erewhile annihilated? Thus we may go on heaping up question after question, as the miser heaps up his gold; but all to no purpose, such speculation leaves us in the same state we were in before—of blind ignorance or of helpless terror; our vision is not strong enough to pierce the veil behind which may be either the bright effulgence of some divine presence, whose light we think we see in the glory and the wonder, the law and the order, of the universe, or it may be the shuddering darkness and entire repose of death and extinction. Certainly hitherto neither philosopher nor priest has raised even its narrowest corner, that we may catch a faint reflection of its glory and its gloom.

Seeing then that we are placed here by no will or choice of our own, with, so far as we know, a limited intelligence and power, it is surely wise for most of us to fall back upon the great unassailable position—the permanent question—which must remain with us so long as life lasts—Wherein lies the principle that should govern our conduct? What are the conditions, inimical or helpful, to the maintenance of our well-being, both as individuals and as citizens?

But before I attempt to give even an approximate answer to this question, I should like to say that I have neither the ambition nor the power to startle my readers into the duty of such a serious inquiry, by the enunciation of that which might appear to be a new and original reflection on the subject of ethics. On this subject, indeed, we have not yet developed into any originality or freedom of thought. Our morality is more or less tentative, more suited to our frailty than to our strength, to our base descent than to our free humanity. It is mostly an attempt, more or less successful, based

on the experience of long ages, to keep together the family and social instincts which, without its aid, would doubtless in a rude and elementary state of civilisation have dissolved and fallen altogether asunder.

Yet what I do wish to say is, that although our code of morality is, on some of the great questions of life (such as the relationship between the sexes), conventional and arbitrary, and very often of great injury to the individual, it is at present, and for how much longer we cannot guess, necessary to the coherence and to the well-being of the State; and it is therefore our duty, both as individuals and as citizens, to be careful that the germ of truth which these apparently dull and formal platitudes—these commonplaces—(as Mr. Leslie Stephen calls them) must contain, should not be stifled by any wilful neglect on our part; we must, each one of us, do what we can to rescue the spirit from the inert mass of rites and forms which are crushing it.

And there is no part of our morality that seems at the present day to be so distorted and fettered by its mass of ceremonies as our religion; and there is no truth that is so disregarded as this self-evident one—that our religion, if it is held by us in honest belief, must lead to fruitful and vigorous action. How far, and to what purpose, does the creed that we seem to believe take hold of and penetrate through our life, strengthening, purifying our passions, illuminating our spirit, emancipating our intellect? Do the ceremonies of our creed help or hinder us on our forward way? Do they promote or do they stifle our God-like faculty of reason? Are they the symbols to us only of a truth which is vital, vivid, and health-giving, or are they but the tawdry spangles and the dazzling glitter which partly hide and partly betray the hideous rags of unreality beneath? Surely these are questions which, if we are earnest and honest, loyal to our fellows and to ourselves, must occur, in some thoughtful moment of our lives, to each one of us, and deserve on our part the most serious consideration. According to the answer that we are able to give depends our progress towards, or our falling back from, a higher life, a more lively perception, a more luminous intelligence. If through these means we have been able to tear ourselves away from the senseless clinging to old formulæ and rites, to customs and traditions, we have vindicated our humanity, we have established our freedom, we shall not perish like the grass in the field. If a creed is to be lasting, it must grow with our mental growth and develop with our mental development—*i.e.*, it must appeal to our intellect, as well as to our passions. It need not contain, it is not possible that it should contain, a whole truth, or a comprehensive system of philosophy; but it must contain a germ of truth, so that, though year by year its outer form may change with the changing needs of humanity, it will preserve its sacred character,

and so, being immortal and perpetual, help on the forward movement of the race. Here is another obvious truth, or it may be even a commonplace, but it is one which the religion of the future will have to reckon with. It is not only to-day the more thoughtful and cultivated portion of mankind that fail to be influenced by the religion of Christianity, but the respectable artisan and the hard-headed mechanic seem to be as remote from its spirit and power as are the recluse of the library and the man of science. Christianity has surely but slowly, during the last few years, lost its hold on all classes of Englishmen who are beginning to think and reason for themselves. Who to-day composes the greater part of our congregations? The answer is significant, and seems almost profane after all the stir and tumult about women, their opportunities and attainments; but it is a fact, I think, that our congregations, whatever their sect or creed, are composed for the greater part of women—with children who are there without any choice of their own—and a sprinkling only of men. And these—the more thoughtful of these—do they ever penetrate below the surface, so as to find out whether their several creeds are held in honest belief? In the Anglican Church, for example, do they grasp the fact that all these nine points, whether of the law or otherwise—these genuflexions, these lighted candles, these processions—all this pomp of ritual—are after all but adjuncts and sheaths to protect and to promote the growth of the belief itself?—and that their omission, or absence, would affect the main issue not one jot? Do they apprehend more vividly, because of the ceremonies of their Church, the infinite importance of a right and noble life, of honourable and manly conduct? Do all these ceremonies make for progress, for life, for health, or are they but an occasion for stumbling? Do they see the beauty and the glory of the world with clearer vision by means of the ritual of their Church?

After all this is the main question, whether it be addressed to an Anglican or to a Catholic. Are we better men and women for our faith, or are we wrapped up in the selfish adoration of our ritual, which lulls our faculties to sleep and our hands to slumber?

Christianity has been one of the greatest humanising influences the world has ever known, because of its appeal to our common humanity. If it fails now, and I think if we are honest with ourselves we must grant that it has no longer over some of us its former quickening power, it fails precisely for the same reason that it once triumphed—it does not reckon any longer with the needs of human nature, as it is at the present day. It is overlaid with accessories and excrescences which it has gathered on its way, and which partly hide the fundamental idea of the whole. But no ornament or arabesque can conceal from the honest thinker the inadequacy or the poverty of the building. It is, to some of us, though consecrated by the faith of our forefathers, and the pitiful

needs of humanity, a lifeless mechanism, rather than an organic growth.

But to those who find in this great Temple no flaw or fault, who believe that its maker and builder is no other than God, who commune daily with an invisible presence, and who find in such communion comfort and strength; to them—to a part of poor struggling humanity—who have so much to bear and so little with which to be comforted, it would be folly, if not worse, to point out the imperfections and the limitations inherent in any system or creed. Take away their religion from these women, these children, these few men, what have they left? What have the greater portion of mankind left? What moral restraint and guidance? What rules of conduct? What influence other than earthly and base? They would be as frail barks driven about by every wind of doctrine, and civilisation would be a thing of the past, our boasted intellectual and moral progress a dream.

But it is not only of those who believe as Christians that I would speak, but of those who have altogether lost their hold on Christianity, who think of it only as a dream and a vision, whose radiance has lightened, but has had no power to transform, their lives. They are in greater danger of forgetting the spiritual needs of men, the vague yearnings and aspirations which Christianity has embodied and expressed for us, than are those believers who forget the spirit while worshipping the form. As men lose their hold on a creed, so they must dwell more constantly and more carefully on the principle of conduct of all that we mean by a system of morality—they must not only be slow to judge but slow to speak, they must not seek to proselytise, or to destroy that which they are powerless to replace. They must bide their time in patience and in hope, in kindness and in joy, until the night and darkness come. Often in the weakness of human nature will they be tempted to ask—"How shape our lives now that we are cast off from all that we have hitherto held sacred? How go on without some hope to pursue, some end, though far off, to attain? Our life seems, at the present moment, to be so barren, its bright illusions, its charming chimeras gone." Childish and cowardly is such complaint. It seems, however much we may adorn our phrase with rhetoric and hyperbole, that we cannot walk uprightly unless we are promised some reward at the end of our life, that we cannot do our duty unless like children we can see a gift at the end of our fulfilment, we cannot bear the crushing blow which fate has to deal us out of the dark unless we can look forward to some future compensation.

We have no need to make such sorry plaint. The laws of evolution show us certainly how great is the suffering, the sin, and the misery of the world; but they show us too a wider horizon, they

point us to a larger hope. They show us man, painfully working out his own salvation, through myriad mistakes and countless errors, all of which he has to expiate by his life, and by the lives of his descendants. Yet while he lives, he grows, develops, and slowly, fitfully, more light and more knowledge break in upon his half-awakened senses, and hinder some of his crimes and prevent some of his stumblings. He falls often and often, yet he is rising by slow degrees to a higher and a nobler state.

Great forces have helped him on; the waters of the pool from time to time have been stirred by some great teacher, or founder of a new religion, who has expressed for the people its blind hopes, its infinite longings, its inarticulate despair. Such a teacher has put into concrete form these dumb expressions of the masses. So has arisen a Buddha or a Christ, a Paul or a Socrates. All the forces unsuspected hitherto, working silently in each man's breast, awake, take part in that teacher's mission, and thus a new religion has been founded. And so, if it has vitality and organic power it lives and grows, and as long as it keeps pace, not with the forward movement but with the masses, it is a restraining influence over them. But when those masses fail to grasp its meaning, when it loses its vital power, when it becomes arrogant and pompous, so as to forget the common needs of humanity, then it is that it ceases to be a spiritual force any more, and its decay, though it may be far off, is certain.

One other thing is certain—that we must not give a languid assent to a creed which no longer dominates our life, which has, so to speak, been put away from us like a disused suit of clothes. We have our life to live, our humanity to prove, though perhaps not through any creed. There is no more blessed life than comes to a man who has done disputing with the logos of his faith. He knows his reason cannot assent to any creed built on a divine revelation and furnished by phenomena other than natural. He turns his attention, his intelligence, his emotions, to the great question of right living—whether he lives again in another sphere, or whether he has lived in another form in the past (one hypothesis is as reasonable as the other), concerns him not at all; it is now that he can work manfully and hopefully, even joyfully, as he knows he is then fulfilling his destiny, he is free, emancipated from the thraldom of custom and the slavery of a conventional creed. He has above him the blue sky, beneath his feet the radiant flowers of earth. He has all to conquer, being himself, with the strong attributes of humanity and the gift of reason. His sympathies, quickened, widened by his intelligence, apprehend beneath all the diverse creeds of man the germinating seed of truth; his emotions, strengthened and illuminated, perceive through many forms one lasting and constant struggle of man towards an unattainable good—unattainable alike to all.

Intellectual honesty he feels to be more imperative upon him than the spiritual claims of Christianity—so does he go on his way rejoicing, strong in the faith of man's progress towards a more perfect life and a higher degree of intelligence, strong in the hope that truth, though mixed with error, will finally free itself from the toils and tangles of its earthly descent—secure in the confidence that so long as we turn our attention, not to reward but to duty, not to ceremonies but to conduct, not to death but life—so long do we all, agnostic and Christian, sceptic and believer, help on the forward movement of the race, and be all alike participators in a wider hope and a more universal love.

LUMINOUS SLEEP.

THE refreshment of sleep is in the experience of all:

> "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Few would exchange it for any other blessing the world can give, none but would soon crave to have it back.

The pathology of sleep has been little studied, and its nature and cause are enveloped in obscurity. But the approach of sleep is, as we all know, usually marked by drowsiness or a desire for sleep as imperative as hunger or thirst and is accompanied by diminished control over the voluntary motor nerves and muscles, the result probably of the partial abeyance of their nerve-centres. The upper eyelids, pressed down by a sensation of weight, close; the head droops on the breast, the mouth opens, the limbs relax and the body seeks a recumbent position. The sensory nerves, the avenues by which external impressions are conveyed to consciousness, continue to act but with rapidly decreasing force as their nerve-centres fall into abeyance. The outer world by degrees fades and disappears. The curtain falls on this Act to rise on another far more interesting, an inner world full of intense life and emotion.

It is probable that every act, thought or experience causes a vibration in the brain-stuff and stirs up the impressions, countless as the sands of the sea, left in the brain by every previous act, thought or experience. This stir is in a measure kept in check in the waking life of a rational person by his will and directed into definite channels according to the laws of association. In dreams this direction and control are wanting. A slight stimulus—whether from the action of external objects, from the state of the internal bodily organs, from the automatic excitation of the cerebral regions or from other cause—gives rise to experiences most varied and rapid, often exaggerated, incoherent and grotesque, long panoramas and tragi-comedies, in which we believe as firmly and in which we joy, sorrow or rage as keenly as we did in the experiences of the waking world we have left behind.

After a while this Act closes, the brain-stuff ceases to vibrate, all

the nerve-centres are in a state of profound repose, save those which are essential to life, such as those connected with the respiratory movements and with the distribution of blood by the vaso-motor arrangements. We pass into a strange unexplored land, the region of deep sleep. We are in utter oblivion and darkness. We know nothing of the waking or dreaming world. We do not know that we sleep. We are unconscious of our very existence. On emerging from this darkness and returning to waking life, we are sure that we have been in a blissful haven of rest, and we say, "I have slept well."

The inactivity of the nerve-centres in sleep is believed by some to be due to the withdrawal of blood from the brain to other organs. But why this anæmic condition of the brain should cause unconsciousness and what are the precise changes that produce it, is not known. Whatever may be the true physiological explanation of sleep, it seems clear that deep sleep, as we know it, is a sleep of darkness, and that the refreshment and happiness of it are due to the absence of thought.

Is there a sleep of light, a Luminous Sleep, sleep in which while there is absence of thought, while there is rest and bliss, there is not darkness and oblivion but perfect consciousness?

To modern European philosophers this would seem impossible, a contradiction in terms. How can there be consciousness without thought? But it did not seem so very irrational to the philosophers of ancient Greece. They have left not only opinions but facts on record which deserve more attention than they have received.

In the *Symposium* of Plato, for instance, reference is made to a habit of Sokrates which on one occasion placed a devoted friend and admirer in a comic and embarrassing position (*Sympos.* 174–5). Sokrates was on his way to a banquet, and, meeting this friend Aristodemus, induced him to go with him. As they walked along the road conversing, Sokrates lagged behind, in a fit of abstraction (literally, "fixing the mind on himself in a way"), and desired Aristodemus, who was waiting, to go on. When he reached the house, he found the door wide open. A servant met him and led him at once into the banqueting hall where the guests were reclining, for the banquet was about to begin. "Welcome, Aristodemus," said Agathon the host, "you are just in time to sup with us. If you come on any other business, put that off and make one of us, as I was looking for you yesterday and meant to have asked you if I could have found you. But how is it that you do not bring Sokrates with you?" Aristodemus turned round and saw that Sokrates was missing. He explained that he had been with Sokrates a moment before and had come by his invitation. "You were quite right in coming," said Agathon, "but where is he himself?" "He came behind me just now," replied Aristodemus, "and I cannot think

what has become of him." "Go and look for him, boy," said Agathon, "and bring him in. And do you, Aristodemus, take the place by Eraximachus." In a while a servant came in and said that Sokrates had retired into the portico of the neighbouring house and stood fixed there and would not come when called. "How strange!" said Agathon, "then you must call him again and keep calling him." "Let him alone," said Aristodemus, "this is a way he has of retiring at times and standing wherever he may chance. Do not disturb him. He will appear soon, I think." The supper proceeded, but still no Sokrates. During the meal Agathon several times expressed a wish to send for him, but was dissuaded by Aristodemus. At last when the feast was half over, Sokrates made his appearance, for the fit, as usual, was not of long duration (literally, "Sokrates came, having spent not much time as usual"). Agathon, who was reclining alone at the end of the table, begged Sokrates to take the seat next to him, "that I may touch the sage," he said, "and have the benefit of the wise thought which came to you in the portico and is now in your possession, for I am sure you would not have come away without it." "How I wish," said Sokrates, taking his place as desired, "that wisdom could be infused by touch out of the fuller into the emptier man, like water poured through wool out of a fuller into an emptier cup. In that case how much I should prize sitting by you! For you would have filled me full of much and beautiful wisdom, in comparison of which my own is of a very mean and questionable sort, no better than a dream; but yours is radiant and only beginning, and was manifested forth in all the splendour of youth the day before yesterday in the presence of more than thirty thousand Hellenes." (Agathon had won the prize for a tragedy and was celebrating the victory by the banquet.) So the banquet proceeded, and it was signalised by the discourses on Love which Aristodemus, the unbidden guest, is made by Plato to report for our benefit. Towards the conclusion of the banquet Alcibiades joins the party and delivers a panegyric on Sokrates. In the course of it he mentions that on one occasion during a campaign Sokrates was found by his comrades at arms standing still in one place in contemplation from early dawn, meditating on something, and as he did not succeed, he would not give up but stood fixed in contemplation (literally, "stood seeking"). At noon attention was drawn to him, and the rumour ran through the wondering crowd that Sokrates had been standing and thinking about something ever since the break of day. At last in the evening after supper some Ionians brought out their mats and slept in the open air that they might watch him and see whether he would stand all night. There he stood all night until the following morning, and with the return of light he offered up a prayer to the Sun and went his way. (*Sympos.* 220 C.D.)

I am not aware that any commentator of Plato has explained these incidents in the life of Sokrates. They seem to be looked upon as mere eccentricities of the great man. It is difficult for modern Europe to understand or sympathise with these aspects of the genius and life of ancient Greece. A person so distinguished for Greek learning and sympathies as the late Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, was disposed to regard almost as delusions the essentials of Plato's philosophy, the reality of pure abstraction, the absolute knowledge, and the possibility of attaining it. In opposition to Plato Dr. Jowett maintains that pure abstraction is mere negation.[1] He gives no reasons, apparently regarding it as an axiomatic truth. If the question is to be decided by mere authority, one may be forgiven for preferring Plato to Dr. Jowett. But it is too important to be so decided, and a more satisfactory solution should be sought, and, if possible, on the basis of experience. If Dr. Jowett bases his view on experience, it is possible that he continued the process of abstraction, of wearing away particulars, until he fell asleep in the sleep of darkness—an experience, alas! too common among those who have made the attempt. But what if he had succeeded in lifting the veil of sleep? He might perchance have found himself in the presence of that wondrous beauty which Plato loved to paint. Has the attempt been made in modern Europe, made systematically and strenuously? Have heroic hearts set forth upon the quest,

> "strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield"?

Have they persevered, undaunted by failure and disaster?

The European philosopher turns his back on such investigation. To him metaphysics—in Aristotle's sense of the science of the first principles of being, the science of the first principles of knowing, the science of God as the beginning and end of all things, as the absolute unity of being and thought—deals with that which is beyond experience; with notions so abstract and general that they cannot be fixed or tested by reference to experience, and must necessarily be the playthings of dialectical sophistry; with questions regarding the final cause and ultimate meaning of things, to which it is vain and presumptuous for us to attempt to answer.[2] To the sages of India, however, these are matters quite as amenable to the test of experience and verifiable by it as the facts of physical science. Accordingly, in India systematic and strenuous study has been made and persisted in for centuries, and the methods of attainment, involving physical, intellectual, and moral discipline, have been reduced to something like a science, which teachers, carry-

[1] Jowett's *Dialogues of Plato*, Third Edition, Vol. iii. p. 563, Introduction to Timæus.

[2] *Encyclopædia Britannica* Article "Metaphysics," by Professor Caird.

ing on the ancient traditions, still teach, not for gain or show, but from pure love, to pupils found worthy of the instruction. The goal is recognised to be supremely difficult of attainment and even hazardous, for, as Plato, in discussing "how to handle philosophy without utter destruction," says, "all great things are hazardous, and according to the proverb beautiful things are indeed hard of attainment" (*Republic*, 497 D). However—or should I say therefore?—among the labourers in this science are still to be counted the choicest spirits of the East.

The way prescribed for the realisation of pure abstraction or absolute knowledge necessarily varies with the idiosyncracies of each seeker. To the Greeks with their keen sense of beauty the way that appears to have been most effective was one which appealed to their æsthetic feelings. Of it we have a striking illustration in those beautiful passages in the *Symposium* in which the prophetess Diotima initiates Sokrates (*Sympos.* 210–2).

"These are the lesser mysteries of love, into which even you, Sokrates, may enter; to the greater and more hidden ones which are the crown of these, and to which, if you pursue them in a right spirit, they will lead, I know not whether you will be able to attain. But I will do my utmost to inform you, and do you follow if you can. For he who would proceed aright in this matter should begin in youth to visit beautiful forms; and, first, if he be guided by his instructor aright, to love one such form only, and out of that he should create fair thoughts; and soon he will of himself perceive that the beauty of one form is akin to the beauty of another; and then, if beauty of form in general is his pursuit, how foolish would he be not to recognise that the beauty in every form is one and the same! And when he perceives this, he will abate his violent love of the one, which he will despise and deem a small thing, and he will become a lover of all beautiful forms; in the next stage he will consider that the beauty of the mind is more honourable than the beauty of the outward form. So that if a virtuous soul have but a little comeliness, he will be content to love and tend him, and will search out and bring to the birth thoughts which may improve the young, until he is compelled to contemplate and see the beauty of institutions and laws, and to understand that the beauty of them all is of one family, and that personal beauty is a trifle; and after laws and institutions he will go on to the sciences, that he may see their beauty, being not like a servant in love with the beauty of one youth or man or institution, himself a slave, mean and narrow-minded, but, drawing towards and contemplating the vast sea of beauty, he will create many fair and noble thoughts and notions in boundless love of wisdom; until on that shore he grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. To this I will proceed; please to give me your very best attention.

"He who has been instructed thus far in the things of love, and who has learned to see the beautiful in due order and succession, when he comes toward the end will suddenly perceive a beauty of wondrous nature (and it was for this, Sokrates, that all our former toils were endured)—a beauty which, in the first place, is everlasting, not coming into being and dying, or waxing and waning; in the next place, not fair in one point of view and foul in another, or at one time or in one relation or at one place fair, at another time or in another relation or at another place foul, as if fair to some and foul to others, or in the likeness of a face or hands or any

other part of the bodily frame, or in any form of speech or knowledge, or existing in any other being; as, for example, in an animal, or in heaven, or in earth, or in any other place; but beauty only, absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting. All other things are beautiful through a participation of it, with this condition that, while they come into being and die, it never becomes more or less nor suffers any change. He who, under the influence of the true love of youths, rising upward from these things, begins to see that beauty, is not far from the end. And the true order of going, or being led by another, to the things of love, is to use the beauties of earth as steps along which he mounts upwards for the sake of that other beauty, going from one to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and, at last, knows what the essence of beauty is. . . . This, my dear Sokrates, said the stranger of Mantineia, is that life above all others which man should live, in the contemplation of beauty absolute; a beauty which, if you once beheld, you would see not to be after the measure of gold and garments, and fair boys and youths, whose presence now so entrances you that you and many a one would be content to live, seeing only and conversing with them, without meat or drink, if that were possible—beauty, pure, clear, and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and all the colours and vanities of human life—the true beauty, divine and simple! Thither looking, gazing on it with kindred power of the soul[1] and holding converse with it—would that be an ignoble life? Do you not see that in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the soul,[1] he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty (for he has hold not of an image), but of reality (for he has hold of reality), and bringing forth and nourishing true excellence, to become the friend of God and immortal, if mortal man may?"[2]

It is usual to regard this as a fine poetic fancy, more beautifully expressed but hardly more real or useful than the visions of Blake in more recent times. Mr. Grote says that this passage is "a striking manifestation of the Platonic characteristics: transition from amorous impulse to religious or philosophical mysticism—implication of poetical fancy with the conception of the philosophising process—surrender of the mind to metaphor and analogy which is real up to a certain point, but is forcibly stretched and exaggerated to serve the theorising process of the moment" (Grote's *Plato*, II. pp. 221–2).

So far from being a rhetorical artifice, this and similar passages of Plato seem to me to glow with the impassioned conviction of truth. They would be recognised by the sages of India as setting forth actual experience. The process of abstraction described by the prophetess necessarily ends, as in the *Jnana Yoga* of India, in the cessation of differentiation, that is, of thought. If sleep which then supervenes be also suppressed, there remains not, as Dr. Jowett supposed, mere negation, but the reality eloquently described by Diotima.

[1] Literally, "with that with which we should behold," *cf. Republic*, 490, "apprehend the nature of each thing as it really is, with that kindred part of the soul whose property it is to lay hold of such objects."

[2] In the translations from Plato I have mainly followed Jowett and (in the *Republic*) Davies and Vaughan, with such changes as I thought necessary.

This reality is pure consciousness of spirit. It is jnanam or wisdom, which, in language very like that of Diotima, the Tamil sage Tiruvalluvar has described as "the vision of the supremely beautiful, the one reality" (*Kural*, xxxvi., 8), and which in *Charmides* (170 D.) is defined as "not the knowledge of the things we do or do not know, but the knowledge that we know or do not know." It is knowledge which in the *Phaedrus* (247 D.) is described as knowledge absolute, not in the form of created things or of things relative which men call existence, but knowledge absolute in existence absolute." It is the idea of good in the *Republic* (508–511), "the principle which is above hypotheses and to which the soul passes out of hypotheses." It is God as declared by Himself to Moses: "I AM THAT I AM" (Exodus iii. 14).

It is hardly surprising that European students and admirers of Plato, having neither his spiritual experience nor living teachers who have gained it, are perplexed by his language even when most clear and earnest, that their perplexity is deepened by the confusion inseparable from the Sokratic irony and pretence of ignorance and from the dramatic necessities of Plato's dialogues, and they fail to understand the fundamental points of Plato's philosophy, and are driven to apologise for their master's supposed failings. Yet the means of arriving at a correct understanding has not been lacking in Europe even in recent times. Take, for example, the following experience of the poet Tennyson, which puts to rout the theoriaing dogmatism of scholars:

> "For more than once when I
> Sat all alone, revolving in myself
> The word that is the symbol of myself,
> The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
> And pass'd into the Nameless, as a cloud
> Melts into heaven. I touched my limbs, the limbs
> Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
> But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
> The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
> Were sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
> Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."
>
> —*The Ancient Sage.*

Of this same experience the poet writes,[1] to a correspondent who has communicated certain experiences undergone under the effect of anæsthetics:

"I have never had any revelation through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This had often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till, all at once as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality,

[1] Under date May 7, 1874, Farringford. See also the *Memoir of Tennyson* by his son, i. p. 320, ii. pp. 473 and 478.

the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest; the surest of the surest; utterly beyond words; where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life. I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said that the state is utterly beyond words?"

If the science of the spirit were cultivated in Europe as it is in India, and if practical instruction and guidance had been available to Tennyson, what heights might not so ripe a soul have scaled! What blessed vistas might he not have opened up to the West![1]

Of the practical value of the experience which is the goal of this science, Plato in the *Charmides* (172 B.), after giving the definition already quoted of wisdom, declares

"May we then assume that wisdom, viewed in this new light merely as a knowledge that we know or do not know, has this advantage—that he who possesses this wisdom will more easily learn anything which he learns, and that everything will be clear to him, because, in addition to the knowledge of each thing that he learns, he sees the knowledge, and he will also be better able to test the knowledge which others have of what he learns himself, whereas the inquirer who is without this knowledge will not be able to do it so vigorously and well? Are not these, my friend, the real advantages which are to be gained from wisdom?"

That is to say, one who has attained wisdom, though he may on any particular subject know little or nothing, can easily master the subject on turning his attention to it and even excel a specialist.

The observation applies also to other phases of life. Sokrates was himself an example. While by the strength of wisdom he excelled on the intellectual plane, he excelled also in endurance of cold and heat, hunger and fatigue, in contempt of the dangers of war and bravery on the field of battle, even in the power of bearing more wine, if the occasion demanded it, than any one else without being intoxicated. Then there were the marvellous graces of the spirit, his perfect self-mastery, his equanimity under all circumstances, his unflinching adherence to truth and right. Such men as he are sustained at this high level by the practice of Luminous Sleep. In the stillness of that sleep they are in contact with the innermost source of all light, health, and peace. "Be still and know that I am God."[2] From that communion they come forth with renewed knowledge, strength, and purity, for the active duties of the world. For those duties, therefore, the practice of Luminous Sleep is recommended by the sages of India as the very best training, apart from its spiritual value.

[1] A great living Englishman has written on the control and effacement of thought as practised in India, on the special value of these practices to the Westerns, dominated as they are by a fever of thought, and on some of the spiritual experiences gained. (Edward Carpenter, *From Adam's Peak to Elephanta*, chapter xi., "Methods of Attainment.") The whole book is well worth reading, as the only Western account of India that shows a knowledge of the great undercurrents of Indian life.

[2] The Psalms, xlvi. 10.

Might not Luminous Sleep, then, be worth cultivating? Ought one not, as Plato says every true lover of knowledge ought,

"to strain every nerve to reach real existence, and, far from resting at the multitude of separate phenomena which exist only in the region of opinion, to press on undiscouraged, and not to desist from his passion until he has apprehended the nature of each thing as it really is, with that kindred part of the soul whose property it is to lay hold of such objects, and until having by means of this approached and held intercourse with the one reality, he begets wisdom and truth, so that then, and not till then, he knows, enjoys true life, and receives true nourishment, and is at length released from his travail pangs?"—*Republic*, 490 B.

We all know the refreshment of sleep. When shall we know the blessings of Luminous Sleep, and say with the sage Tayumanavar:

"What availeth me to sleep and wake?
To sleep unsleeping? if the way is seen,
Ah, *then* I see it availeth me."

P. ARUNACHALAM.

ETHICS OF NEWSBOYS.

THERE is no section of society more neglected by the guardians of Britain than that which is composed, for the most part, of children who hawk evening papers in the streets of all our towns and cities.

From the ages of six and seven, half-starved and often half-clothed infants are thrust upon the streets from early morning until more than midnight, in all weathers and among all grades of morality.

In an appalling number of cases these children do not attend school. Their homes are in parks and alleys. Their teachers are the sights they see and the sounds they hear around them. In almost all cases they are past graduates in the school of vice before the first of the "teens" is reached, and they live but to propagate recruits for our criminal corps.

Subjected to practically no restraint, the newsboy is, at an unnatural age, his own master in a business that offers more inducements to dishonest than to honest practices.

Deplorable as is the condition of trade morals among persons of ripe years, how much more to be deplored is the condition of a business chiefly composed of children? The newsboy does not question whether it is right or wrong for him to sell a *Third Edition* as a *Ten-o'clock Special*. He refolds a dirty used copy of an early issue, picked up from the pavement, and foists it for late stop-press news to the hurrying passer-by. He gets rid of surplus morning stock by making suburban streets echo with startling news which may, or may not, be contained in only a few later issues mixed in his bundle—small matters in themselves, but yet the steady drip that ultimately undermines the moral structure. Of course, in each case the power to punish lies in the hand of the defrauded party. But who, for the loss of one halfpenny, will take the trouble to drag before a magistrate some hapless youngster who was only adopting a trick which long custom has taught him to consider legitimate "smartness"?

But the newsboy does not solely rely upon the sale of papers for an income. His treasury is substantially augmented by several systems of begging. The scramble among several lads for the

privilege of preserving my lady's summer frock from contact with the muddy wheel of a hansom-cab is not prompted by any sense of gallantry, as the foreigner sometimes innocently believes, nor is it even inspired by the hope that the attention will be rewarded by the purchase of a paper. Indeed, the young courtier would be greatly surprised if it were. But observe his expressive face and listen to the sarcastic remarks, communicated at the pitch of his voice to his companions across the street should obsequious hat-touching and humble murmurs fail to evoke the lady's generosity to the extent of a "brown." The polite opening of carriage-doors is included in the same category of street-begging, and many a nimble finger finds a means of substantially rewarding the gallant during that same act of courtesy.

It is patent that the obvious theory is, that any service is worthy of monetary recompense; but an action, to be a service, must primarily add to the mental or bodily welfare of the recipient. The railway-porter who presses on you such attentions as you do not desire or need; the waiter who hovers in your vicinity for ten minutes in order to hand you your hat; the blind man who camps at the corner and reads with his fingers what he has long since learned by rote; or the aforementioned newsboy who keeps your overcoat from contact with the carriage-wheel—each of which attentions are superfluous—are all imagined to come under the heading of "value received." Practically they but represent a system of mere begging, and, as such, are as demoralising to a community as picking pockets.

Promiscuous living by means of preying on the generosity of others must always be detrimental to society, and when this mode of obtaining a livelihood is common to so large a class as that of newsboys—a class which has existed for so many years—the result must be a lower standard of morals than should be permitted to exist.

When considering the proposed reformation of any race or social class, there are two questions that should precede any such endeavour.

First: *Do you, in the effort for improvement, anticipate the co-operation of the class itself?*

Second: *Does the proposed reformation offer equal or better prospects than the existing ones?*

Taking personal investigation as the only rational basis for argument, the writer's answer to the first question is unhesitatingly affirmative. A child of tender years does not naturally adopt the precarious calling of a paper-hawker, as, through the combined influences of a naturally venturesome spirit and sensational literature, he turns his attention to a military, seafaring or other profession. There can be little romance in the prospect of sleet and wind

penetrating scanty clothing; or bigger boys elbowing the young new-comer out of each lucrative "pitch"; of the often fruitless effort to sell one's wares where competition is so strong. Most boys are influenced by the romantic when deciding the future; but, whatever attractions may be attached to a promiscuous life after it has become a habit, it cannot offer many inducements to the infant who, by stress of home circumstances (or homeless circumstances), finds that newspaper-hawking is the only business for which he is fitted by years and physique.

To these younger recruits the prospect of an improved condition would certainly be welcome. Those to whom the life with its accompanying nervous excitements has become a fixed habit are more difficult to deal with; but it is within the knowledge of the writer that newsboys up to the age of fifteen, or even seventeen, are not unwilling to grasp any prospect of betterment, provided the offer is not accompanied by "preaching," tracts, or unsolicited moral advice. The tract method has been tried with no appreciable results. So has gratuitous sermonising. But a roast potato or a cup of coffee, administered to a yearning stomach on a cold night, will open a boy's heart quicker than a bushel of edifying literature.

The satisfactory answer to the second question is one which, by means of a little legislation, might easily be made positive, and that answer would be supplied though the medium of a licence.

As has been already suggested, the calling of a city unlicensed newsboy is the gateway to vagabondage. The blackmailer, the pickpocket, the highway robber comes largely from this class—criminals who are under no police supervision until they carelessly stumble into the arms of the law.

What, then, is the cause of such a condition of affairs?

Mainly because good lungs form the chief qualification of an aspiring newsboy, and immorality the second. The sooner he becomes "crooked," the earlier will be his chances of success. Failure on the part of the public to recognise the position of a certain calling among legitimate trades is to deprive the followers of that business of their self-respect, and consequently their respect of social ethics. Elevate that calling by means of a licence, as in the case of the medical, clerical, or other professions, and the humblest worker is on the same plane as the highest, while self-respect instinctively begins to create laws for its own sustenance.

The first step, therefore, in the scheme of improvement must be the imposition of a nominal tax, accompanied by parallel benefits and penalties, as have been found necessary when dealing with other callings. Not only would the licence system control the class to a great extent, but it would more easily lead to the punishment of those parents who turn their children out of doors in order to

relieve parental obligations. Of course such an enactment would necessitate a demand on the public purse; but, apart from a mere ethical standpoint, surely the licence system would be less drain from the commonwealth than the support of young criminals in prisons, reformatories, and industrial schools.

Following the licence, there are many ideas for improvement that might be sensibly suggested as conducive to the work of advance. The most important steps would probably be taken by the newsboys themselves in the form of unions. &c. But little or nothing can be done prior to the attainment of the primary aim; and, when that is accomplished, it will be time enough to speak of supplementary aids.

ARGYLL SAXBY.

INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[*Under the above title a limited portion of* THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW *is occasionally set apart for the reception of Articles which contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object is to facilitate the expression of opinion by writers of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editor and from each other.*]

IS AN ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND DESIRABLE?

AT a time when certain enthusiasts and academic dreamers, on both sides of the Atlantic, are ringing the changes on the theme that "blood is thicker than water," and asserting that England and America are for ever wedded in a union of hearts, it is, perhaps, pertinent to inquire whether such sentimental alliance is not largely imaginary and wholly misleading.

"The only light vouchsafed me to guide my wandering footsteps is the lamp of experience," once declared Henry Clay, in the Senate, in the course of a speech on the tariff. To employ this light in examining our relations with England, during the past hundred years, might be advisable before reaching a conclusion as to the probable permanence and advantage of any alliance, official or otherwise, between the two countries.

Of the hundred odd Presidential messages that have been submitted to Congress since the beginning of the Government, it is significant to note that some eighty of these—nearly three-fourths of the total number—have had to direct the attention of Congress to outstanding difficulties with England. And to messages of this class all the Presidents, save three—W. H. Harrison, Taylor, and Garfield, each of whom died before barely taking up the reins of office—have contributed.

Though the chance for further complications arising out of the old Clayton-Bulwer treaty now seems happily removed by the signing of the Hay-Pauncefote convention, the determination of the Alaska boundary line, and of other questions affecting Canada and the West Indies, still leaves a loophole for the entrance of much trouble in the future. Indeed, as Dr. A. B. Shaw points out, in an able

article in the March number of the *American Review of Reviews*, Canada in its present condition will always be a growing menace to the advancement and security of the United States. Under such circumstances, a durable alliance between England and America is well-nigh impossible. A repetition of any such occurrence as the "*Caroline* affair," in 1837, when "a body of British troops entered the territory of the United States, seized the *Caroline*, which, it was claimed, had rendered some sort of service to the rebellious Canadians, set her on fire and allowed her to drift over the Falls of Niagara," would rupture any alliance in twenty-four hours. Yet the Canadians are now about to double their militia, bringing its total strength up to nearly that of the entire militia force of the United States; the further strengthening of Esquimault, Halifax and other naval stations has been pushed forward with almost feverish haste; while the most recent revenue cutters in the service of Canada on the Great Lakes are armed with torpedo tubes and ram bows. There can be but one possible antagonist against whom these warlike preparations are being made.

To learn how suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, causes of serious difficulty between the two nations may arise, one has only to look back to the spring of 1896, when, for weeks, war over the question of Venezuela hung in the balance. The execution by Lord Salisbury of a volte face more complete than that of Secretary Seward, in 1861, alone prevented this calamity, for President Cleveland was supported by the American people with an unanimity little appreciated in England at the time.

Even more rapid was the change of feeling, on the part of England, at the time of our Civil War. Only a few short months before the firing on Fort Sumter, the then Prince of Wales—now King Edward VII.—paid an extended visit to the United States. He received an enthusiastic and cordial welcome on every hand. After his return home, the British Minister at Washington, in conveying the thanks of the Queen, asserted "the sincerity of those sentiments of esteem and regard which her Majesty and all classes of her subjects entertain for the kindred race which occupies so distinguished a position in the community of nations." The London *Times*, the London *News*, the London *Post*—the entire British Press in fact—vied with one another in uttering cordial sentiments, and dwelt upon "the close alliance of the great Anglo-Saxon family." But in less than six months all was changed, and these same papers were rejoicing over the initial victories of the Confederates, and hounding on the Government to join with the latter in giving the quietus to "the *late* United States," as even Lord John Russell thought fit to designate the friendly nation whose courtesy and hospitality to the Prince of Wales he had just acknowledged. The feeling in America, first of surprise, and then of bitter resentment,

was naturally great when it was found that the sentiments of esteem and friendship for the United States, so recently proclaimed throughout England, "hung by a rotten fibre o' cotton," which snapped before the echoes of the first gun fired in Charleston Harbour had fully died away.

A few weeks later, when the episode in connection with the *Trent* occurred, the English fairly lost their heads. Without waiting to hear the side of the United States Government, or even to learn the actual facts, an ultimatum was launched, British troops were poured into Canada, the arsenals were kept working day and night, while "the English newspapers, with very few exceptions, used their utmost endeavours to stir up the indignation and war spirit of the British people. The most violent abuse and malignant hatred of everything American was exhibited, not only in the ordinary newspapers, but in the conservative reviews and quarterlies." And all this outcry was occasioned by the single unauthorised act of one American captain, whereas British officers had claimed and exercised the same right of search and capture from American vessels in actually thousands—the British Government admitted 3,500 instances—of cases. As Lowell pithily puts it, in his inimitable poem, "Jonathan to John":

> "When your rights was our wrongs, John,
> You didn't stop for fuss—
> Britanny's trident prongs, John,
> Was good 'nough law for us.
> Old Uncle S., sez he, 'I guess,
> Though physic's good,' sez he,
> 'It doesn't follow
> That he can swallow
> Prescriptions signed "J. B.,"
> Put up by you an' me!'"

In his valuable book, *The "Trent" Affair*, Professor Thomas L. Harris gives a most interesting and impartial discussion of this critical incident and its attendant circumstances. A perusal of this careful and exhaustive inquiry will satisfy most Americans that professions of friendship by foreign nations call for the closest scrutiny.

Recent diplomatic revelations seem to show, too, very conclusively, that even at the time of our late war with Spain the much-vaunted British support was chiefly imaginary—if indeed not constructively hostile—until our superiority was assured by a sweeping victory, which annihilated the enemy's fleet without the loss of a single American sailor. Since then all the leading Powers of Europe have been desirous of proving the sentiments of esteem and friendship they held for us in our hour of trial. But England, by making a scapegoat of the late able and lamented Lord Pauncefote, has only succeeded in placing herself in an unenviable position in regard to the whole matter.

The American Consul during the war with Spain at one of the two largest cities in Scotland, personally informed the writer that the average Scotchman met on the train, in the street, at the clubs, frankly avowed his sympathy with the Spaniards in the early days of the war. It was only after our triumph was an assured fact that the canny Scot—not always an "unspeakable Scot"—changed front, and began to boast of a common kinship and the ties of blood.

The following extract from the *Puritan* of October, 1898, throws an interesting side-light on the attitude of the London "man in the street," in regard to the same matter:

"At a recent exhibition of the biograph in a London music-hall a number of Spanish and American subjects were shown, and it was curious to note the popular attitude.

"Portraits of Sampson, Schley, Dewey, and all our commanders were received with chilly indifference, while Cervera brought down the house. McKinley received a certain amount of favour, but a representation of the *Maine* leaving New York Harbour was actually and spontaneously hissed.

"It was not the lowest class, the real people, nor the higher, but an assembly of Britons, coming generally from the lower middle strata. The denunciation was somewhat disheartening to the Americans present, who had gone with innocent faith in the international good-will of the hour."

Although Mr. Richard Harding Davis has always been a great admirer and champion of the English people, his experiences and observations in South Africa as depicted in his book, *With Both Armies*, might well be taken to heart by those enthusiasts among us who see the consummation of all their hopes in some future entangling alliance with the conquerors of the little Boer Republics.

That such a union would redound to England's benefit and security there can be little doubt. As it is, the final success of her arms in South Africa has been largely due to the unlimited supplies of horses, mules and munitions of war furnished by the great Republic of the West. The gaining as ally of a virile nation containing double the population of the British Isles, a nation, too, whose wealth and resources are unrivaled, and possessing in addition a growing and efficient navy that has never yet suffered defeat, might well prove "a feather in the cap" of any English statesman at the present time. The corresponding benefit to ourselves, however, is not so obvious, while the dangers and complications that such an alliance would certainly entail are patent to every thoughful observer of the trend of modern events.

Most of our disputes in the past and the majority of our years of foreign warfare have been with England. Any international difficulties and complications in the future seem likely to be with the same power, or some one of her colonies. The American people is no longer a mere off-shoot of the English race, if this ever

was strictly the case. We are now a great cosmopolitan nation whose components contain the best blood of many races. Fifteen million Germans, or those of German parentage, and ten millions of Irish descent are in our midst. While such are among our best and most loyal citizens, it is not doubtful, for a moment, how they would regard an alliance with England, under any circumstances. And their feelings have as much right—nay, a far better right, to be considered than the feelings or aspirations of that relatively small class of Americans who pay yearly visits to London, and who pride themselves, when at home, on being mistaken for Englishmen.

It is worthy of remark, too, that, with unimportant exceptions, "the relations of the United States with the various countries of Continental Europe have always been of the most friendly and agreeable character." France assisted us in winning our Independence, and furnished our sturdy forefathers timely and substantial aid in their long eight years' struggle with England. Russia has always been our steadfast friend, and, had war resulted over the "*Trent* affair," in 1861, she was prepared to join with us in a third trial of strength with a power we had twice successfully encountered. Though many English, and a few unwise American, writers have endeavoured, of late, to conjure up the menace of a probable agression on the part of Germany in South America, the fact remains that the only danger in this quarter we have thus far encountered has been of English, and not of German, origin.

In a recent book, *Blue Shirt and Khaki. A Comparison*, by Mr. James F. J. Archibald, the well-known American war correspondent, the following significant passage occurs:—

"There is no doubt that the English-speaking peoples should stand together. But my recent experience at the seat of war, in London, and at other European capitals, has convinced me, against my will, that we must be slow in having faith that England is our friend. If the occasion required she would not hesitate to point her guns towards us, and her friendship would be turned to hostility in an hour. More true friendliness towards America exists in Germany or Russia to-day than in England. There is a serious fallacy in the premise that because we speak the language of England we are more closely allied to that country than to any other."

And such, too, has been the conclusion forced upon the present writer—also against his will—after a three years' residence in Europe, during which he has made the attempt to study this question in all its aspects.

We shall do well, then, to cling to the policy enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, and, as regards the English, "acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war; in peace, friends."

ALAN P. GILMOUR.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

EVOLUTIONISTS will welcome a new volume from the pen of Prof. J. M. Baldwin[1] who has been so active and successful in the application of the principles of evolution to mental phenomena. The broad principle of evolution being now almost universally accepted further progress lies chiefly in the working out of details and in the elucidation of facts which may at first sight appear to be at variance with that principle. It is especially in the direction of psychophysical evolution that more light is needed and Prof. Baldwin does much to fill up the numerous gaps still existing. The chapter on Selective Thinking is specially suggestive, although the author carefully avoids laying down a hard and fast line in connection with a subject which is still in its infancy. Not the least valuable feature of Mr. Baldwin's work is the kindly, but thorough, criticism of the views of others who are working in the same direction. The dedication of the volume to Messrs. Morgan, Osborn, and Poulton is an indication of a friendly feeling which is not always found among colleagues in scientific work. The problem of aërial navigation has recently attracted so much attention that there must be a considerable demand for reliable information upon the subject. Mr. F. Walker has collected a number of data with regard to various schemes for navigating the air[2] and has added to them some remarks on aërostatics, aërodynamics, screw propulsion, and cognate subjects. The numerous illustrations give much assistance in the study of the proposed air-ships and the descriptions are, in general, clear and concise. Most readers would, however, like to have some expression of opinion from the author as to the working of such of the aërostats as have been tested. For instance, we have a short description of Count von Zeppelin's air-ship; but not a word of reference to the interesting trial trips made with it. Professor Langley's aërodrome, again, is dismissed with a dozen lines of description in which there is nothing to indicate that the apparatus has ever been tested. All who are familiar with the subject will recollect that this is the only

[1] *Development and Evolution.* By J. M. Baldwin. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

[2] *Aërial Navigation.* By F. Walker. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1902.

mechanical air-ship which has flown successfully. Dr. Barton is said to have built an air-ship in the United States; but from the particulars given by Mr. Walker the air-ship designed by Dr. Barton of Beckenham, Kent, is clearly referred to. Those interested in aëronautics are aware that Dr. Barton is now constructing an air-ship for the English War Office, and that hitherto his system has been tested by means of models only. On the whole we cannot recommend Mr. Walker's book as a reliable source of information on current aëronautics. The Smithsonian Institution has published a useful *List of Observatories* as No. 1259 of the *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections*.[1] In it are included not only the astronomical and meteorological laboratories; but also those in which observations are carried out for purposes of instruction. The list appears to be accurate on the whole; but we notice that the address of our National Physical Laboratory is given as Richmond, Surrey. The correct address is Bushey House, Teddington, Middlesex. The classification of the valuable technical library of the Patent Office continues to make excellent and, considering the magnitude of the task, rapid progress. A subject list of *Works on Domestic Economy, Foods, and Beverages*[2] has just appeared and maintains the high standard of the previous volumes of the same series. Visitors to remote parts of the country are often puzzled by the names given to local birds, which names are not always easy to identify. Mr. C. L. Hett has published a *Glossary of British Birds*[3] which will render identification a simple matter, containing, as it does, nearly 3000 names of British birds. As the actual number of birds is 376 there are evidently many synonyms, and these figures alone prove the necessity for the task which Mr. Hett has brought to so successful a termination. Scientific men will find much that is new to them in Mr. G. Campbell's *Revolution in the Science of Cosmology*;[4] in fact the author has discovered some startling facts which have hitherto escaped the notice of those who ought to have been in a position to observe them. We feel some diffidence in reviewing so original a work, as the author, with the true modesty of a citizen of Oswego, Kansas, says: "This book is *a revolution in science*, and is so complete that it has been called *the true theory of creation*, &c." Incidentally the Bible is mentioned and approved of so far as it supports Mr. Campbell's theories. Among the more remarkable of the discoveries made by Mr. Campbell we may mention the following: The mountain systems of the world are formed of rocks thrown from the interior, many miles above the surface of the earth, which fell

[1] *List of Observations.* Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, 1259. Washington: Smithsonian Institution. 1902.

[2] *Subject List of Works on Domestic Economy, Foods, and Beverages.* Bibliographical Series, No. 6. London: Patent Office. 1902.

[3] *A Glossary of British Birds.* By C. L. Hett. London: Sotheran & Co. 1902.

[4] *A Revolution in the Science of Cosmology.* By G. Campbell. London: Sampson, Low & Co. 1902.

back into the chasms and outside the chasms in a confused mass. There are vast deposits of animal matter for thousands of miles along the northern coast of Siberia and extending far into the interior country. "The frightened brutes huddled together on the higher grounds, and as the waters rose the stronger beasts climbed to the backs of the weaker ones, until all perished." It must have been a touching spectacle, this leap-frog game of mammoths extending over thousands of miles. Mr. Campbell's fancy is not much fettered by time or space; for instance, he has discovered that there are stratified rocks on Jupiter amounting to 2500 miles in thickness. How they have been formed is not quite clear; but "tramp comets" seem to be a main constituent. Chemists will find some interesting facts recorded, such as the presence of liquid air in the far north, where "in winter the air is often liquefied, and falls as rain." The atmosphere is said to consist mainly of hydrogen, which constitutes about four-fifths of its bulk. Mr. Campbell tells us that he has been a professor and teacher of the natural sciences for many years; if so there must be some original scientists developing up Kansas way.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

In his *Priests and People in Ireland*[1] Mr. Michael J. F. McCarthy presents a heavy indictment against the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland. To show that such indictment is well and truly laid is the object of this book, which is the first to exhibit to the public the effect of the priesthood upon the daily lives of the Irish people. In his survey of priestly organisation Mr. McCarthy conclusively proves that it is directed chiefly and almost wholly to the achievement of objects diametrically antagonistic to national interests. The primary object is its own selfish aggrandisement. Religion is quite a secondary matter. Everything is subsidiary to the acquisition of wealth, and to attain this even the domestic drudge is sweated of her hardly-earned wages. The author is a Roman Catholic and an Irishman, and he cannot therefore be accused of religious or anti-national bias. In fact, he has instituted a campaign which, as he states, is neither pleasant nor unattended with risk. His attack is not directed against religion but against priestcraft, with all its attendant and necessary evils. He attacks ecclesiasticism from the political, not

[1] *Priest and People in Ireland.* By Michael J. F. McCarthy, B.A., T.C.D., Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co., Ltd. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd. 1902.

from the religious, standpoint. The policy of the priesthood is not, he writes, "a policy of forbearance, but of religious intolerance and bigotry, which is ultimately bound to develop into religious persecution; and is destined to eventuate, either in revolution or, as seems more probable at the moment, in the undermining of individual and corporate morality, in the emasculation of our people's character, and in the rancorous wasting of national decline." The hold of the priesthood upon the Nationalist Members of Parliament may be seen in the action of the Irish representatives over the Education Bill, a Bill ignoring the most elementary principles of representation and taxation. Amongst the numerous odious customs of collecting money, mentioned by Mr. McCarthy, those of "selling the bride-cake" and "collecting on the coffin," both sanctioned by the Irish Church, are the most degrading. The work is a terrible exposure of priestcraft, and it is to be hoped that the courage displayed by Mr. McCarthy will not be thrown away. There are numerous interesting illustrations.

To see ourselves as others see us is always interesting if some time unpleasant. In the arrogance of our Western civilisation we are too apt to treat with contempt everything that is Oriental. *Papers from a Viceroy's Yamen, A Chinese Plea for the Cause of Good Government and True Civilisation in China*,[1] by Ku Hung-Ming, Secretary-Interpreter to H. E. Chang Chih-Tung, Viceroy of Huknang, comes as a timely reminder that we have still something to learn from the heathen Chinee. One of the chief causes of unrest in China is, says Ku Hung-Ming, the missionary, an evil denounced even by Lord Salisbury, much to the astonishment of his clerical supporters. The true policy is not that of the "open door," but the policy of "Let the Chinaman alone." As long as foreigners reside within the empire they must be adequately controlled. The only appearance of such control in all China is, says Ku Hung-Ming, the British Supreme Court in Shanghai. The real anarchy of the world is not in China, but in Europe and America. The masses in the latter countries lack honesty of intellect. Theirs is the honesty of what will pay best. There is no doubt a great deal of truth in these allegations of the author, but his admission that after eighteen years service under the Empress he is still in the same position as when he entered it, and that this is due to the malign influence of the "foreign devils," may possibly, to some extent, have prejudiced the author's mind against Western civilisation. Nevertheless there is some hard hitting, not only at our expense, but also at that of France and Germany. Ku Hung-Ming is especially down on our insular pride and religious cant, both of

[1] *Papers from a Viceroy's Yamen: A Chinese Plea for the Cause of Good Government and True Civilisation in China.* By Ku Hung-Ming, M.A. Printed and Published at the *Shanghai Mercury*, Ltd. 1901.

which render us so deservedly unpopular on the Continent. Our American cousins will not feel flattered by the author's bird's-eye view of their national characteristics, and having swallowed our own pill, we are at leisure to watch the discomfiture of our Continental neighbours and kinsmen across the water. This is intended as a serious political work, and so it is, but it is none the less most entertaining. Ku Hung-Ming is never dull.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

EXCEPT a *brochure* written by that eminent zoologist, Dr. A. G. Ohlin, Docent in the University of Lund, very little indeed is known about Tierra del Fuego. We have now before us, from the pen of Sir Martin Conway—President of the Alpine Club and Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge—a singularly interesting book of climbing, travel, and exploration, entitled *Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego*,[1] and furnished with twenty-seven illustrations and a map. "Home-staying folk think of this land of the future (*i.e.*, the Patagonian Pampas) as far away, and of the dwellers there as exiles. To my thinking it is the townsmen of Europe who are the exiles; the pioneers the people dwelling at the centre of the world's life. . . . The townsman possesses the small experience of one who dwells in a house and goes to an office. He touches the wider world only through written media. . . . Turn him adrift in a pathless country and he is non-plussed. Make a soldier of him and set him to fight a mere ignorant Boer, he tumbles straight into an ambush, or becomes hopelessly mazed in a country that is not a flat plain. But for occasional wars our town-dwelling folk would become utterly worthless except as men of business. Sentimental philanthropy poisons their judgment of the laws of life. They lose touch of realities and sink into the mere ruts and sloughs of civilisation. It is they who are the real outsiders." This book possesses, moreover, a certain pathetic interest from the fact, as the veteran explorer informs us in the "Preface," that this is the last book of travel that he intends to write.

[1] *Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego.* By Sir Martin Conway. London: Cassell & Co. 1902.

BELLES LETTRES.

MR. H. THISELTON MARK is not only the author of several noteworthy contributions to the literature of Education, but is also Master of Method, at Owen's College, Manchester. In *The Teacher and the Child*[1] he treats with admirable lucidity certain aspects of education, especially the moral training of young children, from a scientific point of view. His primary aim is to afford Sunday-school teacher aids and suggestions in their work. "The difference between the educational three R's and the educational three H's" (the training of the head, the hand, and the heart) "is a very notable one, both as it portends a valuable or a half-wasted use of the golden years of childhood, and as it bears within it prospects of dulness of interest or quickened enjoyment for all future days. It is becoming imperative that English people should begin to think more earnestly of the meaning and the performance of their schools, if in all that goes to make a great nation we are not to be left behind by others more progressive than ourselves."

After an absence of nearly thirty years, Mr. Morrison Davidson, found himself, so he tells us in *Scotland for the Scots*,[2] once more in his old Edinburgh haunts for a few fleeting days. He also found —a fact which he does not deplore—Calvinism as "dead as a door-nail," though still hypocritically pretending to be alive, and Mammon, Scotland's God. "And not only has the Scot lost, or is fast losing all taste for genuine letters, but even the passionate love of the beauties of his own land, voiced by Allan Ramsay, Burns, Scott, and a host of minor poets, is deserting him. He has sacrificed the fall of Foyers to aluminium, and he would sacrifice for Leyden's "yellow slave" his very soul, if he can any longer be said to have one. Mammon, pure and simple—sheer money, and not even money's worth—is the new idol of Scotland as of her Sister Kingdom." We are quite prepared to endorse every charge in this grave indictment. Several other circumstances have combined to intensify Mr. Davidson's wrath and sharpen his trenchent pen, to wit the success of the Imperial troops in South Africa; the appearance of Mr. Crosland's book *The Unspeakable Scot;* and the heartless apathy of Scots in general to the financial needs of "The Scottish Home Rule Association." The amazing ignorance of history, displayed in styling the reigning monarch of the United Kingdom Edward VII. of Scotland, which provoked from Lady Florence a letter of angry remonstrance,

[1] *The Teacher and the Child: Elements of Moral and Religious Teaching in the Day School, the Home, and the Sunday School.* By H. Thiselton Mark, B.A., B.Sc. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902.

[2] *Scotland for the Scots: Scotland Revisited.* By Morrison Davidson, Barrister-at-Law. London: F. R. Henderson. 1902.

is treated by Mr. Davidson with the contempt it deserves. Mr. Davidson writes admirable English. However disputable the value of his pet theories may be, there is no blinking the fact that he is one of the ablest pamphleteers of the day.

Except for a certain readiness, displayed by Mr. Frederic Harrison, to hail in *John Ruskin*[1] a genuine, though unconscious, fellow-disciple of Auguste Comte, the criticism of his latest biographer is remarkable for its sanity. Mr. Frederic Harrison says, when speaking of his own claims to undertake this delicate task: "If admiration, affection, common ideals, aims, and sympathies, can qualify one who has been bred in other worlds of belief and, hope to judge fairly the life-work of a brilliant and noble genius, then I may presume to tell all I knew and all I have felt of the 'Oxford graduate' of 1842, who was laid to rest in Coniston Churchyard in 1900." Mr. Harrison is not blind to the radical defects of Ruskin's entire teaching. "He undertook to found a comprehensive scheme of the imaginative faculties on a creed which he had imbibed as a child, and held with child-like fervour, without any solid study of its philosophy, or its history, or its social fruits. . . . As in theology, so in history; as in art, so in economics, Ruskin was perpetually constructing *à priori* out of his own head new schemes and theories, without any serious or systematic knowledge of theology, or history, or economics, or even art." Much of his latter work is incoherent raving and reckless diatribe, varied by fitful outbursts of rhapsody such as *The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century.*" His place in literature was fixed for ever by his *Modern Painters, The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, memorable for its *purpurei panni*, its rhetoric, and display of word-painting—and *The Stones of Venice.*

Remorse and other Essays,[2] by Harry Tighe, is a collection of six psychological studies, two of which carry us into dreamland. But how the title "essays" came to be applied to them is a riddle which we feel ourselves incapable of solving to our entire satisfaction. Possibly the publishers thought it prudent to avoid calling them "short stories"—which they really are—because of a silly prejudice, on the part of a large section of the British public, against fiction which does not take the form of novels. Mr. Tighe grapples with several tough problems of life from the standpoint of a Broad Churchman. These stories are admirable in thought and expression.

Gleanings of a Long Life,[3] by Georgiana Lady Blomfield, is a handsome volume of extracts in prose and verse which have afforded

[1] *John Ruskin.* By Frederic Harrison. London: Macmillan & Co. 1902.
[2] *Remorse and other Essays.* By Harry Tighe. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.
[3] *Gleanings of a Long Life.* Edited by Georgiana Lady Blomfield. London: John and Edward Bumpus. 1902.

their compiler both pleasure and instruction. These extracts range over a singularly wide field of modern English literature, with, here and there a noble passage taken from some French, German, or Latin author. The entire collection is permeated with a liberal Christian spirit which is not merely tolerant of, but is enthusiastic for, all that is admirable in art and letters. With commendable modesty, Lady Blomfield has relegated her own verses to the end of the book. A portrait of the author adorns the frontispiece.

Pluck and *Buttons*,[1] by John Strange Winter, are a new edition of two military stories. In the former a beautiful heiress is forced by circumstances to give her hand to one man whilst her heart belongs to another; in the latter a young and handsome officer resigns his commission in order to marry the daughter of a sergeant in his own regiment. Neither story possesses much literary merit, but both *Pluck* and *Buttons* will, no doubt, be enjoyed by readers who admire light fiction of the kind to which the author of *Bootle's Baby* has accustomed them.

Mr. A. R. Waller's translation of *Molière's Plays* (1664–1665)[2] will be appreciated by two classes of readers, viz., those who possess no knowledge of French at all, and those whose knowledge of French is insufficient to enable them to translate seventeenth-century writers without assistance from teachers or annoted text-books. Mr. Waller was well-advised in not attempting a verse-rendering of *Tartuffe*. His translation of that play and also of *Le Festin de Pierre* and *L'Amour Médecin* reads smoothly, and seems, so far as we have tested it, to be accurate. Pierrot's uncouth jargon is rendered into clodhopper English with remarkable skill. When the edition is complete it will be possible to arrange the volumes on the shelves in chronological order.

Charles Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*,[3] deservedly ranks as an English classic, but for children of a younger growth perhaps Miss Ada Baynes Stidolph's paraphrase of the *Merchant of Venice*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *As You Like It*, will be found more serviceable. Miss Stidolph can tell a story in a winsome way, and in language sufficiently attractive as to rivet the attention of a juvenile audience. The Very Rev. C. W. Barnett-Clarke, Dean of Capetown, contributes the preface to *The Children's Shakespeare*. This prettily bound book is well suited for a Christmas present.

In his Preface to *The Inner and Middle Temple: Legal, Literary, and Historic Associations*,[4] Mr. Hugh H. L. Bellot says: "Although much has been written concerning the Temple, curiously enough

[1] *Pluck* and *Buttons*. By John Strange Winter. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1902.
[2] *The Plays of Molière in French with a New Translation*. By A. R. Waller. London: Grant Richards. 1902.
[3] *The Children's Shakespeare*. "Merchant of Venice," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It." By Ada Baynes Stidolph. London: Allman & Son. 1902.
[4] *The Inner and Middle Temple: Legal, Literary, and Historic Associations*. By Hugh H. L. Bellot, M.A., B.C.L. London: Methuen & Co. 1902.

the subject has never yet been exclusively treated as a whole." So large is the literature directly and indirectly concerned with this fascinating subject that its bare enumeration occupies nearly eleven closely printed pages of the *Bibliography*. The book is written in an agreeable style, contains ninety excellent illustrations, and, moreover, a store of information which it would be vain to seek for elsewhere. These Inns of Court are survivals of a great legal university which flourished in mediæval times. For a long period, when the undergraduates of our ancient universities were mere boys —sons, for the most part, of yeomen, tenant-farmers, and artisans— the Inns of Court and Chancery provided an education which was not merely juristic and classical, but also a general training in the accomplishments befitting men of position. "There"—according to Sir John Fortescue, who wrote about 1463—"they learn to sing, to exercise themselves in all kinds of harmony. There also they practise dancing and other noblemen's pastimes, as they used to do which are brought up in the king's house." Mr. Bellot seems inclined to admit the truth of the serious charges, *e.g.*, those of *oscula inhonesta* and *spiritio super crucem*, brought against the Continental members of the Order of the Knights Templars, at any rate the French; but he rejects the evidence on which the rest were condemned. It must never be forgotten that these admissions of guilt were obtained by cruel tortures, and that the Knights were generally acquitted at most of the inquisitions outside France. Their chief crime undoubtedly was their enormous wealth, which excited the cupidity of Philip le Bel and his son-in-law, the weak and vacillating Edward II.

The marvellous career of the late Cecil Rhodes evidently suggested to Mr. Frank C. Lewis the groundwork of his clever novel, *A Modern Monarch*.[1] The plot is simple enough: a rich and ambitious young man is offered by the Foreign Office the post of Financial Adviser to the bankrupt Republic of Uralia. He takes out with him two old schoolfellows of his, and, in the course of years, makes their fortunes as well as his own. But one of them turns traitor, and nearly succeeds in ruining him both politically and financially. The crisis, however, while it still further strengthens his position as President of the now flourishing Republic, leaves him a plutocratic dictator with an unsatisfied heart. On returning to England, after an absence of twenty years, he sees the daughter of the girl who loved him in his youth. Then the vanity of worldly greatness, as compared with love, dawns upon him when it is too late, and the cry is wrung from him: "I have chosen the world for my mistress, I must serve her alone!"

The latest section of *The Oxford English Dictionary*[2] comprises

[1] *A Modern Monarch*. By Frank C. Lewis. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902.

[2] *The Oxford English Dictionary*. Edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray. Q (beginning of vol. viii.). Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

the whole of the letter Q. Comparatively few of the 1407 main words beginning with Q are of native origin, the most important being *quake, quean, queen, quell, quench, quern, quick,* and *quoth.* The Latin element (adopted directly, *e.g., quære, quantum, quarto, quondam, quorum,* &c.—or through French). *Qui vive,* literally "(long) live who?" is here proved to be a sentry's challenge, properly requiring an answer of the form (*vive*) *le roi, la France.* The principal words of doubtful etymology in this section are: *quaff, quail* vb., *qualm* sb., *quandary, queasy, queer, quibble, quill, quip, quirk, quiver* vb., *quiz,* and *quoit.* We have the following onomatopœic words, expressing the notion of shaking or trembling: *quab, quag, quagmire, quap, quave, quaver, quiver, quop.*

In *The Land of the Dons*[1] we have a thoughtful, veracious, and illuminative account of Spain, by Mr. Leonard Williams, late *Times* Correspondent at Madrid, author of *Ballads and Songs of Spain,* &c. Its first two chapters are devoted to ethnography and geography; in the third we are presented with a picture of a typical bourgeois family in their daily life. Popular literature, as evidenced by the folk-songs, *refranes, adivinanzas* (popular conundrums), *coplas* (stanzas), and *cantes flamencos* (mixtures of song with guitar-playing and dancing, which are so wide-spread in Andalusia)—are treated at considerable length, and sandwiched between two chapters on manners and customs. The Basque game of pelota, which is not unlike our racquets, fives, and bat-fives; the national *festas,* and bull-fighting are minutely and sympathetically described. The last chapters trace the political decadence of Spain from the fatal discovery of the New World by the caravels of Admiral Columbus. Mr. Williams is far too shrewd an observer to let his admiration of Spain blind him to her manifold shortcomings. Before she can hope to take her rightful place among European nations, her Civil Service must be drastically reformed, and the standard of popular education considerably raised. The illustrations are excellent, though comparatively few in number, and the general "get up" of the book reflects great credit on Messrs. Cassell & Co.

Kamala's Letters to her Husband[2] is a most extraordinary production. These letters appear too good to be genuine, and yet if they are not they are the creation of a very high order of imagination indeed. They purport to be written by a Hindu lady to an English barrister practising in India, whose professional duties compelled him to absent himself from his newly married wife for a twelvemonth. It was during this period that this correspondence took place. At first all is faith and trust in the husband Kamala loved so devotedly. The letters at this moment are full of domestic life in Hindu circles, criticisms and discussions upon Hindu beliefs and customs, more

[1] *The Land of the Dons.* By Leonard Williams. London: Cassell & Co. 1902.
[2] *Kamala's Letters to Her Husband.* Edited by R. Venkata Subba Rau, B.A., B.L. Madras; Mylapore: English Publishing House. 1902.

particularly than relating to marriage. Amongst thes picture of the five-day ceremonies attending a Hindu m have also some character sketches of both men and wo of the men we recognise as true to the life, and, the doubt but that the snap-shots of the inner life of ladi home are equally true. As we near the end we see h tattle and jealousies of a gossiping little town sow the picion in a highly-strung and sensitive mind. Hope d the heart sick. Kamala breaks down under the appointments of her husband's failure to return, ev hours, which he had repeatedly held out to her. For t does not seem to have been responsible. But the acquaintances were too much for Kamala. Her fear grew into conviction, and when at length her husban was only to find his wife a hopeless monomaniac.

POETRY.

THIS definitive edition, superbly bound and printed, of *Works of John Payne*,[1] bears a pathetic dedication t of Stéphane Mallarmé—"*esprit exquis et cœur d'or*"— representative of symbolism in France, and to whom h sonnet in French, recalling their evening strolls along the Serpentine. About eighty poems in this collection *Sine me, liber*, which serves for a preface, Mr. Pay dawn of the twentieth century thus:

> "This world which is to be is none of mine:
> Its Gods are not my Gods, not mine its aim.
> That which it counteth honour, I hold shame
> It setteth nought by what I deem divine.
> . . . . . .
> In such a world I were a soul in pine,
> A disinherited, discarded son,
> An unlaid ghost among an alien line."

He is master of many metres, nay of all, native and his ballad, *Sir Erwin's Questing*, with its haunting mel

> "Oh, whither, whither ridest thou, Sir Erwin?
> The glitter of the dawn is in the sky;
> And I hear the laverock singing,
> Where the silken corn is springing
> And the green and gold of summer's on the rye."

And compare it with the lilt of *Christmas Bells:*

[1] *The Poetical Works of John Payne.* Two vols. London: Print Society. 1902.

"O silver-chiming bells, in the misty Christmas morning,
Filling with glad ripples the frost-enlightened air,
What song is it you sing to us,
What tidings that you bring to us,
What burden that the clamours of your changeful cadence bear?"

A Last Lullaby owes an additional charm to its subtle alliteration:

"Into the rose-worlds of reverie, fairest, come follow me;
Cleave with me close to the skirts of the slackening day:
Be, ere the billows of blissfulness shadow and swallow me,
Hand in hand, heart in heart, woven with me for the Way."

The subjoined version of Charles d'Orléans' famous rondel, *Le temps a laissé son manteau* is worthy of the translator of François Villon:

"The year has cast its wede away
Of rain, of tempest and of cold,
And put on broidery of gold,
Of sunbeams bright and clear and gay.
There is no bird or beast to-day
But sings and shouts in field and fold,
'The year has cast its wede away
Of rain, of tempest and of cold.'"

"The silver fret-work of the May
Is over brook and spring enscrolled,
A blazon lovely to behold.
Each thing has put on new array:
The year has cast its wede away
Of rain, of tempest and of cold."

In the limited space at our disposal it is a sheer impossibility to do even scant justice to two such volumes of noble poetry as these before us. The time is not yet ripe for us to hazard more than a guess as to the place Mr. John Payne is destined to occupy on England's Parnassus. As past-master in the difficult and ungrateful art of translation from widely differing languages, he stands practically alone, his nearest rival being the late Sir Richard Burton; but when the history of nineteenth century poetry in England comes to be written, the author of this meagre review believes that posterity will place him between Tennyson and William Morris, side by side with Swinburne and D. G. Rossetti.

Ultima Verba,[1] by Alfred de Kantzow, are the poems of a thoughtful and widely travelled man, who, after brooding long and anxiously over the complex problem of human life, has found himself constrained to accept a vague and dreary form of pantheism:

"I seek the Deity: I wrestle most;
I who sit scorned outside the temple-gate—
In vigils of the night I keep my post;
Others are sure—I only watch and wait."

[1] *Ultima Verba*. By Alfred de Kantzow. Cameo Series. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902.

Again, in *The Last Words of Rabelais:*

"I feel I am divine, and the divine
I seek with longing—though the world should lapse—
My human body thus do I resign—
I die. I go to seek a great Perhaps."

He interrogates the brain—"a glow-worm shrouded in a glen"—and gets a mocking answer:

"A world of one inhabitant, the brain!
Temple not made with hands, yet made devout—
Ashes in death—it is returned again?
'Ask of the worms!' gibbered the goblin Doubt."

In *Myself*, a heart-cry fraught with an anguish akin to despair is audible:

"Not to the God of Moses can I pray—
Yet to some God I'm devotee and slave.
O Thou Unknown One, shed on me one ray,
And leave me not for ever in the grave!"

In *Vale*, his daughter's departure to India plunges him into a veritable abyss of hopeless grief:

"Ah! child of mine, though frantic I deplore,
Fate will not turn aside his set decree,
Nor time thy girlhood to my care restore;
Vale, vale, in eternum vale!"

His exquisite stanzas on *The Taj-Mahal at Agra* are, unfortunately, too long for quotation here, but we cannot resist reproducing his lyric *To a Child*, which is as tenderly pathetic as anything that Victor Hugo ever wrote:

"Thy look goes through and through me,
Thy manner hath beguiled;
Can such a thing undo me,
Little child?

"Thy years are all before thee—
As yet thou'rt undefiled—
May angel wings be o'er thee,
Little child!

"Thy prattle's filled with laughter,
O creature fair and wild;
Thou'rt gone, but I strain after,
Little child"

A portrait of the author forms the frontispiece of this volume, which in respect to paper, printing, and binding, reflects great credit on Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE

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THE LIBERAL DÉBÂCLE.

PARTY CLEAVAGE.

THE spectacle presented by one of the great political parties in the State during a period when issues unusually momentous called for determination, the spectacle of a house divided against itself, indicates a grave crisis in the history of the party, and one which must almost inevitably exercise a material influence on its future career. It is true that the crisis is supposed to have passed with the termination of the event in which it originated, and that there are signs of a partial reunion; but although a new rallying point has been found the old differences remain, and it is only by fixing the eye on an object of mutual antipathy that what would otherwise be conspicuous becomes crepuscular, and that an approach to a common focus has been temporarily attained. If wounds (not being fatal) heal in time, they nevertheless cannot be forgotten when they leave ugly scars; and, whilst "let bygones be bygones" is a very good injunction in certain cases, it does not always admit of performance, and there are occasions when it is positively pernicious. Dissensions which are due to a mere passing incident it is wise to bury in oblivion, but it is disastrous to attempt to ignore them when they spring from deep-seated causes and are far-reaching in their effects. The differences which prevailed in the ranks of the Liberal party were fundamental, and they still prevail; they might, under given conditions, result in the storm raging again with its old fury; in any case they have left their mark; in any case they point to a divergence concerning vital principles, and have therefore an indirect bearing on the destinies of the party. They related to questions of high imperial polity, and polity is of the essence of

party. Mr. Chamberlain has intimated, with an unimpeachable accuracy not always characteristic of his utterances, that the British Empire will remain though he should die to-morrow; and so long as the British Empire remains problems of empire will exist; and so long as problems of empire exist their solution is the business of politicians; and it is, in the main, the conflict of views with regard to the nature of the solution which differentiates the various groups. Hence, the moment such a conflict arises within the same group in connection with a problem of the first magnitude, the very existence of the group is imperilled; and to attempt to evade the danger by agreeing to differ is merely to adopt the inept process by which the ostrich blinds itself to its impending fate.

The segregation of the Liberal party has not only been emphasised, but is being more or less perpetuated, by the formation and continued existence of two organisations, with both of which it is impossible for the same individual to be indentified. The one known as the "League of Liberals against Aggression and Militarism" was born in the early days of the late war, has been of rapid growth, and embraces many prominent men. The other, of later birth, originally assumed the name of the "Imperial Liberal Council," and although in one sense short lived, yet as it "ultimately suffused itself gently into the soul" of another body, the present "Liberal League," it may be said to be, by a process of metempsychosis, very much in evidence, and to command influential support. Of course both Leagues disclaim any intention of hostility to Liberalism, and it is no doubt true that separate organisations may exist within the same ranks without being necessarily antagonistic. Nor, indeed, is there anything novel in the sectional division of a political party. The present generation has witnessed the inception of "Tory Democracy," a somewhat peculiar creed which was evolved by certain restless and ambitious spirits who, discontented with the stolidity of official Conservatism, sought to strike out a path for themselves. It has still a few adherents; but it sank into insignificance on the coalition of prominent Liberals with their normal opponents, and the formation of a new party under the title of "Unionists." The latter stands upon a different footing, and is a kind of hybrid partnership between men of reputedly incompatible general principles, formed for the purpose of defeating a particular project which they both regarded as peculiarly objectionable. It is not, however, in the "Constitutional party," as its members sometimes style themselves, that we must expect to find that divergence of opinion which not infrequently occurs amongst Liberals—and this for an obvious reason. To secure unity between men who are mainly concerned with upholding existing institutions is, naturally, much less difficult than to secure it between men who are mainly concerned with reforming such institutions. A progressive party, in

fact, cannot in the very nature of things be for long absolutely homogeneous. Its adherents may all agree as to the existence of evils or anomalies, but they will have their individual opinions, not only as to the methods of reform, but as to the relative importance of various items of their programme; whilst, for the promotion of each of the more prominent of those items Associations are usually called into being, and command the special support of different members of the party. In such circumstances sectional divisions are inevitable; and although there can, or at any rate ought to be, united action to secure the general objects of the body, absolute unity is scarcely possible. This in itself is not altogether to be deplored, for it tends to a kind of winnowing or clarifying process. But whether regarded as desirable or otherwise, it is too indubitable to render the creation of any new sectional organisation a matter of surprise, or even of importance, *per se*.

There seem, however, to be two clearly defined limits to the permissible heterogeneity between politicians claiming allegiance to the same progressive cause. The one is, that the endeavour to promote any single reform is not to be pursued so as to imperil the general forward movement; and the other is, that the division must not be of a character involving a conflict of first principles. These apparently obvious truths are not always borne in mind, and we have instances of both limitations being ignored. An illustration of the disregard of the first may, it is suggested, be found in the unfortunate tactics by which such a measure as Local Veto was placed in the front rank—a mistake which materially contributed to the defeat of the party. From the disregard of the second we get the cleavage of the ranks on the question of Imperialism, a cleavage with which this article is concerned, and which has resulted in the Liberal *débâcle*. For the cleavage goes to the root; and, if it does not kill, growth can only be independent. In other words, and dropping metaphor, we get two distinct parties.

Hence, the divergence is not in the nature of permissible heterogeneity. It can only arise from the failure, either to adequately apprehend first principles, or to consistently reduce them into action. Before, therefore, we can arrive at the ultimate cause of the disruption and determine with whom the responsibility lies, we have in the first place to ascertain what those principles are, and then to discover in what way they have been infringed. The point resolves itself into one of whether Imperialism conflicts with Liberalism; and this cannot be settled unless we have a clear and definite conception of Liberalism.

The Rationale of Liberalism.

What, then, is Liberalism? The question is one which, in view of the number of its adherents and the records of its achievements,

ought to command a ready response. And yet, simple though it seems, probably there are very few Liberals who could answer it off-hand in anything like a precise manner; and the chances are they would fall back upon illustrations, or, if they attempted a generalisation, would intimate that Liberalism consisted in the promotion of reform. But a creed is not to be defined by actions: these are the outcome of the creed; and the promotion of reform is in itself a vague and indeterminate phrase. Liberalism does not consist in a Newcastle programme, on the one hand, or in a clean slate, on the other. A programme is not only a very good, but a very necessary thing, provided we know how to draw it up; and a clean slate may possibly at times be useful, provided we know what to write upon it. But men are not Liberals because they advocate particular measures; on the contrary, they should advocate particular measures because they are Liberals; and they are certainly not Liberals because they freely apply the sponge, although it is of course possible that Liberalism may prompt them at times to take that course. Works spring from faith; they should give us a clue to the faith, but they do not constitute it; they are outward and visible signs, it may be of an inward and spiritual grace; but, before we can accept them as signs of grace, we must know what grace is. Liberalism indubitably induces a desire for reform; but reform does not consist in mere change, and change indeed may mean retrogression and not progress. Every suggested change, every proposed reform, every item of a programme, every species of propaganda, must be tested by some principle before it can be appraised. Conformity to the principles of Liberalism constitutes the test; it is by those principles that Imperialism must be judged. Therefore to answer the question of "what is Liberalism?" as a preliminary to the inquiry of whether or not Imperialism is in harmony with it, we have to ascertain what its fundamental principles are.

Now, although one would have thought that there could be no scope for original investigation into a matter of this kind, the fact seems to be that it would puzzle the majority of Liberals to reduce their beliefs to first principles, and that if they made the attempt they would by no means agree; indeed, it is the failure to firmly grasp such principles that is the chief cause of the vagaries and eccentricities which so frequently characterise the party of reform. Men see that society is imperfect, that injustice prevails, that the times are out of joint: there is much in their daily experience from which their moral nature revolts; some of them are themselves victims or scapegoats; and as the result, unless they are too apathetic, indifferent or cowed to take any interest in public affairs, they give in their adhesion to that political body which professes dissatisfaction with the existing condition of things, seeks to alter them, and inscribes on its banner the word "progress." But they do not get a philo-

sophic conception of their creed; it is not to them so much a principle as a programme; their Liberalism merely takes the form of advocating a number of measures, all of which are probably sound and beneficial, but which they are unable to trace to that common source from which such measures, if really Liberal, ought to spring. Hence, when some new problem arises, or some new departure is proposed—as, for instance, in the case of Ireland and Home Rule—many of them are perplexed, and may eventually decide to oppose what, if they had a guiding principle by which to test the problem or proposal, they would have seen it to be their duty to support.

And these characteristics are by no means peculiar to the rank and file of the party; they have been exhibited by some of its leading members. Several years ago Mr. Andrew Reid issued a small volume under the title of *Why I am a Liberal*, containing the answers given to that question by a number of prominent men; yet, despite the source from which they emanated, the answers were for the most part far from luminous. Some of the writers, although responding at length, seem to walk round the question; others deal with it in an illusory manner. Very few can be said to lay down a root principle or present us with a crystallisation of Liberalism; and reference need only be made to those dicta which are associated with names of the first rank, or to those which seem specially apt. Of course, the definition to which great weight attaches, and which is often quoted on account of its authoritative and epigrammatic character, is that of Mr. Gladstone, to the effect that Liberalism is trust in the people qualified by prudence, Conservatism being mistrust of the people qualified by fear. The qualification, however, opens a safe retreat for any weak-kneed Liberal, who, if charged with falling short of his creed, would calmly reply that he is simply actuated by prudence; whilst the definition seems to have the further defect that it regards Government from the statesman's rather than from the popular standpoint. Trust in the people is no doubt a sound principle for a Liberal Government, but when enunciated for the benefit of the people themselves it is simply an exhortation to self-trust or to trust of one another; and however good individual or mutual confidence may be, it is not the final word of Liberalism, nor does it suffice for the solution of political problems. Lord Rosebery's answer is inconsequential and characteristic: "Because I wish to be associated with the best men in the best work." Any honest politician of whatever creed (or a dishonest one, for a matter of that) would probably say the same thing; and all that the utterance amounts to is the expression of a pious opinion on the part of its author that the best men are Liberals and the best work that which they undertake. Browning contributed a poem in which he proclaims that Liberalism consists in the promotion of liberty; and Mr. Chamberlain

regarded it as the expression in politics of the law of progress. The first is no doubt practical, but scarcely sufficiently determinate by itself; and the second, whilst suggestive, does not afford substantial guidance. Mr. Broadhurst, however, comes near to the mark when he states that the object of Liberalism is to remove all obstacles erected by man which prevent all having equal opportunities; for, although this is not a definition, it is possible to evolve from it what perhaps is the most satisfactory definition at which we can arrive. And, again, Mr. Arthur Arnold tells us that Liberalism abhors inequality before the law; and Dr. Bennett declares himself a Liberal because he would have equal rights and laws; whilst Dr. Llewelyn Bevan gathers up Liberalism in the one word "equality"; and he further logically develops the idea with remarkable lucidity and brilliancy in some passages which may hereafter be pertinently quoted.

The definition of Liberalism which most nearly combines the three qualities of exactitude, conciseness and comprehensiveness is "the promotion of political equality;" in the doctrine of political equality is found the fundamental principle of Liberalism, although that doctrine no doubt admits of expansion, and there are corollated or allied principles. "Equality" *simpliciter*, as given by Dr. Bevan, if by that is meant absolute equality in all matters, is not possible, and perhaps not desirable. There are natural inequalities which it would be vain to attempt entirely to remove, and some of which give a charm to life and to man's intercourse with man. But there are also artificial inequalities, and these are generally mischievous—nature can take care of herself—and the conception of Liberalism is that it is safe, wise and beneficial to war against inequality; that equal rights and equal opportunities should be enjoyed by all, and that in proportion as this ideal is approached will the prosperity and happiness of the race be promoted. And the essence of that conception is found in the doctrine above referred to; in the principle that every man should stand in the same position before the law, that every man should have the same voice in the making of the law, that every man should have the same political privilege and responsibility. Political equality therefore involves self-government, for it cannot obtain under any other form of government. And, as a corollary of this, Liberalism demands that the aim of government should be the good of the community as a whole; that the object of legislation should be to promote the welfare, not of a particular section, but of all sections; and that, as special privileges can only be conferred upon some at the expense of others, the maintenance and extension of such privileges must be firmly resisted. Hence, monopoly, of whatever form, is repugnant to the spirit of Liberalism; and herein we get in one word, the key to every substantial item of the Liberal programme. Elaborate argu-

ments may be framed in favour of the abolition of an hereditary chamber, the disestablishment of the Church, the taxation of ground values, the municipalisation of the liquor traffic, and many other reforms; but they are all traceable to the common denominator that monopoly is bad. It is sometimes said that Liberalism pits the masses against the classes; but whilst Liberalism is undoubtedly concerned with the masses, and whilst the evils it seeks to remove generally bear with unequal severity upon one portion of the community—by far the larger, and as a rule the more helpless—a more accurate statement would be that Liberalism takes no cognisance of the classes as such, for in the masses all classes are included. But it does pronounce an emphatic veto upon class legislation, and can have nothing to do with "doles," whether to landlords, clergy, or the "friends" of the Government for the time being.

Associated with, if not involved in the fundamental principle, is the further principle of liberty; but herein it is worth noting that the former conception of liberty, the conception of the old Manchester school, the conception of Mr. Herbert Spencer to-day, has undergone considerable modification; and it is now seen that unrestricted liberty simply comes back to monopoly, and that the liberty of the individual must be consistent with the equal liberties of all. Hence the old doctrine of *laisser faire* has been frankly and freely abandoned, and the whole tendency of modern Liberal legislation (sometimes, it may be admitted, of Conservative legislation also, for reasons which need not here be investigated) has been largely socialistic in its nature. For it has become more and more recognised that political liberty is merely a means to an end, and that what is primarily requisite is economic freedom; that the liberty which permits a man to go without a dinner if he has not the means of paying for one, must yield to the freedom which permits all to labour for the requisites of healthy existence and to retain the products of their industry. It is to the grave disparity in the distribution of wealth—the result of monopoly—that to a great extent, not only political inequality, but social inequality is due; and whilst Liberalism is not communistic in the sense of seeking to bring about an equal distribution of wealth, it *is* concerned with the removal of that inequality which is due to privilege, and with the securing to all of the same opportunities and the same rights. And with this conception of liberty—a conception to which it is not of course suggested every Liberal has attained, though it is the logical outcome of his creed—the distinction between Liberalism and Socialism becomes less pronounced or important, the difference being largely one of methods; and not the least conspicuous achievement of Socialism is that it has to a great extent succeeded in infusing its spirit into the Liberal party and educated that party to a just appreciation of their own principles. Old age pensions, a graduated income tax, municipal

control of gas, water, and tramways, not to mention again items of the Liberal programme already referred to, are all reforms of a distinctively collectivist character; and if the Socialist is the sworn foe of monopoly, the consistent Liberal can scarcely regard it with less antagonism.

And now, we have only to apply to our intercourse with other nations this fundamental principle of political equality, with its allied principle of liberty, and we have the key to Liberal foreign policy. If we recognise the equal rights of individuals, we must recognise the equal rights of nations. If we abjure any distinction between the various units of the body politic, we must abjure any distinction between the various units of the cosmos politic. If we believe in self-government for ourselves, we must believe in self-government for others. If we claim the right to make our own laws, we must concede to foreign countries the right to make their own laws. If class supremacy or despotic rule is repugnant to us, national supremacy or despotic rule should be equally repugnant. If we object to privilege and monopoly within the community, we must object to privilege and monopoly by the community. In proportion as we claim the right to regulate our own conduct, to control our own affairs and work out our own salvation, must we accord to other races the same right, unless they should freely and voluntarily cast in their lot with us. If we would not ourselves permit coercion by alien States, we are debarred from employing coercion towards alien States; if we would suffer no dictation as to the management of our national concerns, we are forbidden to employ dictation as to the management of ultra-national concerns. Nor is the principle of political equality less applicable to international concerns; but here we are confronted with the fact that any one State may fail to observe it, and whilst intervention to compel its observance within that State would itself be a breach of the principle, intervention may be permissible when the breach affects other States. And that circumstances may arise in which intervention is justified, not to compel the observance of the principle within another State, but to prevent such a gross breach of it as outrages humanity, is only an exception which proves the rule. There are cases in which races of a lower type of civilisation, or even races which claim to be in the van of civilisation, are guilty of such tyranny, oppression and revolting cruelty, that it becomes the sacred duty of other Powers to see that these things shall not continue. But the limits of the intervention are, according to Liberal principles, clearly defined. The tyranny must be indisputable; it must not be of a petty character (since, though even then it is indefensible, the remedy is worse than the disease); and the intervention must be solely with the object of terminating such tyranny, must cease when the object is accomplished, and above all must be free from even the

suspicion of racial animosity and still more of self-interest. Indeed, by this last factor alone would it be almost safe to determine whether or not a legitimate case for interference has arisen, for nations will always be slow to take upon themselves the onus of attacking another Power from purely altruistic motives. As a rule they are actuated by national selfishness or by a spirit of hatred, jealousy or revenge; and, with all the wanton cruelty which has been perpetrated by nations, it would be difficult to find an instance in which there has been a forcible attempt to arrest it due to purely philanthropic or humanitarian zeal. So that we come back to the general rule that Liberals must concede to other nations the rights they claim for themselves, that the doctrine of political equality, if valid at all, is one not simply of national but of world-wide application. Mr. Gladstone was not only just and humane, but absolutely logical, when he bade us recognise the equality of the weak with the strong and the principles of brotherhood amongst nations and of their sacred independence. This is the only foreign policy consistent with Liberalism. We may sympathise with suffering abroad not less than at home; we may help to alleviate it by personal sacrifice; we are free to frankly criticise the policy of other States; we are not debarred from tendering judicious "friendly counsel;" we may be justified in seeking to suppress acts of aggression; but if we exceed these limits; if we indulge in vulgar abuse, slanderous innuendoes or scurrilous attacks; if we cast covetous eyes on territory, or embark in schemes of national aggrandisement; if we have recourse to coercion of any character either from selfish motives or with objects other than such as have been referred to we are acting contrary to the spirit of Liberalism. The Golden Rule might, after all, be usefully imported into the domain of politics; and we shall perhaps not altogether fail to catch its meaning if we are only true to the doctrine of political equality.

If, then, the inquiry is repeated "Why am I a Liberal?" the answer must be; not because I trust the people, for that is inconclusive; not because I am desirous of being associated with the best men in the best work, for that is inconsequential; not because I am identified with the cause of progress, for that is indeterminate; not because I advocate reform, for that may be due to selfishness; but because I believe in the principle of political equality and in all that such principle involves; because I am prepared to accept that principle as a guide to conduct and make it the test of political consistency; because I endeavour to promote such measures as spring from that principle, irrespective of whether they are calculated to confer personal benefit or to result in personal loss; and because I do not illogically and selfishly limit the application of that principle to my own country, or seek to promote her interests at the expense of other communities.

"By Liberalism" [says Dr. Bevan, in a remarkably fine expository passage] "I understand those principles and that practice which aim, first, at rendering the individual a self-governing person; second, combining men for the common purposes of social life, in such communities as can practically act together, under the necessary limitations of time and space; third, recognising the unity and solidarity of the entire race."

And

"the separations which are marked by any limitations of freedom, such as are involved in tributary nations, national interests, protective tariffs, disabilities arising from foreign birth, and the like, are all alien to the true conception of Liberalism. For I know no nation but the race, and no patriotism but universal humanity."

And, once more,

"the supreme sanctions, therefore, of Liberalism, as I conceive them, are the interests and welfare of all men, without distinction of race, language, or colour."

LIBERALISM *versus* IMPERIALISM.

And now, if we have obtained a correct apprehension of what Liberalism is, we see at a glance that it comes into sharp conflict with Imperialism. The essence of the latter is predominance, that is to say political inequality.[1] It does not recognise equal rights or equal opportunities; it is the antithesis of self-government, being arbitrary rule; its inevitable tendency is to promote not the interests of the governed but of the governing, as can be seen wherever it is in operation. It means the creation, maintenance and extension of privilege and monopoly, and of all the evils flowing therefrom. It is the negation of liberty, the denial to others of the freedom claimed for oneself, the *argumentum baculinum*, the apotheosis of despotism. Thus at every point it is anti-Liberal. Racial supremacy is not less opposed to equality than class supremacy; national predominance is not less coercive than sectional predominance; absolute government does not cease to be the denial of self-government because it is applied to an alien race. In short, Liberalism and Imperialism are wide as the poles asunder.

It is no doubt true that the Imperialist professes to seek the welfare of the governed, and sometimes honestly believes he is promoting it; that is to say, he has such an exalted idea of his own capacity for rule as to think he is conferring a boon by enforcing it, and is so puffed up with national pride and patriotic conceit as to beam with complacent benevolence when he witnesses the expansion of his country's sway. That he is labouring under a colossal delusion, that the welfare of the governed is not actually promoted, that Imperialism cannot, in fact, produce good government, need not be here demonstrated,[2] since for present purposes such a demonstration would

[1] For a detailed analysis of Imperialism, see article on that subject in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July 1902, especially pp. 16–18.

[2] See same article, pp. 21–25.

be irrelevant. For if the Liberal who puts forward this contention could establish its validity, he would simply be destroying the very foundation of his creed, since he would then be establishing that the doctrine of political equality is unsound, and that the prosperity and happiness of the race is traceable to political inequality. What he is really advocating is a benevolent despotism or a paternal form of government, and the answer to him is that, if he believes in this, he ought to strip himself of his Liberal attire, for he is merely masquerading in Tory garments. A Conservative Imperialist is at any rate consistent; Imperialism is the natural deduction from his creed, for to him the doctrine of political equality is abhorrent. He has fought against it in the past; he fights against it to-day. He does not think that all men should have the same rights and opportunities; he does not regard the masses as capable of self-government; he holds it is for the good of the country that power should not be apportioned according to numbers, and that what he terms the "educated" and "propertied" classes should have a larger if not a preponderating voice in the government; and just as he has been, and is, opposed to the removal of political disabilities, to adult suffrage, to one man one vote, and to the abolition of what he considers as the safeguard of an hereditary Chamber, and just as he views with satisfaction the existence of monopoly and the maintenance of privilege, so he logically approves of coercive rule in Ireland, has no twinge of conscience as to the dominion exercised over India, and glorifies empire and exults in its expansion. And he laughs, and not without reason, when he sees professing Liberals adopting the same tenets, and puts to them the pertinent and awkward inquiry wherein they differ from him, and why they withhold their full support to a firm and patriotic Government.

But here the Liberal Imperialist may say—though it is to be remarked that even in this he does not differ from some Conservative Imperialists—that his ultimate aim is the creation of autonomous States, that Imperialism is merely a means to an end, and that when a race has been subdued and brought under our sway, free institutions will in due course be accorded it, the object being that self-government shall be conferred the moment the capacity has been developed. Nay, many display such ignorance as to what Imperialism really is as to labour under the fixed delusion that an illustration of it is seen in the relationship which exists between a mother country and her autonomous colonies. As a matter of fact, such relationship lacks the one essential feature of Imperialism, for the control is merely nominal, and the bond is one of affection or mutual interest; and if the real object of subduing others is to confer upon them self-government, then (even ignoring the Jesuitical nature of the process) we arrive at the position that the ultimate aim of Imperialism is to destroy itself. That being so, the question arises whether it would

not be better at once to give it the happy dispatch. If we are so anxious to promote autonomy, why not recognise it where it already exists, instead of abrogating it with a view to its restoration? If our mission is one of pure philanthropy, why not limit ourselves to philanthropic means, instead of forcing our boons upon reluctant peoples at the point of the sword? The method is not calculated to commend itself to them, and one can fancy them saying:

> "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But—why did you kick us downstairs?"

Of course, the truth is that all this talk about the ultimate good of conquered races, when it does not proceed from ignorance, is pure cant, by means of which we try to hide from ourselves the fact that we are merely pursuing our own interests, or gratifying our own passions, or asserting our own supremacy. Let us read the history of the acquisition of British India, with all its revolting barbarities: let us read the history of British rule in India, with its long record of the plunder of a famine stricken people: let us ask what measure of self-government has ever been conferred upon India, and how much nearer she is to-day to that postulated goal of autonomy than she was when first brought within the sphere of "British influence," if we wish to realise the hollowness and the hypocrisy of this contemptible plea for empire. There is only one logical basis for Imperialism, and that is the doctrine of the superior person, the doctrine of divine right, the doctrine of the chosen nation; in short, the doctrine, by whatsoever name known, of which the foundation is inequality.

Imperialism and Liberalism, then, let it be repeated, are as wide as the poles asunder; from which it follows that the nearer we approach the one, the further we recede from the other. A Liberal can only coquette with Imperialism at the expense of his Liberalism; the Liberal party can only adopt an Imperialist policy by stultifying itself. The conclusion is one from which there is no escape, but fortunately (or unfortunately) it is one which can be readily verified by actual experience. For what has been the effect of Imperialism upon one brilliant individual who formerly led the Liberal party? And what has been the effect of Imperialism upon the Liberal party itself? Both questions are worthy of a detailed answer.

A Liberal Degenerate.

In the career of Lord Rosebery we can trace, almost stage by stage, the gradual undermining of Liberalism by Imperialism. Despite the fact that by the accident of birth he was doomed to breathe the Conservative atmosphere of the hereditary Legislative Chamber, despite the fact that the possession of considerable wealth

was calculated to imbue him with the tenets of plutocracy, he demonstrated that the Liberal creed is robust enough to overcome these adverse influences, at any rate in the case of a man of keen intellect, broad sympathy, and absolute integrity. He threw in his lot with the progressive party, placed his great talents at their disposal, became the loving disciple and sworn ally of Mr. Gladstone, rapidly came to the front, and at a comparatively early age attained to the exalted position of Prime Minister. But whilst freeing himself from the bias of class supremacy, he almost from the first exhibited an inability to shake off the bias of national supremacy; and he became identified with what is known as a "strong foreign policy," a policy to which, so far as it merely indicates a determination to legitimately maintain national rights, no objection can of course be taken, but one which is generally interpreted with considerable latitude. At the height of his career he resigned the leadership of the party, for reasons which apparently were not wholly free from political aberration and personal pique; and from that day forth he has conspicuously manifested an increasing sympathy with Imperialism and a diminishing sympathy with Liberalism, until at length, despite his drastic criticism of the Government—a criticism which their genius for blundering and their unparalleled inefficiency irresistibly provokes—it would be difficult to discover what fundamental principle divides him from the Conservative party. His appearance in public was for some time fitful and meteoric, but the notable fact is that whenever it took place it was made, not for the purpose of encouraging his political allies or with the result of advancing the Liberal cause, but for the purpose of criticising their policy, and with the result of retarding the cause. The one and only *rôle* he has played to perfection has been that of the candid friend, to the delight of the common enemy and the strengthening of their defiant citadel. Criticism from within is no doubt at times very necessary, and may, if judicious, prove salutary; but a man of weight and talent who, whilst holding himself aloof from active work, comes forward at recurring intervals and grave junctures to inflict damaging blows upon those with whom he is nominally identified, can do more mischief than an actual traitor.

Three years ago Mr. Massingham pointed out in the *Nineteenth Century* that this "most irresponsible of men" had made himself impossible, and that the evidence of his decision to break with the Liberal party was decisive. He had then made four incursions into politics, each in absolute antagonism to the Gladstonian traditions, namely to crush out the Armenian agitation, to intensify the Fashoda incident, to foreshadow his subsequent repudiation of Home Rule, and to renounce the post-Majuba policy. The Liberal party, true to its principle of sympathy with oppressed nationalities, had definitely ranged itself on the side of the victims of the "Great Assassin," but

Lord Rosebery, from a holy horror of the possibility of war—a horror which might have been credited to him for righteousness if it had been exhibited at a somewhat later period—signalled his resignation of the leadership by separating himself from the policy of his former chief, and whilst not "unwilling to draw the sword in a great and necessary cause," evidently did not regard the arrest of the crusade of slaughter in Armenia as within that description, which, indeed, was limited to the defence of "interests directly and distinctly British." In the case of Fashoda, the late leader emerged from his retreat and rallied to the support of the Conservative Government in order, as Mr. Massingham puts it, to "add the coping stone or ornamental finial to that North African Empire which Mr. Gladstone dreaded and disliked," and thus increased the difficulties of French statesmen in making a graceful retreat and averting hostilities, and assisted in provoking an intensely bitter feeling towards us on the part of our near neighbour. At the City Liberal Club we had the famous "before 1886" speech, which although characteristically enigmatical, save in its outspoken Imperialism, was in the light of further development evidently intended to indicate dissociation from the great measure for giving self-government to the sister isle, which is the sacred legacy bequeathed to the Liberal party by its revered and lamented chieftain. Finally our imperialistic zealot, in a speech of which the keynote was racial predominance, pronounced a solemn adverse judgment upon the just, wise and magnanimous act—an act which for all time will stand out as one conspicuous instance of that righteousness which exalteth a nation—whereby the Boers were restored to their territory and independence of which they had been wrongfully deprived.

Thus far had Lord Rosebery by the end of 1899 abandoned the Gladstonian traditions, turned his back on the Liberal party, and proved faithless to the doctrine of political equality. The next stage in the downward course was one the significance of which can scarcely be over-rated, for it brought to view the finger-post which bears the laconic but deadly suggestive legend "To Conscription;" whilst, for the Liberal warning "that way madness lies," was to be substituted the Imperial admonition "that way safety lies." The election manifesto of September 1900 was one of the weakest and crudest productions that ever emanated from a statesman of eminence, its contribution to practical Liberalism consisting in a colourless reference to "legislation in respect of temperance and the housing of the working classes," and its Imperialism being sufficiently manifest in references to the problem of South Africa and the priceless heritage of Empire in terms which no Conservative would have hesitated to adopt; whilst War Office administrative reform naturally shared the honours of the jejune political programme. Two months later we have the inaugural address as Lord Rector of the Glasgow

University—a most brilliant and impassioned discourse from the literary and oratorical standpoint—but the whole burden of which is the greatness and glory of Empire, and in the course of this we get the now famous and apt definition of Empire as "predominance of race," coupled with the inquiry of "how is that predominance to be secured?" A considerable interval then elapsed, during which the sulking Achilles seems only to have emerged from his tent to plough a lonely furrow, a prey to that gloomy pessimism such process is calculated to engender; which resulted in his next public appearance in July 1901 being signalised by a speech "morbid to the point of hysteria," but relieved by such flowers of rhetoric as "a great hullabaloo," "Jack the Ripper," and "Oh, my heavens!" and graced by such amenities as a reference to "a meeting of lunatics" and "an organised hypocrisy;" leading up to the announcement that the Liberal party was paralysed by a neutrality on Imperial questions, and that its salvation lay in purging itself from all anti-national elements. And then towards the close of the year came the sensational Chesterfield speech; a speech to which, for some occult reason, large numbers of Liberals looked forward as they would to the deliverance of an oracle—the oracle, however, proving to be of the usual Delphic order, enabling his hearers to interpret his utterance according to their several predilections—a speech of which the supposed contribution to Liberalism consisted in advising the party, first to wipe its slate clean, and secondly, not to dissociate itself from the new sentiment of Empire which occupied the nation; concerning which it is to be observed that the one is no doubt the necessary preliminary to the other, seeing that Imperialism will be satisfied with nothing less than the entire slate, and that all programmes of domestic reform must therefore be sponged out. This was followed in February last by the Liverpool pronouncement, the chief feature of which was to make it definitely clear—if there had previously been any doubt on the point—that in cleaning the slate Home Rule was necessarily wiped out; a fact which, despite the speaker's contention to the contrary, seems effectually to destroy the last barrier which separated the so-called Liberal Imperialists from the so-called Liberal Unionists, and which afforded the latter the legitimate opportunity of gleefully remarking that it had taken Lord Rosebery sixteen years to come to a conclusion at which they had arrived in sixteen days. The *finale* was reached in less than a week—to some it seemed that it ought to have been reached much earlier—when the quondam Liberal leader, in a letter appropriately written to a Tory newspaper, definitely separated himself from the party with which he had hitherto been identified, and placed himself outside the official tabernacle; the reasons given, though embracing nothing that was then new, being sufficiently comprehensive to avoid any possibility of misconception.

Here, then, the curtain fell upon Lord Rosebery's career as a Liberal—whether or not to arise again it is, in the case of so erratic an individual, impossible to say. His Liberalism succumbed at last to a process of slow poisoning, arising from inoculation with the virus of Imperialism. Until he himself pronounced his own excommunication, it was possible to hope for the best, and strenuous efforts were made to retain him, efforts, however, which only resulted in loss to the party in dignity and stamina. His political epitaph might fittingly be, "He left his party for his party's good." Months previously Mr. Sidney Webb had congratulated him on his "escape from Houndsditch," which salubrious locality was felicitously regarded as the emporium for Gladstonian old clothes; and, although an old clothes' emporium can with equal felicity be contemplated as a Conservative depôt, the metaphor would then only require to be presented as the "flight to Houndsditch" to convey a similarly appropriate and graphic summary of the facts.

What may be the future of this brilliant but unstable politican, it would require a bold man to predict; but this much seems certain that so long as he is a slave to Imperialism, Liberalism will to him be nothing more than a name to conjure with. It is true, that, holding aloof from the Unionist party (who are probably not anxious to find recruits amongst men who do more damage from within than from without) he has, in his favourite character of a Free Lance, attacked the so-called Education Bill—somewhat tardily and after some previous wobbling—but Liberals who still foolishly centre their hopes on the wanderer, may derive what comfort they can from his belated opposition to a measure against which even Birmingham Unionism has revolted. The North Leeds election, in which a heavy blow was administered to a reactionary Government for taxing the children's bread and offering them priestly pabulum was by him regarded as an opportunity for deducing a warning to the Liberal party for allowing itself to be dissociated from the Imperialist aspirations of the nation (the phrase has now a familiar ring); whilst in his comparatively recent speech at Edinburgh, after disclaiming any intention of reverting to the well-worn theme, he could not resist the opportunity to offer "one word in season" in the nature of an admonition concerning a "sense of Imperial responsibility." Empire, in short, that is to say, the predominance of the British race, is to Lord Rosebery what King Charles the First's head was to Mr. Dick; it is perpetually bobbing up and almost invariably in the wrong place. Even on such an apparently non-polemical topic as Commercial Education, he could not discant without exhibiting a kind of wild apprehension at the cosmopolitanism of science and a patriotic fear lest some other nation should chance to know as much as we do. No doubt, he is unfortunately right in assuming that the Liberal party stands in

need of a warning, but the warning is of a very different character from that which he would give them; and no better one can be found than in his own melancholy decadence and the failure of the promise of his earlier years.

The Liberal Apostasy.

Lord Rosebery, however, although a personage of great eminence and marked individuality, and therefore worthy of careful study, is, after all, only one man; and had the Liberal party itself remained true to its traditions, whilst it might have still deplored the loss of its accomplished, if erratic, former Leader, it would not have presented the sorry spectacle it has done during the past few years. But the malevolent influence of Imperialism has not been confined to prominent politicians; it has more or less permeated the ranks of the entire party, corrupting and demoralising it, with the result that it has for the time being been rendered impotent.

By every principle of Liberalism Mr. Chamberlain's South African diplomacy stood condemned; to every principle of Liberalism the annexation of the South African Republics was abhorrent. The diplomacy was an attempt to dictate to another nation what its franchise, its fiscal policy, and its internal government should be; its annexation was an act of despotism resulting in the destruction of its free and representative institutions. Had the alleged grievances of the Outlanders been as genuine as they were spurious, they were political grievances, grievances of the category which exist in every State—Liberals are wont to tabulate a grim catalogue of those to be found in their own country. As a matter of fact, the Government of both Republics was, in many respects, far more democratic, far more in accord with Liberal principles than that to which we have yet attained in England[1], but had the reverse been the case it would have constituted no valid ground for non-friendly intervention or for recourse to threats; and we were, moreover, by Convention bound not to interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal. And had the war been brought about by the deliberate design of the Boers, instead of by the provocation of the British and the refusal to listen to the appeals for arbitration, there could not, upon Liberal principles, have been the vestige of a justification for its continuance after the enemy had been once driven back to their own territory and when peace could have been made upon almost any terms short of annexation and the destruction of independence. In short, the policy was imperialistic, its object being the establishment of British

[1] Probably few dispute this as to the Orange Free State. As to the South African Republic, see *The Truth about the Transvaal.* A Record of Facts based upon Twelve Years' Residence in the Country. By Edward B. Rose, late President of the Witwatersrand Mine Employés and Mechanics' Union. London: 8 John Street, Adelphi. Chap. ii.

supremacy; the war was imperialistic, its object being the enlargement of empire; and from every Liberal such a policy and such a war should have met an uncompromising opposition. That it did not meet with such opposition is due to the fact that the Liberal party was itself submerged by the wave of Imperialism which swept over the country. Had it but clung tenaciously to its principles, had there been a united Liberal party exhibiting to a man its determination to resist the aggressive policy of an imperialistic Government, such a policy could not have been pursued; for even the audacity of a Chamberlain Ministry would have been inadequate to the fostering and maintenance of war in the teeth of a hostile phalanx composed of half the British nation. Indeed, this is clear from Lord Lansdowne's express intimation that the Government did not adopt Lord Wolseley's suggestion (made in June 1899) to commence military operations as soon as possible, or believe in forcing the pace in such a manner as to complete the subjugation of the two Republics by the following November, as they earnestly desired to have the country with them and believed the country was not then ready for war. If, therefore, the Liberals had only been true to their principles there would have been no war. The Conservatives, of course, were only acting in accordance with their creed; they are frankly and logically imperialistic; but the Liberals betrayed their trust, and were false to the principles by which they should have been guided, because, not having a firm grasp of those principles, they were ensnared by patriotism and condoned in their own nation what they would have been the first to condemn in another. The freedom their fathers won for them they denied to others; the independence of which they themselves are so proud they joined in uprooting from a foreign soil; for the right of self-government which is the foundation of their creed they concurred in substituting arbitrary rule. They have, therefore, their part and lot in the shame and humiliation which came upon their country; and when Great Britain stands arraigned at the bar of history for the capital crime of an unrighteous war, it shall be more tolerable for those who knew not righteousness than for those who, whilst professing it with their lips, denied it by their deeds.

Not (obviously) that the entire Liberal party is thus impeached. Some few of its prominent men were from the first resolute in their opposition (there was even a "wicked six" who refused to vote supplies for the war) and continuously sought to recall or arouse the general body to a true conception of their duty; and throughout the country there were many others who, if less prominent, laboured zealously for the same cause. But what was the reception they met? Frequently they failed to command a hearing; almost invariably they were received with the greatest intolerance; at the best they were told that they were dividing the ranks, and that since unanimity

could not be secured silence should be maintained. One all-absorbing and momentous political question occupied public attention, and one only; a question which, from its very magnitude and the colossal expenditure attending it, could not but influence the course of political events for an entire generation; and upon that question the Liberals were to be dumb; or rather those who declined to accept the immoral doctrine of "my country right or wrong" were to be dumb, whilst the remainder shouted the praises of an arrogant Tory Government, or contented themselves with carping criticism of secondary or incidental issues—"willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." To such a depth of ignominy did Imperialism reduce the great historic Liberal party that it was positively forbidden to make a stand for its principles and, failing an open desertion to the enemy, was ordered to maintain a strict neutrality, whilst every article of the faith it was supposed to hold dear, and for which it had nobly fought in the past, was being ruthlessly trodden under foot.

Of course there was retribution, and retribution there will be for many a long year. In assisting in the coercion of others, the Liberal party has itself been subject to coercion of the most abject character. By the Tories it was treated with open disdain and regarded as a negligible quantity, an emasculated force no longer to be reckoned with. The Government taunted the Opposition with its weakness, caustically dwelt upon its inconsistency, mercilessly challenged it to take some decisive action, treated it with scornful derision, and boasted that the policy which was being pursued had the support of the entire nation with the exception of a few pro-Boer fanatics. For the time being those who were once the proud representatives of progressive thought and action were, for all practical purposes, snuffed out of existence. Strong in the impotence of its opponents, the most inherently weak Administration known to modern times went to the country with a mendacious shibboleth, befooled a perplexed electorate, and received a new lease of life. The Liberal party, having hauled down its time-honoured flag of "Liberty, equality, fraternity," and muttering almost apologetically its old battle cry of "Peace, retrenchment and reform," fought for the most part in a half-hearted way—where it fought at all—although in one or two places stalwarts like John Burns brandished the Excalibur of political equality. The tournament, for it can scarcely be dignified with a more serious name, was one of tweedledum and tweedledee; the only question upon which the judgment of the constituencies was, or indeed could be, invited was that of the war, and as the so-called Opposition had in this matter supported the Government, voted supplies for its military operations, and was equally pledged to annexation, the policy of the two parties was substantially the same; but, on the whole, it was only natural that

the majority of the electors should prefer the one to whom belonged the "honour" of initiating the policy rather than the one who whilst indulging in ostentatious criticism of methods did not venture to express disapproval of the objects. The result in the circumstances is not altogether to be regretted. It was just as well that the lesson for the Liberal party should be complete, and they are beginning now to realise what Imperialism means, and to form some idea of the price to be paid for a "patriotic" Government. Even the long dormant nonconformist conscience, which comfortably slumbered whilst the Hague Convention was being torn to shreds, and whilst freedom was being slowly done to death, has, now that its own liberty is assailed, been aroused with a start into wrathful animation, and a wail of indignation has gone up at the base ingratitude with which those who placed country before party have been rewarded.

And, yet, the lesson has come too late for the present generation —and the next generation will no doubt have to learn it again, for men do not profit by experience. History repeats itself, and each age has its tale of horrors. We look back with amazement at the fatuity which resulted in the loss of our American Colonies; we condemn in no measured terms the folly of the Crimean War; but we have been as little amenable to reason, prudence and justice as were our forefathers and our fathers; and the men of the future who will speak of the criminal stupidity of expending some £250,000,000 in the three years' sanguinary work of extinguishing two flourishing autonomous States will doubtless engage in magnificent national enterprises of their own. Meanwhile Nemesis will continue to attend upon the Liberal party; they have sown to the wind and they will reap the whirlwind. They will come again into office only to find that the Delilah of Imperialism has shorn their locks, that they are hampered on all hands and that the enemy have assiduously utilised their opportunities to fortify their position. Vested interests have been protected; privilege has been buttressed; monopoly has been strengthened. Not only has there been no progress—this was not to be expected, and a mere temporary halt could have been borne with composure—but there has been retrogression. The breakfast-table duties, in lieu of being abolished have been increased, the staff of life has been laid under contribution, and retrograde finance has re-inserted the thin edge of the wedge of Protection; a heavy addition has been made to the grim account which the Irish treasure up against us; the principle of taxation without control has been more fimly rooted; the children have been captured by the priests, and the future generation is to be carefully drilled in the doctrines of militant churchdom. Thus much has the clock been put back. And with an enormously increasing National Debt, with a heavy addition to annual taxation, with an

inflated military expenditure, reforms which a few years ago were within measurable distance of being accomplished have been indefinitely postponed. What hope, for example, is there for Old Age Pensions; what possibility in fact for any measure which necessitates considerable additional revenue? No doubt it has been shown that huge sums can be raised, and no doubt reforms of the character in question would not eventually add to the national burdens, but would merely involve a more equitable distribution of wealth; yet the mere fact that all classes are being called upon to largely increase their contributions to the National Exchequer will vastly augment the hostility to further demands, especially if they are for pacific and not for bellicose purposes, and for the present render progress in this direction well nigh impossible. The evil that men do lives after them; and the children yet unborn will have to suffer for the nation's recent debauch. The Liberals when once more called to power will discover that merely to cope with the mischief that has been done during the past few years will tax their energies to the utmost. They will be confronted with a perennial drain upon the country's resources which it will be beyond their ability to arrest. In South Africa, especially in its devastated provinces, they will be met with problems of empire which under competent statesmanship would never have arisen, and which will necessitate constant vigilance and considerably entrench upon domestic affairs. At home, they will find themselves in the midst of a cycle of commercial depression, and will witness a steadily diminishing trade, an increase in the ranks of the unemployed, a sturdy growth of pauperism and a rising dissaffection. And withal they will be haunted by the knowledge that they cannot escape responsibility, and that they have themselves been assisting in erecting barriers to progress. Imperialism has not only rendered the Liberal party impotent for the time being for good, it has enormously added to the volume of evil against which it is their province to contend.

The Moral of the Débâcle.

When, therefore, we are invited to amalgamate Imperialism and Liberalism, we are invited to attempt the impossible. When Liberals are asked to become Imperialists, they are asked to betray their trust. "The Liberal party," says Lord Rosebery, with peculiar lack of perspicacity and strange suggestiveness of opportunism, "is suffering from allowing itself to be dissociated from the imperialist aspirations of the nation;" as though it had not suffered for the precise reason that it identified itself with those sinister aspirations, and as though its mission should be to ascertain the popular breeze and trim its sails accordingly. As a matter of fact the Liberal bark

has been wrecked simply because it was engulphed by the treacherous shoals of Imperialism, and the catastrophe is due to those who neglected the compass and suffered the vessel to deviate from the true course.

In the careers of parties, not less than in the lives of men, there come crises which determine what a profession of faith is worth. It is easy for an individual to be honest when he has no temptation or opportunity to be otherwise. It is easy for a party to pursue a policy from which it has everything to gain and nothing to lose. Only when adherence to principles involves sacrifice, do we discover whether the principles have been firmly grasped and exercise their legimate influence. The average working man has a fair apprehension of the doctrine of political equality as applied to the various ranks of society; but when it becomes a question of applying that doctrine to his wives and sisters he can often rival the most inveterate monopolist in advocating the opposite doctrine. The average Liberal has a lively appreciation of the evils of class supremacy; but when it becomes a case of national supremacy he can discover nothing but good, providing of course that the supremacy attaches to his own nation. In both cases there exists the sense of superiority, in the one that of sex superiority, in the other that of racial superiority; and either the full signification of the principles of Liberalism is not grasped or the principles are shamefully abandoned. Men succumb to individual pride and selfishness, communities succumb to national pride and selfishness; and, although we may flatter ourselves that in seeking to exercise sway over others we are actuated by a desire to promote their welfare, we shall find, if we seriously and honestly analyse our motives, that egoism in one of its many forms is the mainspring of our actions. The mischief, however, is that whilst individual pride and selfishness are invariably recognised as vices, national pride and selfishness are, under the name of patriotism, exalted into a virtue. And this is why the Liberal, who has not a firm grip of the fundamental principle of political equality, and who does not ever seek to make it the test of conduct, degenerates into an Imperialist. Consciously or unconsciously, he does, with more or less thoroughness and with more or less success, apply the principle to domestic problems; but the moment the problem becomes a racial one the principle is lost sight of, or is swallowed up by a conflicting principle. Liberal-Unionism, so-called, and Liberal Imperialism, so-called, are both due to this fact: the coercion of the Irish and the coercion of the Boers have a common origin, and are equally destructive of political equality. Unionism is a case of "hold all;" Imperialism is a case of "grab all;" but their fundamental principle is the same; they are both instances of government by force, and are alike antithetical to the Liberal doctrine of government by consent. Imperialism

carries the principle somewhat further than Unionism, and therefore the latter is logically involved in the former. It took Lord Rosebery many years to discover this and hence he laid himself open to the well-deserved taunt to which reference has already been made; but his definite repudiation of Home Rule, if somewhat tardy, was merely the natural result of his growing Imperialism. There is nothing Liberal about Unionism, there is nothing Liberal about Imperialism; so far as they go each is the negation of Liberalism, for both are instances of racial predominance and both spring from national pride or selfishness. The Liberal who once coquets with Imperialism is in grave danger; the Liberal upon whom Imperialism grows will gradually acquire the jaundiced eye; and the Liberal who becomes thoroughly impregnated with Imperialism will ultimately find his political stock-in-trade represented by a clean slate, upon which he will anon be tracing, it may be almost unconsciously and as by an impelling hand, the one word "Toryism."

The Liberal Imperialist, in fact, is called upon to play a double part. He must either be a political Jekyll and Hyde, having two separate existences, or else he must be at war with himself, constantly engaged in the vain task of attempting to reconcile two incompatibles. As a Liberal he is for equality, as an Imperialist for inequality; as a Liberal he is for liberty, as an Imperialist for coercion; as a Liberal he is for self-government, as an Imperialist for arbitrary government; as a Liberal he applies one set of doctrines to his own community, as an Imperialist he applies another set to other communities; as a Liberal he seeks to be guided by ethics, as an Imperialist he is swayed by patriotism. But this conflict cannot be indefinitely maintained. One of the principles will have to be abandoned, or one will eventually kill or paralyse the other; for no man can serve two masters. A Liberal may indulge in an imperialistic orgy and recover from it; all depends upon whether or not he has merely yielded to a special temptation and whether or not the debauch has been agreeable. But he cannot repeat the process without grave risk, for each new indulgence tends to undermine his Liberalism, and unless he arrests himself it must ultimately be destroyed or rendered impotent. In any case it suffers, for whatever be the ultimate fate of the man, Imperialism is as antagonistic to Liberalism as water is to fire. Let the spirit of predominance prevail, and the spirit of equality is quenched; gratify the lust of conquest and the love of liberty is stifled.

The moral for the Liberal party is; first, to analyse their creed, and ascertain, not merely what they believe, but why they believe it; and, next, having thus arrived at fundamental principles, never to palter with them. The man who cannot give a reason for the faith that is in him, or who does not make it his one source of inspiration, may be a respectable fair-weather saint, but he is not of

the material of which martyrs are made. The Liberal who does not fully grasp what Liberalism means, or is not prepared to make it the absolute test of his political actions, may exhibit some enthusiasm for domestic reforms, but he will almost inevitably apostatize at the first shout of "Separatist," "Little Englander," or "Pro-Boer." Only when the political edifice is erected upon the rock of principle, and not upon the sands of opportunism, can it withstand the waves of national prejudice and the tempest of national passions. Only by keeping the polar star of political equality constantly in view can the Liberal pursue an undeviating course, and avoid the snares of patriotic pride and the pitfalls of racial antipathy. But let him have a clear conception and a just appreciation of his lofty creed, and "imperialist aspirations," as the spirit of predominance is euphemistically termed, will trouble him not; and strong in the eternal principles of liberty, truth, and justice he shall seek to promote peace, progress, and universal brotherhood. The moral of the Liberal *débâcle* resolves itself into the old injunction to prove all things and to hold fast that which is good.

Jno. Geo. Godard.

A SOUTH AFRICAN ETON.

"ALL SOULS" TRANSVAAL.

THE Bishop of Grahamstown, in his speech at the Church Congress at Northampton, has pointed out that a system of public schools on the English model is one of South Africa's greatest needs. Education has already proved a most potent instrument in bringing Dutch and English together.

In the days before Majuba, Dutch and English youths studied side by side at the few colleges then existing in the sub-continent, and many an Anglo-Dutch home owes its existence to the friendships of their playing fields. Even after the Jameson Raid, Dutch and English students, whether English born, or Africanders, worked peacefully together in the Cape Mining School at Stellenbosch and in the Government College of Agriculture at Elsenburg; and when, in October 1899, the students of the Dutch Theological College were flocking in scores to join the Federal forces on the northern frontier of the Cape Colony, not a single scholar deserted the oak-shaded School of Mines outside Van der Stell's old settlement to shoulder the Mauser under the Vierkleur flag.

In the concentration camps education has played its part. The teachers sent out by Lady Jersey and Lady Llangattock from England under the auspices of the Victoria League, did their utmost to gain the goodwill of the Dutch children. They learnt the "Taal," they won the affections even of the suspicious dwellers in the "back blocks;" and when peace came at length, it was the dearest wish of both parents and children that the ties which they had formed with their English teachers should not be severed. By the advice of Mr. Sergeant, the able director of the Education Department of the Transvaal, Lord Milner did his best to meet their wishes. Boarding establishments, kept up at Government expense, have been instituted near the concentration camps, and the parents are now free to return to the veldt and set to work to rebuild their farms with the knowledge that their children will come back to them invigorated by a healthy life, and with minds improved by their English training. Education, as Mr. Rhodes saw, does much to soften hatreds and blot out national rivalries. In the very height of the French wars, that Duke of Gloucester, who burnt Joan of Arc,

founded Caen as a seminary, where the youth of Normandy could be trained under English influence; and his nephew Henry VI., when he founded Eton and King's College, Cambridge, founded Bordeaux in the same year for the youth of Aquitaine; nor did William of Waynflete, when he founded Magdalen College, Oxford, hesitate to borrow many details from Gloucester's foundation beyond the seas. In its turn Bordeaux always preserved something of the old English spirit, and it is not without significance that Montaigne had his training there. It is true that at the Reformation education did not bring peace but a sword; yet when the French Revolution had severed religion for a while from politics, Napoleon's first care was to unite his newly annexed provinces with France by causing the flower of their youth to flock to his foundations in the Ile de France. The benches of the Polytechnic saw the laureate of Guadaloupe seated side by side with the Dux of some Dutch or Belgian Academy and with the picked students of Cattaro, Bologna, Geneva, Hamburg, and Corfu. To all a career in Napoleon's army was open, and the West Indian creole or the son of the Albanian dacoit might hope to win in Napoleon's service the bâton of a French marshal. In our day the Corps des Pages at St. Petersburg, the Imperial College at Ajmere, and Mr. Rhodes' scholarships are means directed to the same end. They are intended to do away with the legacies left by the Tower of Babel.

Education has done wonders already in the concentration camps in this direction. What then might be hoped for if some philanthropic millionaires would endow a South African Eton? The idea is not altogether a new one. In Mr. J. R. L. Rankin's very able book, "A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife," he mentions that Colonel Rimington, who, of all who fought in South Africa, probably knows most of the inner life of the Dutch, has no more cherished ambition than that of being commandant of a South African St. Cyr, whilst when Canada began to quiet down after the war of 1812, the old half-pay officers, who had settled around Kingston, Ontario, set up the Royal Canadian Military College, which has done so much to bring the English public school spirit into Canadian public life. The Canadian Government pays for the maintenance of this institution, but the commandant and staff are named by the Imperial War Office. A former commandant Colonel Kitson, has been chosen to inaugurate the new system of military education at Sandhurst; and one of the former professors, Captain Lee, M.P., is now one of the greatest military experts in the House of Commons.

Is it possible to found a Royal South African Military College, which will at the same time be the Eton of South Africa? I think that such an undertaking, although it would be costly, could be successfully carried out, and that the money expended

upon it would in the end repay itself many a time over in the increased prosperity and civilisation of South Africa. As the evidence taken before the Committee on Military Education has shown, the Kingston Military College is far more like St. Cyr than Sandhurst.

The cadets enter by nomination after a very perfunctory examination, but they are treated as private soldiers and not as gentlemen cadets. The course is a four years' one, and consists chiefly of military subjects taught in such a way as to prepare the student not only to hold a commission in the local forces of Canada, but to follow professions such as that of a civil engineer. The intermediate examinations are very stringent. Failure in military subjects on a second attempt is punished by removal, and scarcely more than forty per cent. of those who enter the college succeed in passing the final examination.

But those who do pass that examination find their reward. Students who hold the Kingston diploma are allowed to enter for the final examinations at Mac Gill University, the great centre of Canadian technical education, after a one year's course of study, and failure to pass that examination is rare indeed in the case of an old Kingstonian. Half, at least, of the most important positions under the Canadian Pacific Railway, that is, under the virtual rulers of Canada west of Winnipeg, are filled by Kingston boys. For these advantages the parents pay a fee of £40 a year. The grant given to the college by the Government of the Dominion is £10,000 per annum. The salary of the commandant is £600 per annum with allowances. Those of the professors range from £450 to £500. The future South African Eton should be founded on the Kingston model.

The objects held in view should be: Firstly, to provide trained officers, who had been brought up under Imperial officers, for the local forces of South Africa; Secondly, to give the students a thorough technical training, which would enable them either to at once take their places in South African life as mining engineers or agriculturists, or to graduate in these professions after a subsequent training in Europe.

It must be remembered that the class of boy who would become a cadet of this institution would have received but a rough training at home. At the Cape Government College of Agriculture at Elsenburg, the students, who enter at fifteen, must have passed the Fifth Standard of Board schools. Extra classes in Dutch, English and arithmetic are provided for those whose education is defective. At Elsenburg the diploma course is one of two years, the subjects studied comprising agriculture, surveying, agricultural chemistry, viticulture, wine-making, fruit culture, book-keeping, dairying, botany and veterinary science. Five days a fortnight are devoted to theoretical and five days to practical work.

In European institutions, where the entrance examination for youths of seventeen to eighteen is usually in their own and one foreign language, arithmetic and geometry, the diploma course is one of three years in the French agricultural colleges and in the University faculty of agriculture at Berlin, and of two years in all other agricultural colleges and in all forestry schools, such as Nancy or Hohenheim. In English institutions the diploma course is usually one of two years. At Cirencester Royal Agricultural College it is one of two years and one term (*i.e.*, in all of seventy-seven weeks), and the college course is divided into special schools for estate managers, practical farmers, and boys intended for the Colonies. Forestry is taught in the agricultural schools of Austria and Russia and in the University of Tübingen, whilst the Royal College of Schemnitz, in Hungary, receives students both of forestry and mining. In India the Civil Engineering College of Sibpur, Bengal, has agricultural classes, with an experimental and training farm attached to the college on their behalf. Consequently, if we assume that a Royal Military College of South Africa received its students at sixteen years old for a four years' course, it would be perfectly possible so to employ the first two years that students entering at sixteen should, after their intermediate examination at the end of their first two years, be far better prepared to specialise in such subjects as mining, engineering and agriculture, than are the students who enter Cirencester at eighteen. During the whole of the four years' course special attention would, as at Kingston, be paid to military subjects, and failure to pass in these, either at the intermediate or final examination, should be punished by removal from the college.

But amongst these military subjects, chemistry, drawing, surveying, levelling, and the elements of geology, algebra and geometry, would, of course, hold a high place; and these subjects, when learnt in outline during the first two years, would furnish a very firm foundation for all subsequent studies, whether in mining, engineering or agriculture.

It might then be well to offer the students of the South African Eton their choice of passing the last two years of their course in the School of Mines or in the School of Agriculture—the latter school being divided, as at Cirencester, into the three sections of estate management, practical farming and forestry. Such a school would involve but a small addition, possibly only six professors, to the civilian element on the staff, for teachers of such subjects as irrigation could be found amongst men of the Indian Staff Corps who had served on the Government experimental farms. In view of the peculiar conditions of South Africa, special instruction in irrigation, in bacteriology and in entomology is all important; but as all South African Governments are forced to maintain a staff of trained practical bacteriologists and entomologists, such institutions might well be located at the proposed college. The chemical laboratories would

serve equally well for students of mining, students of the military art, and students of agriculture; and seeing that the Transvaal Government will for some time have to maintain large stud farms and experimental farms, a judicious choice of locality would render these available, as is the case in Prussia, for the instruction of students.

It must, moreover, be remembered that every military college must necessarily, like Sandhurst, have a large space of open ground attached to it for the purposes of training in the field. This ground, if properly chosen, would be available for the instructional farms, gardens and plantations required for an agricultural college. At Cirencester the Royal Agricultural College has rights over 580 acres of land; the college at Elsenburg has 580 morgen (1160 acres); the Colonial College at Hollesley Bay, Suffolk, possesses an estate of 1500 acres. All the continental institutions derive large revenues from the produce of their experimental farms, gardens and orchards. The various base hospitals in the late war greatly reduced their expenses by raising their own vegetables. In short, everything goes to prove that an agricultural school cannot be carried on unless opportunities be given for practical as well as for theoretical training. Playing fields, too, are essential. Where would Eton be without them?

Let me dream my dream of a South African Eton, remembering always that my dream may become a reality far sooner than many think, for not every dream is a dream, as the "Sleeping Beauty" found when she clasped her Prince. I seem to see a stately home on the slopes of the Magaliesberg, sapphire through the clear air. Around are spacious gardens, laid out for educational purposes as well as for pleasure. The architecture is that of the Dutch farms in the fair Western Province of the Cape Colony. It is another but more stately Alphen or Kampferboom, or Groot Constantia, built in the style which the Dutch copied from their Spanish masters, and panelled with the panelling which recalls a Metzu, a Netscher, or a Van der Hooghe. Goodly orchards are there, and plantations irrigated by canals from the mountains, like those which water the pomegranates and oleanders of Granada, or the "green lush gardens" which the Moors mourned when the Cid laid waste Valencia. There are no vineyards, for the Transvaal is an enemy to Bacchus, but the oranges are golden as those of the Hesperides Behind the flower-hedged cemetery, with its marble cross, where the West Somersets sleep as quietly as though they lay on Quantock side, run the dark belts of plantation, flecked with the scarlet and silver of Wonderboom and Silvertree, where the saplings are tended which are to reclothe with green the bare red mountain slopes. Mares and foals are gambolling in the home fields; ostriches, like drifting snowclouds, are scudding over the "margent green" of the Hex; prize cows are chewing the cud beneath the oaks; merinos and

angoras are grazing amongst the pale grey saltbush of the intake above. In the rich strath the breezes are surging the wheat, the barley, the oats, the flax, the tobacco, and the bananas into waves of flashing light. Kaffirs, neatly robed, are singing before the doors of huts of straw, like those where Poussin's shepherds dwell.

White-clad youths are playing cricket, not on matting but on the well-rolled sward of playing fields, bordered with the elms of Eton or Aranjuez; further on a Lancer officer is directing the exercises of the riding school, others again are in the fives court, or in the gymnasium. Boats are flitting over the Hex, whose long reaches, held back by a mighty dam, are winding through the hills to fill the irrigation canals of the thirsting veldt below. The youths speak English and Dutch, they are trained soldiers, they know how to design the adits of a mine, to lay out a road, to plant a field, or to build a dam. The young Botha is walking arm in arm with the young Davies, and neither asks the other under whose flag his grandfather fought in that war which is now a cloudshape of the distant past. The Union Jack is waving in the great tower, which, a memory of another Eton, rises above the white arcades bright with roses, with plumbago, and with jasmine, which shine below. Do I hear the chimes sounding the "Angelus" from the chapel, with its lofty windows, each the gift of some English public school, blazoned with the deeds of those who died for Africa, whether they fell beneath the "Vierkleur" or the "Union Jack." "All these died in faith, not having received the promises."

I have said that I would rear in my Dream Chapel a monument to all who fell for their Fatherland during the late war. What worthier monument could they wish than the College itself? Here, at home in England, we have a monument such as mine would be, raised by no mean hands, to gallant foemen who died for freedom in a far more ancient strife. Over the gate of All Souls College, Oxford, which looks towards the High, is a sculptured slab, saved from Fairfax's troopers after the taking of the city, by a Parliamentary colonel who had been a member of the foundation. On it we see the purified souls rising to meet their Redeemer from the healing flames. It would remind us that All Souls College is at once a memorial, and an expiation. The founder, Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry V., had plunged the young King into a war for the recovery of Normandy, in order, it is said, to divert him from his purpose of reforming the Church. Agincourt laid France at the feet of England, but the Maid of Orleans stemmed the tide of invasion, and the Archbishop lived to see his lifework undone by Dunois and Charles VII. His heart was touched. In 1437 Chichele founded All Souls College as a seat of sound learning and as a place where prayer might ever be made for the souls of all, both French and English, who had fallen in that war which he had so wantonly stirred up. Is it a mere coincidence

that All Souls has long been the Oxford home of Constitutional History and Constitutional Law.

I would have, then, my South African Eton, if Dutch Protestantism would allow, the "King's College of All Souls, Transvaal." The Charter should be couched, so far as might be, in the noble words in which Chichele laid his foundation at his Saviour's feet. The arms, modelled on those of Eton, should speak of Reconciliation and the Union of the peoples: the motto should be those words, dear to English and Dutch hearts alike, and so well fitted to the season of its birth, "Qui seminant in lacrymis, in exultatione metent" ("They who sow in tears shall reap in joy"). As a pledge of good faith, I would place on the governing body, from the first, representatives of the two Dutch Churches and one of those Boer generals who fought so bravely for their country to the end. Thus Dutch and English student alike would cherish my Eton as a memorial of their own dead.

"Jam protinus ætas
Adveniens geminæ gentis permisceat ossa,
Et duplices signet titulos, commune trophœum."

Memories of Eton, of Winchester, and of Westminster tempered the bitter strife of our own civil war; memories of old schooldays softened the minds of the combatants on the benches of St. Stephen's what time Walpole's fate trembled in the balance; Gladstone never forgot that Lord Iddesleigh was an Etonian. May not the memories of an Eton under the Southern Cross yet sweeten the asperity of South African hatreds?

It may be so, and, perchance, my dream is no mere dream of mine, but the foreshadowing of a not far distant future. Such a college can be founded, if those who would seek to found it are willing to make large pecuniary sacrifices at the first, to be repaid tenfold later; and if, from the start they act as they would have the power, and they would assuredly have the opportunity of doing, in concert with the Imperial Government, and with the cordial goodwill of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and of His Majesty King Edward VII.

The expense of such a college admits of calculation; many a New Yorker would not think it beyond his private means. At a continental agricultural college each student costs, on an average, £52 per annum; the fees at Elsenburg are £48 10*s.*; at Cirencester, a commercial undertaking, they are £141 10*s.* for a year of thirty-three weeks. If we take the purchasing power of £1 in England or Canada as equal to eight shillings in the Transvaal, and reckon the salaries of the staff on a proportionate scale, counting one paid official to every ten students, an average smaller than that of any continental school, where it is usually one *employé* to eight, we may roughly reckon the yearly cost of each student

at £270, of which not more than £100 each per annum could be recovered in fees, as these could not well be higher proportionately than those of Elsenburg. The mining companies and Transvaal Government would, however, reap their reward by thus obtaining the services of thoroughly trained officers for their local forces, and of native born engineers and agriculturists for opening up the riches of the country. I would suggest that, in order that such an institution should be placed beyond the reach of political change, it should be constituted under a Royal Charter, save as regards its degrees, on the model of Oxford University, with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as patron and visitor, and the High Commissioner for South Africa as Chancellor *ex-officio*, having the powers of the Chancellor of Oxford University in every respect. The mining companies might agree in concert with the British South African Chartered Company and the two Colonial Governments to provide a certain number of civilian posts per annum for those holding the diploma of the college, and the Imperial Government, Chartered Company, and local governments might co-operate, as they do in the case of Kingston, by reserving a certain number of Imperial commissions, and commissions in their constabulary forces with the same object.

I can hardly venture to put on paper one idea which occurs to me with regard to starting the college. It is of the greatest importance to introduce the tone of the English public schools into South African public life. Would it be possible to allow the headmasters of Eton and Harrow to nominate a certain number of cadets to start such a college, and, if the plan succeeded, to reserve a fixed number of cadetships yearly for such candidates? They should be efficient volunteers and have reached at least the upper division of the fifth form at Eton. Experience has shown that the engineers trained at the Stellenbosch School of Mines have a distinct advantage on the Rand over those trained in London, simply because they are content to execute the orders which they receive *literally*, in place of trying to apply the theories they have learnt from their professors.

Eton and Harrow boys of a good stamp trained in a South African Eton would soon rise to the top in South Africa. Sir Arthur Lawley and the late Sir Gerald Portal are cases to the point—and the experience of Malmesbury, of Mossel Bay and of Rustenberg in the late war shows how well commandants, who are the pick of English gentlemen, can get on with the Dutch rebels and with the most hostile Transvaalers. I will only repeat that my dream of a South African Eton may seem a dream to many, but it is a dream which can be realised, nay, with a little goodwill it is a dream which will be realised far sooner than might be supposed; and such an Eton will, if it be established, do much to bring about a lasting peace in war-worn South Africa.

HUBERT READE.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION AND THE TEACHING PROFESSION,

OR, SOME ASPECTS OF THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

> "I do not like to see the interests of the teaching profession treated apart from the interests of education. The two should be brought together, and many hindrances in the way of a teacher's career would be removed."—BISHOP CREIGHTON.

IT is universally admitted that the condition of education in this country is unsatisfactory. Large floods of talk have been poured forth so abundantly that the public must be well-nigh tired of the subject. Persons of all sorts and conditions, from the greatest statesmen down to the most pitiful crank, have had their say. But, singularly enough, the secondary teacher has almost uniformly kept silence. He prefers to stick to his own work, and make the best of what is often a very difficult and trying situation, and leave the talking to others. There is much that he would like to see altered, but he knows the value of discipline too well to adopt, except reluctantly, what may seem the rôle of an agitator. Still, he has a right to be heard, and, with the whole country waiting with a feeling of hope deferred for the result of the third educational experiment of the present Government, it is well that his standpoint should be made public. *Experto crede* is a good rule, and it is high time for some plain speaking.

Now, the education problem—even that of secondary education alone—is so vast, and bristles with so many thorny questions, that it is difficult, if not altogether impossible, to discuss the matter with logical completeness. The object of the ensuing remarks is, therefore, only to touch on a few of the burning questions at issue, so far as they affect secondary education.

(1.) COMPETITION.

The deplorable effects of the struggle for existence among competing schools in waste of energy and inefficiency of instruction was long ago emphasised by the Commission on Secondary Education as one of the most crying evils of the day. It was, also, one for

which a speedy cure was demanded; for it was seen that, if left unchecked, it must inevitably be aggravated by force of circumstances. Since that time the evil has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; the chaos has become worse confounded, and the great want of the day—the unification of the whole educational system from top to bottom—is an ideal which every day makes it harder to attain. Now "competition" and "overlapping" are among the familiar cries of the educational agitator, but few people realise how the evil works out in practice.

Fifty years ago the problem of secondary education was a comparatively simple affair. Unless a boy was the son of rich parents and sent to one of the great public schools, he went as a matter of course to the nearest grammar school or boarding school of the district in which he lived. The standard of education was fairly uniform and the subjects taught few. There was not much variety in the qualifications required of the ordinary schoolmaster, and the parent was limited in his choice of a school. This state of equilibrium between supply and demand has in the lapse of half a century been entirely upset by three main factors. First, the increased means of communication, which enables a parent to send his children without difficulty to almost any part of the country, so that if he is dissatisfied either with the instruction or the fees of the local school, he can select some school, if he pleases, at the opposite end of the kingdom. Thus a native of Northumberland may at the present day be educated in the Channel Islands. Secondly, the expansion of the curriculum, due to the growing importance of science and modern languages. For instance, if, from whatever causes, either of these branches of study is ill-provided in one school, a boy who requires them for his future career may be sent without inconvenience a considerable distance to acquire them. Thirdly, the consequent specialisation of functions among teachers. Whereas formerly the types of teacher usually considered necessary to carry on a school were, roughly speaking, three, viz., classical, mathematical, and a foreign teacher of modern languages, nowadays no school is considered properly equipped unless, in addition to the classical and mathematical masters, it can boast a science master, an English teacher of modern languages, a drawing master, a music master, a gymnastic instructor, at least one "sports" master, to use a convenient and conventional term, and perhaps others besides.

Further, the rapid growth of population in particular districts has given rise to a great number of new schools, which makes the competition all the keener. For, owing to the absence of any controlling educational authority, such schools have grown up haphazard, and, in the eager desire to supply without delay a felt want, small regard has been paid to their relation to the educational facilities already in

existence. The natural result is "overlapping," and much waste of energy. Thus the competition produced by the causes already mentioned is aggravated and intensified. Old schools which, from lack of enterprise or (and more especially) from lack of funds, find their numbers diminishing, sink into small struggling institutions, paying their way with the utmost difficulty; while the new ones, which are likewise often inadequately endowed, are compelled to attract as many pupils as possible to pay current expenses. Hence too many secondary schools are exposed to a fierce struggle for existence, which is inimical to the best interests of education. Governing bodies, being without State aid and unsupported by the public, frequently involve themselves in debt in the endeavour to keep up with modern requirements; at least, there seem to be few schools which are not financially embarrassed.

Headmasters have to devote a large part of their energies to "keeping up the numbers," and securing a "connection." The staff is often deficient, almost invariably underpaid, and constantly changing. Under such circumstances the scholars must suffer: if the staff and equipment are inadequate, they are not properly taught; even if they are adequate, the cause of learning cannot flourish without much difficulty in the atmosphere of a business concern.

Let us consider the effects in more detail. We have suggested that the educational interest becomes secondary and is replaced by the financial, and that in consequence the first duty of a headmaster is to keep up and increase the numbers of a school. Hence, in order to live up to what is expected of him, a headmaster tends to degenerate from a teacher into a kind of "tout," and leaving his much-enduring staff to wrestle with the frequently unpromising material which he collects together, or at least does not exclude, he gives himself up to the blessed work of "organisation." He has to practise all the arts of advertisement, to pander to the parents of the baser sort and the weaker impulses of the better, and run the risk of losing the instincts of the scholar and the gentleman, and finally attack the almost impossible task of preparing with an inadequate staff a limited number of boys of ages varying from eight to eighteen for the multitudinous requirements of the British parent and that bane of the schoolmaster—the external examiner. Thus children, who ought to be in the nursery, have been exempted from an entrance exam. for the sake of their fees, and become the despair of the junior master; or an incompetent boy may be pushed up too fast on the score of age, simply that his "remove" may induce the parent to keep him at school; or unruly boys may escape punishment and the discipline of the school suffer, lest the use of the cane by the assistant masters may wound the tender susceptibilities of parents; or a boy may begin or leave off a subject just when his

parent, or, which is often the same thing, when the boy desires, no matter how the arrangement may disorganise the regular work of the form; and then there is the insatiable appetite for certificates of dubious value which must not be left unsatisfied.

Such are some of the ways in which the subserviency of the headmaster militates against the cause of true education. All this spells woe for the staff; but the position of the chief is not by any means a bed of roses. Kidnap boys as successfully as he may, he is all the while exposed to a fierce struggle for existence. The competition of his rivals, who are always ready to take boys on "special terms," *i.e.*, at reduced fees, keeps down the funds of the school; and the demagogy of the educational world is the result—the unworthy offer of the best education (as it is represented) at the cheapest rate—or, to use the words of an eminent philosopher, "the great sacrifice of trade, the giving cheap what is worth nothing."

Even if this business of keeping up the numbers is a congenial task, the anxiety and uncertainty of the position is sufficiently harassing; while if a man of real educational ideals by force of circumstances be compelled to make this compromise—to give up to "touting" the energies which were meant for teaching—he loses the peace of spirit which is necessary for the due performance of his proper task, and no man's position is more pitiable. The true relation is reversed, instead of the scholar seeking education from the master, the master has to be perpetually seeking for the scholar. The result is that the idea that education is a privilege—as it is recognised to be in the case of the big public schools and primary schools, where there is always a steady supply of scholars, where it is considered a privilege to be admitted—becomes forgotten. Only on the view that education is a privilege for which both parent and pupil should be grateful, and which it is the high duty of the schoolmaster to be the means of conferring, can the cause of true education prosper.

So much for the effect of competition among the weaker secondary schools on education as such, and on the situation of headmasters. But what of the effect on the staff? A man leaves the university not without ideals, and takes up the teaching profession. Being, as a rule, without capital, he has to take more or less what he can get—very often a post which affords no scope for the putting forth of his energies, and no opportunity of teaching his own special subjects. But circumstances compel him to take what may be uncongenial work to gain experience, in the hope that soon he may reach a more congenial sphere. But what is his fate? He enters one of these struggling institutions, is set down to teach odds and ends, and "dies daily" in the hopeless task of endeavouring to instruct a mass of unteachable material—the school being often a "dumping ground" for the incompetent; and his wage—it

is a misuse of language to call it salary—is a mere pittance. His condition is scarcely calculated to produce a contented mind. If he stays at the school he does uncongenial work without any prospects. For, even if by any chance the funds of the school increase, and good results are obtained—very often mainly through the efforts of the staff—good care is generally taken that the staff shall not reap any pecuniary benefit, and the increment is spent on new buildings—sometimes recklessly undertaken—or in the inflation of the head-master's income. Hence naturally he is compelled to look out for other posts, not only to get more congenial employment, but also to better his worldly position, because after a few years the shoe begins to pinch very hard indeed. Consequently the staff of a great many secondary schools is in a state of perpetual flux. The teaching tradition necessarily becomes unstable, and much time and energy are lost in the process of change. Fortunately, for the school's sake, there are so many men of good qualifications in the market that the evil is not as great as it might seem, and this is shown by the excellent way in which the duties of temporary posts are discharged. But the constant changing is none the less an evil. The master becomes not so much a bird of passage as the Secondary Education Commissioners described him, but rather a rolling stone, which, like the nomadic schoolmaster, gathers no moss; and there is a further result, also, which is not always recognised. The constant transfer of allegiance does not contribute to what is perhaps the most valuable moral element in public school life—*esprit de corps*—just as loyalty is not fostered by a constant change of nationality. Finally, what is the effect on the scholar? It is assumed that the school to which he is sent is in low water (it is unnecessary to prove this assumption is correct in the case of a very large number of schools), and cannot afford to reject any pupil, however unsuitable. The staff is necessarily small and inadequate, the apparatus, such as class-rooms, laboratory, playing-fields, insufficient; and it is impossible to pay specialists to teach properly the multiplicity of subjects which compose the curriculum of a present-day secondary school. If a specialist is employed he has frequently to devote the major part of his time not to his own subject but to all manner of subsidiary subjects. Consequently the boy does not enjoy the full educational advantages—mental, moral, and physical—which are to be obtained from contact with a wider school life and more efficient instruction.

Such very briefly is one of the evils of our present educational system. It is popularly described as "competition," "overlapping," "inadequate equipment," &c.; but, in plain English, the root of the difficulty is more intelligibly described as the existence of too many schools, or schools in the wrong places. Schoolmasters have long recognised this, and know it only too well by bitter experience.

There are, in fact, too many old-fashioned schools, which, from some cause or another, have outlasted their usefulness, and too many new schools, which have been hastily founded with a too slender endowment and have never been able to get firmly established. Hence a fierce struggle for existence ensues, which tends to kill the true educational ideal, which cannot live in the present atmosphere of competition. It is the old story of union and division. Only on a basis of harmonious co-operation can the genuine ideal hold its ground; and its object is not the enticement of pupils, not the conciliation of parents, not financial success, but the development to the utmost of the natural capacities of the youth of the nation. It is a doctrine of Plato that when a doctor begins to lose his interest in curing diseases, and concentrates his energies on the art of getting fees, he ceases to be a doctor in the true sense of the word; and just in the same way, when the educational authorities, whether governors or teaching staff, are continually exposed to the temptation of thinking primarily of making their school a pecuniary success, or of the still more harassing problem of making ends meet, education must go to the wall. The remedy required should make this state of things impossible. The Government remedy is the organisation of all educational institutions into a single system, with the Board of Education at the top, and local education authorities under its supervision. Certainly that is the abstract remedy. But it is to be feared that some of these suggested authorities are not aware of the very drastic measures required to make the remedy a reality and not a sham, and to bring up the education of the country to the desired standard. There are too many indifferent schools; that is the evil. There must be fewer schools, but good ones—that is the cure for this evil of competition and overlapping; and the way in which the reform should be carried out is to amalgamate the smaller schools, it may be, five or six at a time, into a number of strong, efficient institutions. The result would be a steady flow of pupils, and the anxiety of keeping up the numbers would be got rid of once for all. In every way the result would be beneficial. For there would be sufficient funds to pay a really efficient staff and to establish an adequate equipment of apparatus. The masters would be better paid, would have more congenial work, which they would be able to do better, would have happier lives, a more secure position, be able to settle down and feel a pride of membership in a flourishing and useful institution. Finally, the boys being taught under better conditions, by a more efficient staff, or a staff working under less harassing conditions, would receive a better education. Such a reform would involve, of course, much hardship, and would meet with bitter opposition. But progress was never made except at the cost of suffering, and the advantage to the community would be worth the sacrifice.

(2.) The Payment of Secondary Teachers.

This is a grievance about which secondary teachers are reluctant to complain in public, though they feel it in private. But, as the subject was discussed some years ago by the Commissioners on Secondary Education, and is now frequently ventilated in the press, and the state of things seems to be getting worse instead of better, no apology is needed for going fully into the question. Now, first of all, it may fairly be claimed that secondary teachers are as a general rule not money-grubbers. The better type of them, at any rate, does not expect to make a fortune out of the profession: in fact, he is not the sort of man to whom the money-making ideal appeals. A man who deliberately chooses the teaching profession as his career—and there are many such—adopts it because he believes that in that direction he can best perform service to the State, and he thinks that he is fairly entitled to look forward to earning a decent living. But, without being self-seeking, he is not unnaturally dismayed and dissatisfied by the gloomy outlook which confronts him. For what, judging by the ordinary probabilities of the case, does his career amount to? The situation is not realised at first in the days of his early enthusiasm, and when the immediate past and the present are too vivid for him to take much account of the future. But, after he has been teaching a few years, and reflects on his own circumstances and prospects, and still more when he contemplates the object-lessons furnished by the careers of other and especially the older members of the profession, he begins to know the ropes. The knowledge thus gained is not calculated to encourage him, and he must be of a singularly happy or stoical temperament if the iron is not to enter into his soul.

Nor can it be stated too plainly that except in a few well-favoured cases, such as the great public schools (and in some of these the salaries of assistants are nothing to boast of and glaringly disproportionate to the incomes of the headmaster), the salary of a secondary teacher is a paltry pittance in the most real and emphatic sense of the word. It is unnecessary to demonstrate this disagreeable fact at great length, as it is now becoming notorious even outside the profession, and is moreover a matter of statistics. It has been estimated that the average income of assistant masters is £110 non-resident. Such a fact speaks for itself far more eloquently than pages of rhetoric, and cannot be too earnestly commended to the consideration of a public which is always harping on the backward state of English education.

Now, it may be granted, if we leave out of account those less qualified members of the profession, who are "sweated" and no apology is made for a phrase which is literally true) in many private schools, on terms which vary from "mutual terms" to £50 a year,

and who perhaps might be "organised" out of the profession under a thorough re-modelling of the system, the average income of teachers in what are ordinarily called secondary schools proper, *i.e.*, ranging from small grammar schools to those which rank next to the great public schools, cannot on the most liberal estimate be put higher than £150 a year—probably £130 would be nearer the mark. Still, we will assume the average salary to be £150, and try to realise what it means, remembering the while that this average is obtained from a comparison of the incomes of men whose age varies roughly from twenty-one to sixty.

A schoolmaster has to keep up the position of a gentleman, and even as a bachelor obviously cannot save much, certainly not enough to live upon, when he has to retire, as it is considered necessary that he should at the age of sixty, and sometimes much earlier. Therefore, what will become of many secondary teachers some years hence, when they have to give up work, it is not pleasant to contemplate. Some of them already have dreams of stone-breaking and the workhouse. In the overwhelming majority of cases no pensions are provided, for a very simple reason. Most schools are hard put to it to pay current expenses, without being saddled with a pension scheme; and even when pensions are given, they are, as a rule, miserably inadequate. Thus the unfortunate teacher is ground, so to speak, between the upper and the nether millstone. He cannot afford to save, and yet he is the one man in the country who needs to save.

Further, when we consider the kind of life open to him, we see that he has, properly speaking, no career, such as a man may look forward to in almost every other profession, if he works hard, and does his duty. There is change, but no progression; and over the sequel perhaps it is better that a veil should be drawn, though it has been suggested that the occupation of a sandwich-man constitutes the anti-climax of the scholastic career.

With such a prospect before him none but the most reckless thinks of matrimony. These who do marry find it hard not to sink in the social scale, and have the mortification of being unable to give their children the same advantages which they themselves have enjoyed. Their life is just a weary struggle for existence, which serves to point a moral to their colleagues. Hence celibacy is practically compulsory, and the teacher is cut off from one of the chief sources of happiness. If it is objected that, after all, a schoolmaster only works about three-quarters of the year or less, and that his small salary is duly proportioned to the amount of work he does, we would reply that the long holidays are not arranged to suit his convenience exclusively, but primarily for the sake of the parent and the school-boy; and, as a matter of fact, many schoolmasters are only too glad to get work in the holidays, for they learn by experi-

ence that enforced leisure, combined with an empty pocket, cannot be counted a boon. Besides, it is only the ignorant who think that the working hours of a schoolmaster are short. In most cases the actual school hours represent perhaps not half of his working time, and plenty of house masters could tell of a twelve hours' day.

All these statements are, of course, in the nature of truisms, but they require to be reiterated, because, though true, they are so frequently ignored. Also, the public does not always realise that the holidays provide the teacher with almost his only opportunity of independent study, so as to keep himself from becoming rusty. His time is too much taken up in the term for him to do this, and the conscientious teacher knows that the only way of keeping fresh for his work is to be a student himself. Or again, suppose a man teaches modern languages. If he is to keep himself in a proper state of efficiency, it is absolutely necessary that he should periodically spend some time abroad, for a foreign language naturally tends to slip away. For this purpose a fairly long holiday is essential, but the question of ways and means brings us back to the old subject of remuneration.

It is, however, only when the salaries of teachers are compared with those of the other professions (and it may be noted in passing that the professional classes as a whole are becoming increasingly poorer), that the scandal appears in its full enormity. Boasting apart, it may be claimed that the scholastic profession compares quite favourably, mentally, morally, and physically, with any other profession. At least, it consists of men who, as a general rule, have played a conspicuous part in their schools and colleges. They are doing work which is regularly trumpeted as most essential to the community with tolerable success; at any rate, they contrive, often under considerable difficulties, to bring pupils up to the scratch for the manifold examinations required for the public services and callings, and are entrusted with the task of carrying on the traditions of what is considered as the special glory of England, viz. her public school system. In other words, they train empire-makers in the early and most critical stages of their lives, and let it be remembered that at the very time when there is such a universal complaint about the insufficiency of English education, the English public schools—and all secondary schools tend to be organised in the same spirit—are the envy of continental educationalists. And what is the value put on their services by a grateful nation? Why, at the most liberal computation, an average income of £150 a year, as long as they are permitted to work, and after that "the rest is silence." Can it be wondered at that a man who has had a successful school and college career, who has tried to do his duty, who finds himself after eight or ten years' teaching no further advanced than when he entered the profession, who is beginning to feel the shoe pinch, who

occupies a social position, which must become more and mo dubious in a world where a good balance at the bank is so general the chief test of a man's worth—can it be wondered at that such man, even if he is not utterly soured and disappointed, should lo heart, and think he has made a mistake in his choice of a vocation After all, encouragement not only sweetens labour, but makes more fruitful, whereas the knowledge that his prospects are hopele saps a man's energies, and it becomes more and more impossible give of his best under such conditions. "He that ploweth ought plow in hope," is a sentiment quoted with approval by St. Paul, a it is equally true of the secondary teacher.

The above remarks have been made on the assumption that a ma remains—as must happen in most cases—an assistant master. B what if he becomes a headmaster? It is not a prospect in a gre many cases eagerly to be welcomed, as is evident from the first pa of this article. There is the depressing outlook of much worry, precarious salary, the inability to pay his colleagues decently, a the despairing task of organising the inorganic, which is no inaccura description of a headmaster's life in too many of our seconda schools. And his future at the end of his anxious *régime* is n much more hopeful than that of his subordinates. In fact, h position is not very much unlike that of Lucifer "reigning in hell and his assistant not infrequently prefers the ills he has to those whi he knows too well to seek after. The only other way of bettering h position is to get a house at a boarding school (a chance which do not come to very many), for it is a well-known axiom that it is mo profitable to feed boys than to teach them. But a chance of th kind cannot be taken by a man who has no capital, even thoug otherwise "capable;" and even if a man has capital and accepts house, his action is more or less in the nature of a gamble. He ru the risk of losing all he has; whilst if he succeeds, his success is not a rule anything very grand. Thus, whether a man remains an assista or accepts a house, or obtains a headmastership, his position—to put mildly—is not exactly enviable, and scarcely calculated to keep ali his enthusiasm. Now, these unsatisfactory conditions are becomin more and more known, and the logical conclusion is even now b ginning to take effect in a very practical manner. Fewer men a already entering the profession; and though this may seem goo news to those who are exposed to the competition caused by the gl of the market, yet from the national point of view the situation giv rise to uneasiness. For it means that the ranks of the professio unless things alter very materially, will, in course of time, lose som of its best recruits. Able men will hesitate more and more to ado a profession which, through no fault of a man's own, offers suc gloomy prospects; and parents will become more and more unwillin that their sons should crown a costly education with such an equivoc

career. One of the common reasons alleged—with what amount of truth cannot be determined—for the dearth of candidates for ordination is the reluctance of parents to allow their sons to choose a calling in which there is such a flagrant want of proportion between the remuneration and the expense required for their trainining. If this is true of the Church, it is doubly true of schoolmasters whose intellectual qualifications as represented by university degrees are very much higher than those required for the average candidate for ordination. Schoolmasters, inasmuch as they belong to a secular calling, are not usually credited with the ideal motives deemed essential for the office of a clergyman, and consequently the financial motives may be presumed to operate in their case with even greater force. Now, the future of national education, it is obvious, depends in the long run on the *personnel* of the teaching profession, just as that of the Church on the quality of clergymen. If then, the abler men are persistently discouraged from taking up teaching as their life's work, what becomes of the demand for a more efficient system of education as one of the immediate necessities of the Empire? At any rate, the conclusion of the whole matter is fairly clear. One of the first essentials in the direction of greater efficiency is the better remuneration of teachers as the complement of the reorganisation of the educational system, so that able men may be induced to devote their talents to the task, which the public, with their lips at least, acknowledge to be one of the most necessary for the community. The newspapers are full of disparaging comparisons between English and foreign education. But all this is nothing but idle words, unless it is also recognised that in Germany and America the profession of a teacher takes an honourable rank among other professions, and is not, as in England it too often tends to be, "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring;" that he is regarded as one of the most useful public servants, and therefore deserving of a suitable reward in the shape of salary, career and social prestige—in a word, that in America and Germany, and, nearer home, in Scotland, education is estimated at its proper value, and it is recognised as a public duty to make the necessary sacrifices for a matter of such paramount importance. The immediate future does not seem to offer much hope of improvement, and perhaps things will have to become worse before they are better. But the writer will be satisfied if he has succeeded in throwing light on a distressing state of things, and in fixing the public attention on certain facts which, even if they are known and recognised in isolation, are in their connection and cumulative effect too frequently overlooked.

NOMADIC SCHOOLMASTER.

THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

In his article—"Is an Alliance with England Desirable?"—in t November issue of the Westminster Review, Mr. Gilmour unhe tatingly and entirely endorses Professor Thomas L. Harris' accou of *The Trent Affair* and its attendant circumstances, char terises it as "impartial" and "careful" and "exhaustive"; a further holds that a perusal of the Professor's book [1] "will sati most Americans that professions of friendship by foreign nations c for the closest scrutiny." In view of the very important histori facts which are entirely ignored both by the Professor and his ou and-out adherent, it is very desirable, for various reasons, to dr attention to them by supplying documentary evidence, a consider tion of which may possibly put a somewhat different aspect on t *Trent* episode than that one so absolutely accepted by M Gilmour, and perhaps convince some Americans, and some of c own countrymen, that both Professor Harris and his latest disci have misled them, and that their account of the critical incident question is neither careful nor exhaustive and impartial.

Professor Harris (p. 153) characterises as "a silly story," and a "falsehood believed in England," the Seward-Newcastle incide of October 1860, which arose out of a statement made by the Du of Newcastle to the effect, that when our present King, then Prince Wales and travelling as "Lord Renfrew," was entertained Governor Morgan at Albany, Mr. Seward then a Senator, and guest at the dinner, intimated to him (Duke of Newcastle) that "expected soon to hold a very high office here in my own countr it will then become my duty to insult England, and I mean to so."

Other American writers have been content to confine themselv to explaining the utterance as mere after-dinner badinage, or, at t most, indiscreet and irresponsible. It is, however, undeniable th three months after Mr. Seward had accepted the office of Secretary State in President Lincoln's administration he was gravely pr posing—in a State paper [2] drawn up one month after enteri

[1] *The Trent Affair, including a Review of English and American Relations at beginning of the Civil War.* By Thomas L. Harris, A.M. With an Introduction James A. Woodburn, Ph.D., Professor of American History in the Indiana Universi Indianapolis and Kansas City: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1896.

[2] "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration, April 1, 1861." See p. of *Seward at Washington, as Senator and Secretary of State.* New York. 1891.

office—a foreign policy which has been aptly termed [1] his "Foreign War Panacea." A policy which, stated as tersely as possible, would have involved war with various foreign Powers, to be provoked by that very attitude to Great Britain foreshadowed in the memorable after-dinner talk with the Duke of Newcastle. The State paper in question is entirely ignored by Professor Harris and Mr. Gilmour, and so are others hinging thereon; notably, the despatch No. 10 of May 21, 1861, to Mr. Adams, the American Minister in London, which, as originally drafted by Secretary Seward, with the President's interlineations and omissions indicated in it, is printed in full in Nicolay and Hay's work, *Abraham Lincoln: a History*. Published in 1890, *vide* pp. 270–275, vol. iv.

Mr. Adams, the younger, shows, by quotations from published despatches and other documents, that Mr. Seward did not at once abandon the scheme outlined in his extraordinary paper, entitled "Some Thoughts for the President's consideration," including as it did the abdication by Mr. Lincoln of the functions of his office, and two or more foreign wars as a possible substitute for one domestic one. Mr. Adams further states (pp. 180–181):—

"The conception of a foreign policy of this character at such a time, or at any time, seems so unstatesmanlike, so immoral, from any rational point of view so impossible, that, for a public man occupying a responsible position merely to have entertained it, subsequently discredits him. Yet that Secretary Seward did entertain it, long and seriously, in the spring of 1861, and, moreover, that he abandoned it slowly, and only in the presence of facts impossible to ignore, cannot be gainsaid. This is matter of record."

When Captain Wilkes, with the United States war steamer, *San Jacinto*, a first-class screw sloop mounting fifteen guns, set out in the morning of November 5, 1861, from the harbour of Key West to stop the British Royal Mail Steamer *Trent*, and seize as prisoners four of her passengers, Messrs. Slidell and Mason with their two secretaries, Commissioners from the Confederate States to Europe, he had, of course, no knowledge of Mr. Seward's State Paper of April 1, or of his despatches to Mr. Adams, still less of the secret history of at least one of them revealed in 1890 by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay.

Captain Wilkes acted without any instructions from his Government, but it is impossible to doubt that he was well aware of Mr. Seward's feeling towards Great Britain, so notorious all over America. Moreover, his immediate chief, the Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, lost no time in officially conveying to him the

the President's considerate method of dealing with that document by quietly setting it aside, see Mr. Lincoln's "Reply to Secretary Seward's Memorandum," dated April 1, 1861, on p. 30, vol. ii. of *Abraham Lincoln* (Complete Works. New York, 1894); in which (p. 29) may also be found a reprint of "Some Thoughts," &c.

[1] Chapter x. of the volume of the American Statesmen series, *Charles Francis Adams*. By his son, Charles Francis Adams. Boston and London. 1900.

"emphatic" approval of his department and congratulating him on the great public service he had rendered by the seizure of the Commissioners and their staff; *vide* letter of November 30, 1861, and the *Annual Naval Report* issued a few days after the letter was written. Further, on December 2, the Lower House of Congress unanimously thanked Captain Wilkes "for his brave, adroit, and patriotic conduct."

It is not necessary to recall to mind how Abraham Lincoln, to his eternal honour, on the very day that the news of the seizure was first received in Washington, declared that if Great Britain protested against the act of Captain Wilkes and demanded the release of his captives, they must be given up and the act apologised for as a violation of those very American doctrines, to uphold which Great Britain had been warred against by America in years gone by.

Professor Harris and Mr. Gilmour both hold that the action taken by Great Britain in the *Trent* case was unwarranted, and the Professor quotes several opinions in support of his views. It is to be regretted, however, that he does not cite—to have done so would have strongly evidenced his impartiality—the opinion expressed at the time by one whom the Americans themselves acknowledged as "the chief of English thinkers,"[1] namely, John Stuart Mill, in his article on "The Contest in America," which first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for February 1862. Thankful that by the reparation so amply made by the American Government war had been averted, war which on the American side "would have been one of reckless persistency in wrong," on ours would probably have resulted in the upholding and spreading of slavery, Mr. Mill held that: "We had, indeed, been wronged. We had suffered an indignity, and something more than an indignity, which not to have resented, would have been to invite a constant succession of insults and injuries from the same and from every other quarter." Also that, "We could have acted no otherwise than we have done."

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

[1] See Mr. Motley's letter, dated Vienna, February 26, 1862, to Dr. O. W. Holmes, in which he styles Mr. Mill's article "a magnificent essay." Also Dr. Holmes' letter, dated Boston, March 8. Pp. 64 and 69 respectively of vol. ii. of *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L.* London: John Murray. 1889.

THE CHEMICAL BASIS OF LIFE.

III.

In a previous article on "The Chemical Basis of Life" we referred to the fact, that although amœba constitute some of the simplest known forms of beings, they must, according to the theory of evolution, have been preceded by countless generations of still less specialised creatures. For the body and nucleus of an amœba is formed of an infinitely complex arrangement of matter, which has become differentiated into structures capable of transmuting various forms of energy into important material effects or modes of motion.[1] This transformation of energy in living cells is effected through the interaction of the unstable elements of which the organism is formed.[2]

An amœba in favourable conditions can move from one place to another, it responds freely to external stimuli or forms of energy, it can digest and assimilate food, respire, in that it takes in oxygen and extrudes carbon dioxide as also effete materials, its circulation is carried on through means of the streaming movements of protoplasm, it can secrete and produce a protective covering for its body, lastly it can propagate its like often with amazing rapidity. A microscopic particle of protoplasm and nucleus, therefore, while endowed with vital energy, exercises all the functions necessary for the maintenance of animal life in the higher orders of beings.

Presuming that there has been a progressive development of these simple unicellular beings into the higher forms of animals, the question naturally arises as to the process by means of which this evolution has been effected.

It is certain that the simplest known forms of cellules respond in various modes of motion to energy derived from light, heat, electricity, tactile impressions and to chemical action. It is evident that unless the structure of the cellule was such as to bring these external sources of energy into harmonious action, the being would

[1] The protoplasm, or cytoplasm, forming the body of cellules differ chemically from the nucleus in that the former is rich in proteids of which albumen is an important element, and is poor in phosphorus, whereas the nucleus is rich in phosphorus which is bound up with nuclein, and poor in albumen.

[2] Analogous reactions are well known to occur in inorganic substances, being the result of surface tension depending on well known laws of physics. Thus a drop of oil quite spontaneously assumes forms, and a structure on the addition of sugar, simulating that of an amœba. The unstable chemical compounds which combined form explosive substances react readily to various external stimuli.

be unable to perform work in the direction of preserving its existence. We believe there is evidence which points to the nuclear matter of the cell as possessing properties which enable it to co-ordinate external sources of energy, and bring them into harmonious action. It is possible that external impulses may pass from the outer sensitive layers of the cellule to the nucleus through the granular network of matter which, together with an homogeneous substance occupying its meshes, forms the greater part of the body of the cell.[1] We venture to think that it is through the granular network of the protoplasm that external impressions pass to the nucleus, because in the higher organisms the primitive fibrilla substance of nerves consists of a similar granular substance which is also surrounded by a perefibrilla homogeneous material. We know that the nerves are derived from the outer protoplasmic elements, and that they are the paths by which external impressions travel to their centres, where they are co-ordinated and directed through other nerve paths outwards. One of the functions, therefore, of a nerve centre like that of the nucleus, in unicellular organisms, is to co-ordinate and give purpose to those forms of energy which affect the outer sensitive layers of the cells.

In living cellules, as in the higher order of animals, the organic elements through which impulses pass become, by repeated action, highly susceptible to these stimuli. We have evidence of this in the increased sensitiveness of the outer layers of some unicellular organisms. But this increased sensitiveness of organic matter implies physical changes in its constituent elements, and variations of this description in the course of time become hereditary properties of the species. It is, therefore, through the refinement in the tactile arrangement of the elements of organic matter effected by the action of external impulses, that differentiation of the elements forming cellules are gradually accomplished. In this way, we may, perhaps form an idea as to the process by means of which the evolution of the simpler into the more complicated forms of beings have been effected.

Modifications in the molecular structure of animals such as those to which we have referred, must necessarily have been a very gradual process, for any rapid changes in their elements would have destroyed the existence of the species. These gradually acquired modifications of structure, probably occupying many ages, differ therefore essentially from more rapidly acquired modifications, and therefore characters, which are seldom hereditary, because the molecular changes have been too rapidly produced to have become

[1] In addition to these materials the protoplasmic network contains a number of particles which stain in precisely the same manner as the chromatine of the nucleus, this latter substance as already remarked, together with the "division centres," appear to play the most important part in the propagation of unicellular animals.

permanent properties of the organic matter. The structural elements of some unicellular organisms, have, from long continued use, become so highly sensitive to external impressions that their movements give us the idea that they are of a spontaneous nature. If, however, the nucleus of such an organism is destroyed, or the organism is, as far as practicable removed from sources of external stimuli, the time soon arrives when but little remains of their power of movement.

That the protoplasmic network of unicellular beings is capable of differentiation under the influence of external impulses is apparent, as above stated, from the increased sensitiveness which their external surface acquires, and because the elements of this network become modified into contractile particles called myonemes. In some organisms cilia spring from these myonemes, and are kept in rhythmical motion by external impulses which pass to the nucleus, and are there transformed into energy by which the cilia are brought into harmonious action. In the Infusoria the myonemes are still further developed into well defined muscular bands.[1]

Not only is differentiation in the structure of unicellular organisms effected by external sources of energy, but their existence depends on the properties which they possess of responding to these impulses. It is through the action of their pseudopodia, cilia, and flagilla, that these beings move from one place to another, and convey food into their bodies. Such materials having been brought within their bodies stimulates its protoplasmic elements in such a way, that an acid fluid is secreted around the particle food, by means of which it is digested, and so rendered fit to add to, or to repair, the organic materials forming the organism.

We have already given a few examples of the effect of chemical action in causing positive, and also negative motor reactions in bacteria. The production of the roots of plants and other structures as the result of local chemical stimuli are familiar to most people, in fact, numerous instances of this description might be cited; which, as Professor G. D. Wilson observes, "prove incontestably that normal development is, in a greater or less degree, the response of the developing organism to normal conditions."[2]

The effect of sunlight in producing motor action in the leaves and flowers of plants are well known. It is, in truth, owing to the actinic rays of our luminary that vegetable tissue is manufactured in the leaves of plants, the carbon dioxide of the air being decomposed, and oxygen given out, while the carbon, united with other substances, and modified thereby, is retained by the plant to form part of its substance, or perchance to become the food of animals. The sun, therefore, is the great and ultimate physical source of that high

[1] *The Protozoa.* By Gary N. Calkins, pp. 82, 86, 145, 181.
[2] *The Cell in Development and Inheritance.* By Professor G. E. D. Wilson, p. 430.

class energy and delicacy of construction which characterises veget
products.

The energy derived by the germ cells of plants and animals f
various sources and degrees of heat is all important for their deve
ment. As an instance in point we may refer to yeast cells, wl
under ordinary conditions of culture produce spore-bearing fo
but if subjected to the highest temperature at which growth
occur, they produce a variety of yeast which will continue to g
for a long time under ordinary conditions without developing spo
In the course of many generations, however, the descendants of t
yeast cells return to the spore-bearing condition. The effect of the ex
sive heat altered the molecular structure of the cell operated on, so
for a considerable number of years they were sporeless; this was, h
ever, an acquired habit, and the cell therefore regained its pris
functions. It requires a continued or constantly repeated applica
of the excessive temperature applied to numerous successive gen
tions of yeast cells, to produce a permanently sporeless variety of
plant.

By subjecting a growth of pigment-producing bacteria to
action of a temperature just below that which will cause their de
we can bring about a loss of pigment production, so that rapi
succeeding generations are perfectly colourless; these pigme
producing properties are, however, recovered in the course of tim

Again, if the embryo of the sea-urchin is made to develop in
water which does not hold any lime salts in solution, its larvæ
to form a calcareous skeleton or ciliated arms, and develop int
form resembling a different species.

Much the same result is produced if the sea water contains
normal amount of lime together with a slight excess of potass
chloride. If, on the other hand, the water contains a small ex
of lithium chloride, the form of the larvæ is fundamentally alte
by means of this change in its chemical environment.

If the two ends of a tubularia be cut off and the animal is s
pended in water by its middle point, a new head is produced at e
end. Or if one of these hydroids has had both of its extremi
excised, and its oral end is buried in sand, a new head will g
from its aboral extremity which is free and exposed to the stimu
of the external environment.

The work of the late Professor P. G. Tait, and of Professor Balf
Stewart is justly held in the highest esteem by those versed
natural philosophy. These authorities arrived at the conclusion:

"that the only real things in the physical universe are matter and ene
and of these, matter is simply passive, it is therefore obvious that all
physical changes which take place; including those which are insepara
associated with . . . the actions of living beings, are merely transfor
tions of energy."

They regard the existing atoms constituting matter as having been evolved from still simpler forms. These primeval particles were diffused through space and in the development of our globe, the primordial atoms exerting gravitating force impinged on one another, their potential energy being thus transformed into heat and visible motion. Matter in fact although passive is essential to the existence of all known forms of energy, "without which therefore, there could be no transformation of energy and therefore no physical life such as we know it."[1]

We have been led to quote the above statement because we have arrived at that stage of our study of the theory of the chemical basis of life when we are drawn to the conclusion, that the development of the primordial substance of which organic matter is constituted is attributable to the action of the same forms of energy as those which produced our universe. What we mean is, that the Eternal Laws which govern the formation, and maintain our universe, are those which have also produced organic matter, and moulded it into such a form that through the interaction of its elements, chemical is transmuted into vital energy. While under the influence of this energy the particles constituting organic matter are also capable of transforming the impulses derived from light, heat and other forces into various modes of motion through which the being is preserved, and able to propagate its like.[2]

In a previous chapter we have referred to the division-centre and to the centresome, with its attraction sphere, as being specialised structures concerned in the propagation of beings. We know that the centresome cannot be identified in many forms of unicellular organisms, nevertheless, it is so marked a feature in connection with the division-centre that we are justified in considering it as being the important element, together with chromatine, in the propagation of unicellular organisms. It is evident that the full growth of the cellule cannot take place unless it is freely supplied with food, and is able to digest and assimilate its pabulum. If these conditions are favourable, the time arrives when the being must divide under the action of well known physical laws, and when this period is reached a division-centre appears in, or near the nucleus. In other words a differentiated portion of the basis substance of the nucleus

[1] *The Unseen Universe.* By B. Stewart and P. G. Tait. Fifth edition, 1886, p. 116. It is, however, right to observe that the authorities above quoted have arrived at the conclusion that "it now seems we must give up the idea that energy can generate life," because "life can only be produced from life," and is not transmutable as other forms of energy. The term *produced*, however, is inapplicable to life in any other sense than that in which the word is loosely applied to a lump of burning coal, which is said to produce heat and light. The forms of energy we designate light and heat however exist in the coal in a potential form, and are made manifest to our senses by the impulses set free when this substance is heated to a certain degree.

[2] Dr. Carpenter many years ago demonstrated the fact that the development of the germ cell depends upon the presence and agency of external forces, particularly heat and light, and how it is regulated by the measure of these forces supplied to it.

passes from a passive into an active condition, and establishes th remarkable changes in the chromatine and other nuclear mat which leads to the division of its substance into two or m daughter cells. These subdivisions of the parent nucleus beco surrounded with cytoplasm, and so the offspring is a verita part of its progenitor, and speedily attains its dimensions and ex cises all the functions possessed by its parent.

In certain forms of tumours such as cancer, irregularities observed in the mitosis of the cells, which in their division rece unequal portions of chromatine. The same description of chan have been described as occurring in the epithelial cells of the sa mander by treatment with various kinds of drugs. The bearing these observations on the subject under our consideration is, that t process taking place in the nucleus during propagation is larg under the influence of energy, the result of chemical action.[1] T structural differentiation of organisms is in fact accompanied underlying chemical specialisations, which are themselves t expression of the power possessed by living cells of changing t character of substances brought into contact with them.

The daughter cells of these unicellular beings by no means alwa start in life as independent organisms, they frequently clus together and then separate as buds from the family. This proc of budding is preceded by the division of the parent nucleus in t manner already described, the daughter nuclei then pass outwar and form the buds which becoming encased in cytoplasm drop aw from the cluster when they have attained a definite size.

In the case of spore-formation a great number of organisms are the same time produced from the parent cell. When a number cells are thus formed and closely packed together, as Profes Calkin observes, they are extremely suggestive of certain stages developing Metazoa (multicellular animals), especially when t colony is embedded in a gelatinous matrix, and its outer layer cells resembles that of pavement epithelium.[2]

This structural modification of certain unicellular organisms is the only evidence of their approach to that of a higher order beings, for some of them possess rudiments of the sexual mode propagation which is present in the more highly differentiat animals. Thus in a cellule known as the *Actinophrys sol*, two fi swimming beings meet and amalgamate, a cyst then forms rou them, after which each of the nuclei of the conjoint cellu divide. Two of the four nuclei disappear, reminding us of the po bodies found in the propagation of Metazoa, the other two nuc fuse together and divide by mitosis giving rise to daughter cysts.

[1] *The Cell and its Development and Inheritance.* By Professor E. B. Wils pp. 98–331.

[2] This state of things is to be found in *Volvox*. See Professor Calkin on *Protozoa*, p. 130.

Some of the Infusoria produce male and female germs from a parent cell, and by the conjugation of these germs a numerous family is produced. It is a remarkable fact that after such beings have passed through this process of union, their descendants for many generations propagate by simple mitosis; and further conjugation can only be effected from cells derived from different ancestors.

The *Coccidiide* form a group of unicellular parasites which are commonly found in the bodies of the lower order of vertebrates, in these animals they give rise to ulcers and tumours, and so to the death of their host; they are rarely found in man, unless, as some observers suppose, they are indirectly the cause of the irregular mitosis of the cells which form cancers. The spore-cysts of these animals contain germs or sporozoites which are introduced into the alimentary canal of the host with its food. The spore-membrane dissolves, and the sporozoites which it contained penetrate the epithelial cells lining the intestines. The sporozoites then undergo rapid nuclear division, and some of them develop into adult parasites: others increase rapidly in size from an accumulation of nutrient material within their bodies; but some of the sporozoites remain small and develop a flagellum. The larger cells are the female, the smaller the male cells, these latter penetrate the former, their nuclei fuse into one body, after which rapid mitosis follows, a numerous progeny resulting from this union of the nuclear matter of the two cells.

We have thus briefly referred to the changes observed in the nuclei of unicellular organisms during their propagation, because a precisely similar series of changes dominates this process throughout the whole of the animal kingdom. Doubtless in the higher orders of vertebrates the process is more complicated than in lower forms of animals, but the essential changes in the division of the nucleus is the same in an amœba as it is in man. The fundamental principle which governs this process is the continuity of the elements and structure of the germ cell in its descendants. It is by this means that the physical basis of structures, and therefore functions, are conserved, and that living organic matter is preserved from running wild from exuberance. The inherited properties of organisms conserves their structure, but under the action of external stimuli, derived from various sources of energy, it allows of modificatons of form, and the development of highly specialised beings. This principle probably continued for long ages, but in the course of time the organisms thus produced passed into a condition of their evolution when the action of natural selection, and survival of the fittest also operated upon them, so as to produce the order of beings now inhabiting our earth.

N. C. Macnamara.

SHOULD PARLIAMENT SNUB THE SAVINGS BANKS?

THE Report of the Select Committee proposing a reduction in interest of the Statutory Savings Banks and certain administr changes in them will shortly engage the attention of Parliam It is, therefore, not inopportune to direct attention to the que whether these institutions—the Trustee Savings Banks, and Post Office Savings Bank—are in a position in which they can f all the requirements of modern thrift.

That they do render a great service is evident from the fact t at the close of their years, ending respectively at the 20th Novem and 31st December of 1901, these banks held the very large amo of £192,376,000 on behalf of their depositors. When we thin how the possession of even a moderate sum of money smooths rugged path of life, and protects the independence of the wa earner when sickness, accident, or loss of employment occur cannot but be satisfactory to reflect that the thrift of the pe has resulted in the accumulation of the colossal sum just mentio This, however, should not be the only effect produced by the in esting information; but it ought to act as a stimulus to pers of intelligence and influence to inquire whether the usefulnes the Savings Banks might not be indefinitely increased, and whet there is any restriction in their constitution which hinders t legitimate growth.

The Select Committee are good enough to say that "they f recognise the value of the Savings Banks in promoting thrift." A no doubt large numbers of influential persons throughout country are of the same opinion. Still at times one is tempted think that in the case of the latter it is very much what the l Lord Iddesleigh once described as a "pious opinion"—a sen ment too much reverenced to be acted upon, or too vague to operative.

There is, moreover, an opinion prevalent in some minds, t influence of which can be seen in the trend of the questions wh were put to the witnesses before the Select Committee. This is t persuasion that since Savings Banks were originally intended for particular class of the people, their operations should be restrict to that class. In other words, that because these institutions we

established to serve the interests of one portion of the people, they ought not to be permitted to further justify their existence by serving the interests of a very much larger portion, or the whole nation.

Let it be clearly understood that it is not a question of turning institutions created for one class to the use of another, and totally different, class, as has happened, for example, in the case of many of the charitable and educational endowments of the country. The Savings Banks exist for, and are still used by, the poorest classes, and confer an incalculable benefit in protecting their savings and in teaching them the value of thrift. Only those who are actively concerned with the management of Savings Banks are able to fully realise the influence of these institutions, and how much they encourage the people upon the often arduous pathway of thrift.

It being the fact then that the Trustee Savings Banks and the Post Office Savings Bank are still used by the industrial and poorer classes, should it not be the concern of our legislators to remove everything about them that cramps their energies or stultifies their existence? Now there are restrictions imposed by Parliament upon the Savings Banks which do materially interfere with their development and increased usefulness. Let us glance at these, and in doing so it may be well to remember that the Trustee Banks are governed by the consolidating statute of 1863, and the Post Office Bank by the Act of 1861, while both have been almost equally the subject of subsequent enactments; and it may be said that their general provisions are almost identical.

The first restriction which confronts the depositor is that he cannot have an account in both banks at the same time; if he has only a single shilling in the Post Office Bank he cannot become a depositor in a Trustee Bank, and *vice versa*. Why should he not be permitted to test the comparative advantages of the two classes of banks? There is a difference of method, and the hours of business of each are different, and if a would-be depositor did not mind the trouble of keeping two accounts instead of one, why should he not have the opportunity of doing so, and thus add to his financial experience?

Another interference with his effort to save meets the depositor if he should be successful in accumulating the sum of fifty pounds before the end of the official year of the bank. If he then comes with a further deposit he is told that it cannot be accepted until after the end of that year. It is true that if he had withdrawn anything during the year, he could replace the amount withdrawn, but he may not have had occasion to withdraw; and so, having reached the yearly limit, he is, as it were, pulled up; and there is reason to fear that in many cases the zeal for thrift may receive a check, or there may, at least, be an undesirable cause

of irritation which casts a slur upon the character of thrift. Many people have the impression that it is the *balance* of the account which must not, in any year, exceed fifty pounds. Of course they forget the regulation which fixes the ultimate limit of the yearly accumulations at the sum of two hundred pounds. With regard also to the annual limit, it may be remarked that it often happens, owing to legitimate circumstances, that a depositor requires to operate frequently, both by deposit and withdrawal, and in some of such cases it might be an advantage if the limit applied to the amount of balance rather than to the total of the deposits. After a course of withdrawing and redepositing within a single year, the circumstances of a depositor may take a favourable turn, so that he is able to add to his deposits; here—if it should happen that the sum of his deposits for the year has reached the limit (allowance also being made for replacement), and if there is still a part of the year unexpired—the bank cannot help him. He must hold the money at the risk of losing it or of being tempted to misuse it. And lest it should be suggested by an acute reader that the depositor might, in such a case, deposit the money in the name of his wife, or a child, it may be stated that it is by no means a supposititious case that the depositor has neither wife nor child to assist him in the emergency.

Let us now consider the case of the depositor who has in the course of years accumulated the serviceable, yet moderate, sum of two hundred pounds. His prudence and forethought have survived the checks which the imposition of the annual limit is apt to produce, but now he experiences the crowning effect of the subtile agency of restriction: it matters not that the motive towards an accumulation beyond two hundred pounds may be worthy, or that the power to further save may conduce to his material and moral welfare, and confirm his status as a responsible citizen, the depositor must be told that the Savings Bank can help him no further. An allwise, or, may we not say, an *un*wise Legislature has decreed that two hundred pounds is the limit of Savings Bank utility, and the depositor must submit.

But we may be reminded that for such a juncture in the history of individual thrift an expedient exists in the regulation enabling a depositor to purchase Government Stock, to the extent of two hundred pounds a year, and five hundred pounds in all. He may become a holder of "gilt-edged securities," and the Savings Bank will make the operation almost as simple as the ordinary deposit account. This is quite true, but there are two full-bodied obstacles to such a purchase of Consols; the one is the rooted objection of depositors to invest in anything that is unfamiliar to them, the other is the possibility of loss from the fluctuation in the price of Consols. We need only think of the position of a depositor who had bought Consols in 1897, when the price reached 113, and required to sell

now at about 93, to realise that the operation would not commend itself as a particularly thrifty one.

Now, any person unacquainted with the history of Savings Banks may wonder why any of these restrictions should exist, and he might be excused if he imagined that an act of emancipation is a self-evident need, sure of being effected on being submitted to Parliament. Such an opinion would shrivel up like the gourd of Jonah as soon as it encountered the withering glare of the opposition to true Savings Bank reform. Whence comes this opposition? There are two sources of objection. There is the objection of many persons of influence to any change implying that the Savings Banks may exist for any other than the poorer and wage-earning classes; and there is the resistance offered by the commercial banking community on the supposition that Savings Banks would be inimical to the success of the Commercial Banks if they were further popularised. Both of these objections are founded on bad premises; the first-named resting upon the implication that since Savings Banks were once agencies for the benefit of the poorer classes, they cannot legitimately be utilised also for the benefit of the better-off classes; the other is grounded upon the assumption that if depositors were allowed to lodge without limit in the Savings Banks, an instrument to compel them to deal with the Commercial Banks would be taken away, and the money that now finds its way to them would be intercepted.

To both of these classes of objectors the assurance may be given that they are the victims of misconception. In regard to the first mentioned, one would suppose that familiarity with the development which has taken place in many of the institutions of this country would have disposed them to recognise that the principle of growth should also affect the constitution of Savings Banks. Every one is familiar with a conspicuous instance of development in the department of the Post Office; how from the mere transmission of letters it has moved on to the transmission and safeguarding of money, and latterly to the carrying of parcels. Why should not the Savings Banks be allowed to increase their usefulness to an equally unlimited extent? No sound principle can be invoked to debar this: on the contrary, vital considerations, alike moral and material, are bound up with the plea for the extension.

The old-fashioned notion that only the labouring and wage-earning part of the people require facilities for thrift ought to be brushed down—as an intellectual cobweb—from the chambers of the public mind: and every class in the community should be welcomed to, and catered for by, the Savings Banks. There have been signs of a change of attitude in this respect on the part of the middle classes, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the habit of setting aside a portion of income as a reserve for contingencies

will be generally esteemed as needful for the householder as mu as for the prudently managed public company. Is it not evide then, that the Savings Banks, which have answered so well t demands of the past, are the natural agencies for still further co solidating the habit of thrift among all classes of the communit None of us can say how much the existence and stability of t Nation depend upon the accumulated funds of the thrifty co stituents, and the solidarity of character to which that thrift h contributed.

It is gratifying to know that owing to the sagacious and ben ficent efforts of the School Boards and other Managers of Schoo in conducting Penny Banks at their schools, the rising generati are being trained to save, and made familiar with the routine of t larger Savings Banks, to which many of them are in course of tir transferred. This adds greater force to the argument for t freeing of the Savings Banks. It is time to shake off the shackl of the past, to put aside the small-clothes belonging to the infan of thrift, so that the Savings Banks may not only be accessible all classes of the community, but serviceable to the fullest limits their requirements.

We have yet to consider more fully the other idea so prevale among certain sections of our lawmakers and others, that Savin Banks with extended facilities would be inimical to the progress the Commercial Banks. This is surely an unwarrantable assum tion. The lines of activity of the two institutions are sufficient distinct to admit of each being conducted without antagonism, a even with a great deal of co-operation. Just as certainly as t Penny Banks of the schools feed the Savings Banks, so do t Savings Banks contribute to the Commercial Banks. Indeed, borrow from the region of present political controversy, we may s that there is something in the nature of co-ordination of financ education in the relations of the three forms of bank: the Pen Banks are the elementary schools; the Savings Banks are t secondary schools; and the Commercial Banks are the colleges universities of thrift. We may, therefore, dismiss the notion of a necessary antagonism between Savings Banks and Commercial Bank believing that each conducted on the freest possible system have the part to play in the utility of the collective life.

Surely enough has been advanced to show it to be reasonable expect that when the question of the Savings Banks comes befo Parliament there will be a more than ordinary desire on the part the Legislature to inquire if these well-tried institutions are n capable of being reformed in the direction of freer service a enlarged usefulness.

We cannot avoid taking note of the fact that it is not the peop at large who have objected to liberalising the Savings Banks. Scarce

anything that took place during the sittings of the Select Committee was more striking than the persistence with which the then Chancellor of the Exchequer reminded witnesses, who pleaded on behalf of the Trustee Savings Banks against a reduction of interest—that the taxpayers must bear the loss that must result if the present rate of interest is maintained. And it was perfectly correct of Sir Michael Hicks Beach to insist upon the fact that the loss would be borne by real taxpayers, and not by that phantasmal thing which we commonly call the Government. Yet it cannot be too strongly emphasised that there is no evidence indicating any opposition of the taxpayers as a whole to undertaking the slight addition to their weighty burden, which the continuing of the present rate of Savings Bank interest would entail.

If it were really necessary to argue the point it might further be urged that there is no likelihood of there being any objection by the taxpayers to the existing, or a substantially increased charge, if it be necessary in order to maintain such valuable institutions as the Savings Banks have shown themselves to be. In principle there can be no more objection to this than there is to the Poor's Rate, and the Education Rate: both of which have been paid willingly by great numbers of the people, who neither expected to receive what is called "relief," nor have depended upon the Public Elementary Schools for the education of their own children.

If, then, there be no popular objection to the removal of the restrictions upon the utility of Savings Banks, but, on the contrary, presumptive evidence in favour of the opinion that the people would welcome any change that made them capable of a wider service, WHY SHOULD PARLIAMENT SNUB THE SAVINGS BANKS?

We reiterate, then, the assertion that the coming Parliamentary discussion of the position of the Savings Banks should be the occasion for giving them a wider charter, and brighter prospects of general utility. The Select Committee have recommended that a reduction of one-eighth per cent. be made in the annual rate of interest and some administrative changes which are not without advantage; but they have suggested nothing in the way of greater facilities of deposit as a set-off to the reduction of the interest; and the friends of the Savings Banks know from experience that it is a hopeless task to attempt the extracting of the boon from an unwilling Parliament; and yet so astute a financier and publicist as Mr. Gladstone proposed in 1880 to enlarge the limits of deposit up to £100 a year and £300 in the whole.

With the object of throwing more light upon the necessity for dispensing with a limit to the amount of deposit, reference may be made to the fact that not infrequently legacies become payable to persons unexpectedly, and while willing to lodge the whole amount in the Savings Bank, the security of which they appreciate, and the

routine of which they understand, they find that only a part of thei money can be taken by the bank. Besides this there have bee recently two other sources from which the wage earners have derive money in such amounts as easily fill up or exceed the annual limit o deposit, without allowing for the ordinary increments of thrift. Thes are the sums awarded under the Workmen's Compensation Act o 1897, and the payments made to those who have returned fro military service in the recent South African War.

Finally it may be pointed out that it is a well-marked experienc of our chequered existence that the power to save is not uniform i its operation; that it fluctuates with change of circumstance, and diminishes with increasing age. Would it not then be the consummation of wise legislation that the Savings Banks should b empowered to take whatever a depositor has to deposit, whenever h has it?

It would by no means be the case that the deposit of sums greatl in excess of present limits would be allowed to remain with th Savings Banks; but the power to place the money there in the firs instance would relieve many persons from a serious dilemma, and possible loss, until they could, as it were, "turn themselves round," and decide upon a suitable investment.

Of course, the granting of unlimited power of deposit in Savings Banks would raise the question of the nation's position in the even of an unprecedented accumulation of money for which (if it were received at interest) an equivalent interest might not be obtainable by the State. To deal with any difficulty arising from this circumstance it might be provided that £200 be either the annual or the total limit for deposits bearing interest, and that deposits beyond this limit should not be entitled to interest. Then, as it would not be desirable that the Savings Banks should receive interest from the National Debt Commissioners on the portion of their funds which they had acquired free of interest, a simple expedient might be adopted: thus, for example, in making their weekly return to the Commissioners, each Savings Bank might be required to state the total amount of all sums held for the week in excess of the limit, and on such total amount (if in excess of their ordinary working balance) the bank could be debited by the Commissioners, for deduction from their half-yearly allowance of interest. Assuming that the rate of interest was retained at two and three-quarters per cent., a charge of one shilling per week for every hundred pounds, or any fractional part of that sum, would be simple to calculate, and would suffice to protect the State from loss.

A pleasant feature of the inquiry of the Select Committee is to be found in their tribute to those gentlemen throughout the United Kingdom who are concerned with the control of the Trustee Savings Banks, and the declaration of the Committee that "they would not

recommend any action which in their opinion. . . . would tend to deprive our town population of the special facilities offered to them by the Trustee Savings Banks, and the unpaid public service rendered by many leading citizens who take an active part in the management of these institutions."

It would be a national misfortune if the unpaid public service of our leading citizens were to dwindle, and cease to be rendered. And although many new agencies of social helpfulness have come into existence, and claim attention from those who are zealous for the commonweal, it is to be hoped that it will continue to be in accord with the ideal of public service that our leading citizens should be actively concerned in building up the edifice of thrift.

GEO. WM. BOAG.

THE APPLICATION OF SCIENCE TO CRIMINAL REFORM.

The recently issued Report of the Commissioners of Prisons, in giving a semi-official recognition to the principle of the indeterminate sentence, has bestowed a belated blessing upon a union which is no longer a new one, and which is already beginning to bear fruit. The alliance of science with social reform is the direct outcome of a spirit which began to permeate the closing decades of the last century, and is to-day animating the most vigorous of our youthful minds. To these the Report is, *pro tanto*, a distinct encouragement. The concession, it is true, is an infinitesimal portion of what they have been clamouring for; but at any rate it denotes that the sound of their voices has penetrated the stone walls of orthodox jurisprudence, and is a hopeful augury for the future.

Most of the difficulty that civilised peoples have met with in their attempts to cure the hideous social disease of criminality has been due to an imperfect appreciation of the nature of crime itself: their treatment has proved inadequate simply because it has proceeded upon a false diagnosis. The first question therefore which we must ask ourselves before seeking a remedy for our malady is the twofold one: "What is Crime? and what is the proper function of criminal law?" Here we are at once met with the difficulty that the intrinsic quality of crime is so variable and elusive that it is incapable of accurate definition, apart from its purely legal aspect. "Crime," says Sir James Stephen, "is an act of disobedience to a law forbidden under pain of punishment";[1] and its penal consequence is indeed its only invariable feature.

A given act does not in fact exhibit any certain and universal intrinsic qualities which at once reveal it as a crime. It may indeed be a crime in one generation but not in another; in one country but not in another; even in one town but not in another. Thus, nine of the offences which the ancient Hebrews visited with death are no longer crimes at all; the taking of illicit commissions, which is no crime with us to-day, will become one as soon as our legislative machinery permits of the passing of the Lord Chancellor's Bill; libel under certain circumstances is a crime in England and not in other countries; formerly female unchastity was

[1] *General View of Criminal Law.* 1863.

a crime in Bristol but not in London. It is unnecessary to multiply these examples; and it is clear that the characteristics of criminality are not permanent, but vary according to the varying views of legislative bodies and of societies from time to time, depending upon questions of expediency for the time being.

But though we cannot define crime, we can describe its nature with sufficient accuracy for the purpose of arriving at a rational basis for its treatment.

From the very beginning of the forming of mankind into societies —if indeed there ever was such a beginning—it is discovered that there exists in the community an anti-social element which, by directly injuring the health of the social organism, hinders its harmonious working. Some of the units of the society, produced by unfavourable conditions, are ill-adapted for harmonious social action. It may be that circumstances do not lead them to exhibit this lack of harmony in any marked form, in which case they remain, if not useful, at least not actively injurious members of society; but conditions which depend upon the constitutional vigour of the social tissue may lead to the development of these instincts, and anti-social acts are committed. If these acts affect the community only indirectly, they may be said to be merely vicious: if, however, they are directly injurious they are criminal. Crime then, in its broadest and only universal sense, is the directly injurious activity of the extreme anti-social element which has hitherto been found to exist in societies.

Upon the community realising the disagreeable properties of this element, there happens something which has its exact parallel in the laws of the physical world. Nature takes no account of the doctrine of non-resistance; and "to every action there is always an equal and opposite re-action." Just as our own bodies are armed with the power of putting into operation re-active efforts to repel disease, so the offence committed by the criminal against society meets with its inevitable reaction, and the State endeavours to repel the disease by punishing the evildoer. The precise form which the social reaction takes varies according to the danger arising from the crime, and the state of development of the society; but the end of criminal law—whether consciously or unconsciously—has always been, and in its nature must be, the same, viz., to get rid of the dangerous anti-social element.

The history of this reaction reveals an evolution from the system of private vengeance, through a period of public vengeance, to our present period of public vengeance tempered by some consideration of the criminal. The earliest known method often permitted the injured individual to wreak his private vengeance to an extent far in excess of the offence; a man or even a whole family for example being frequently destroyed as a punishment for a small injury.

This was the crude beginning of the *lex talionis*, which when i leading principle became modified into the maxim, "an eye for a eye, and a tooth for a tooth," formed the basis of the penal systems all ancient peoples. As a deterrent in the case of personal injur it was efficacious enough; but in the course of time—when th advantage of preserving the population came to be better appreci ted—the State took upon itself the character of the party injure who was compelled to be satisfied with a pecuniary compensation.

This recognition of the right of the State to limit private ven geance gave rise to the conception that its head—usually as th representative of an outraged Deity—had the right to inflict publi vengeance upon the offender. Thus, Paul says, "the ruler . . . i the minister of God; a revenger to execute wrath upon him tha doeth evil."[1] Upon this principle was built up a system of terrorism characterised by great variety and severity of penalties. The dut of the State was conceived to be, first to punish the criminal; and in a minor degree, to prevent crime; and it was thought that th greater the severity of the punishment the more deterrent it woul be. The criminal himself—whether in relation to his own treatmen or to the possibility of his reform—was not considered.

It is not within the scope of the present purpose to inquire witl any detail into the actual methods pursued at various times fo repressing the criminal. "The men of primitive times," says Maine "were persuaded that the impulses of the injured person were th proper measure of the vengeance he was entitled to exact, and imitated the probable rise and fall of his passions in fixing thei scale of punishment;"[2] and the history of criminology is only to painfully full of the records of the barbarous tortures inflicted by primitive peoples, and the hideous prison systems provided, even by the most civilised of Western nations,—at any rate down to the end of the eighteenth century. The picture has been painted often enough; and its details are sufficiently ghastly for the most morbid reader of Newgate Calendars.

But the spirit of dissatisfaction which animated eighteenth-century Europe produced, in 1766, Beccaria's vigorous work *On Crimes and Punishments*, in which this great reformer laid down the principle that while society was entitled to adequate protection against crime, the true end of criminal law was not retaliation but the amendment of the criminal for the ultimate good of the community. This work, by the powerful influence it exercised upon penal jurisprudence in Europe, may be said to have led to our modern prison system.

As soon as public opinion was thoroughly awakened to the folly and inhumanity of the old system, criminal treatment began to tend in the opposite direction of leniency. The penal history of the nineteenth century is a record of gradually increasing efforts at

[1] Romans, xiii. 4. [2] *Ancient Law*, p. 381.

the amelioration of prison method: more and more energetic have become the exertions of philanthropists and jurists; and to-day, so far as treatment is concerned, our prisoners may be said to have little to complain of. They are supplied with all the necessaries and some of the comforts of life; their labour is not burdensome; and their manner of life is at least very endurable. The healthiness of modern prison life, as compared with the style of living which the average prisoner would meet with outside, has often been demonstrated. Indeed, so far have we travelled away from the methods of our fathers that it may be wondered whether we have not made our prisons too comfortable, and whether we may not profitably ponder upon the maxim of Rochefoucauld: "Il s'en faut bien que l'innocence trouve autant de protection que le crime."[1]

The reaction against the methods of our ancestors has been so violent that we are very apt to indulge in righteous horror and indignation against the old system. But we must not too hastily condemn it: we have ourselves only ceased to use these methods because they are no longer necessary, having regard to our increased knowledge and the altered conditions of our time. The severe and cruel prison system of the past, and even such a liberal use of the death penalty as the destruction of 72,000 thieves and vagabonds in the reign of Henry VIII., was probably justified by the danger of crime to the community. Just as in the physical world the reaction is precisely equal to the action having regard to all the surrounding circumstances; so the social reaction against crime is probably—having regard to the danger to the community and the state of knowledge at the time—precisely what is necessary for the due protection of society at different times and in different places. If the punishment for a given crime is greater or less at one time than another it is because the crime itself is a greater or less danger to the community; when the danger is very serious, the attempt at repression takes a violent form; but when, as in our time, owing to the increase of population and the wider distribution of wealth, crime is less dangerous, the community can afford to be more lenient, as it has leisure to be more discriminating, in the treatment of the criminal. Thus the systems of Moses, Draco and Solon all equally approximate to true justice, when considered in the light of their age.

But signs are not wanting that the time has now come for our own system to justify its continued existence. All penal systems must stand or fall according to the success with which they attain their admitted object for the time being. What then is the admitted end of criminal jurisprudence to-day? The conventional jurist and the scientific criminologist, starting from different premises, arrive

[1] *Maxim*, 488.

at the same conclusion—to provide the best possible protection o society against the danger arising from the anti-social element Judged by this standard the existing system must be said to be n longer adequate to deal with the criminal problem. How far it i true that crime is an inevitable and ineffaceable blot upon our civilisa tion is a debatable question; but it ought at least to be a matte of surprise to us that after so lengthy a period of ceaseless battl with the criminal element, accompanied by greatly increased know ledge, crime still exists to such an extent as not only to necessitat the expenditure of vast sums of money for penal purposes—amounting in Great Britain to at least ten millions per annum, an in the United States, according to Mr. Douglas Morrison, to fifty nine million dollars—but to form a serious and grave problem, an (though in a far less degree than formerly) a continued danger t the healthy life of the community.

Since the beginning of last century there has been a stead increase in the volume of criminality in France, Germany, Italy Belgium and the United States—in some of these countries to a enormous extent. Great Britain, it is true, has been enjoying a apparent decrease, which is attributed to the gigantic scale on whic executions and transportations were carried out in this country unti comparatively recent times. But even here the bald facts somewha damp our jubilation. Owing to a greater or less sensitiveness o public conscience; more or less police vigilance; the growing custo of sending juveniles to industrial institutions; the shortening o sentences and the increased substitution of fines for imprisonment our prison population cannot be said to afford reliable evidence a to the increase or otherwise of crime.[1] But (apart from the questio of the ratio of prisoners to population) it may be pointed out tha whereas the average daily population of the local prisons of Englan and Wales from 1878 to 1892 showed a marked decrease; since 1892 as appears from the Commissioners' Report, the figures have steadil increased, and for the year ending March 31st last were the highes since 1885.

Another important fact is the undoubted growth of recidivism. Some significant figures are to be found under this head in the Report of the Howard Association for last year. In the year ending March 1901, there were in England and Wales no less than 86,954 offenders re-convicted and sent to local and convict prisons. Of these more than 11,000 had been previously convicted more than

[1] As a curious example of the modification of statistics by unobserved influences, it may be mentioned that three or four years ago an important administrative change was made in the police regulations, by which constables on night-duty who had arrested prisoners were allowed to substitute the time spent at the police court on the following day for an equivalent amount of future night-duty; previously their night-duty had only been reduced by one-half the time spent in court. It is said that immediately upon this rule coming into force there was a considerable increase in the number of prisoners charged!

ten times; more than a further 11,000 had been convicted more than twenty times; and some had been convicted literally hundreds of times. Many figures upon this point have been given by Sir Robert Anderson, and it is impossible to doubt the increase in our towns of the habitual criminal.

The explanation of our failure to prevent these unhappy lapses appears to be the entire unsuitability of our prisons for the purpose of reform, and the fact that hitherto our attempts at reform have not proceeded on scientific lines. There is no lack of evidence to show that the modern prison is such that it is productive of evil, not only to the criminal, but to the society upon which he is let loose when his term of imprisonment expires. Thus, while on the one hand the prison is to the habitual offender a retreat possessing sufficient relative comfort to constitute a not unwelcome resting-place after his bouts of criminality (leading frequently to the commission of offences for no other purpose than to obtain admission), it is to the young and the occasional offender an all-too-fruitful school of vice. Major Griffiths has said that half the inmates of our prisons ought never to have been there and the other half ought never to be released; and it is now admitted on all hands by the best authorities that the prison system in its present condition is worse than useless as a means of reform.

The practice of depriving our criminal of liberty for a stated period which varies according to the varying wisdom of the judge who sentences him is, as has often been pointed out, as foolish as it would be to send a small-pox patient to quarantine for a fortnight and then return him to his friends whether cured or not.

But it would seem to be a wise provision of Nature that as soon as the growth of our knowledge begins to outstrip our methods, those methods not only cease to be effective to cope with our social disease, but compel us by the infliction of painful symptoms such as have been referred to to awake to the fact that our malady needs immediate attention. That the symptoms are being felt is evidenced by the increased attention which is being devoted to this subject. The work of applying to practical uses the increased knowledge which has been gained by scientific investigation during the last half-century is, in fact, reserved for our generation; and in face of the energetic spirit of progress which is evidencing itself in all directions there is little fear that we shall prove unworthy of our opportunities.

The course which the scientific investigation of crime has taken has in the main followed the lines laid down by the school of criminal anthropologists founded by Lombroso and his associates. The elaborate and painstaking investigations of Lombroso, of whom it was said that "he studied crime with a yard measure," have met

with much violent criticism and abuse; and it is now agreed that many of his conclusions are unscientific and erroneous. But he has accumulated a great mass of invaluable material: and has rendered us the important service of enabling men of greater scientific capacity, while accumulating fresh facts, to deal with his data and to avoid his mistakes.

The observations made have revealed the fact that the criminal is an abnormal being: his class shows marked similarity of abnormal general physique—especially of cranial, cerebral, and facial characteristics. The physical and mental habits of criminals are found to resemble in a remarkable degree those of other criminals, *e.g.* in such matters as motor activity, physical sensibility to pain and moral sensibility. It is said that many of these physical peculiarities are of an atavistic nature. The shape of the head reverts to that of savages and lower types; prehensile feet, abnormally lengthy arms, Darwinian ear lobes, atavistic muscles in all parts of the body, and, in fact, a multitude of special features are found to be common to the criminal and the savage.

The criminal instinct is ascertained to be very often developed early in life (a fact which receives the strongest confirmation in the Commissioners' Report); and students of children will not deny that the child is by nature more nearly allied to the animal, the savage, and the criminal, than the adult. In many cases, as a result of arrested development, the child retains his primitive instincts all his life; and when circumstances are favourable and opportunity offers he becomes a criminal.

The criminal is admittedly produced by heredity and environment, though the relations and proportions which these two bear to one another it is, of course, in the present state of our knowledge, impossible to ascertain with any precision. The famous Chrétien family in France (which included four murderers and six thieves in two generations); and the not less famous Jukes family in America (which out of 709 individuals who were traced from a common ancestor numbered 76 criminals), are remarkable instances of the influence of heredity: while the minute inquiries which have been made into the surroundings and circumstances of life of delinquents reveal only too painfully the powerful character of this influence. The tendency of modern science, however, certainly seems to be to place less reliance on heredity and more on environment.

Although opinions differ widely as to the true significance to be attached to these researches, it cannot be denied that their results are, generally speaking, the same, even when carried out independently and in different parts of the world. On the whole, it may be said to be certain that the true criminal is an individual of abnormal and exceptional type, frequently with distinctly atavistic tendencies, who by reason of parentage or development, or both,

appears to be better adapted to a lower type of social organisation than that in which he lives. It is his unhappy lot to be unfitted by nature to live up to the same standard as his more fortunate fellows. Mr. Owen Pike long ago said: "Of a very great number of modern habitual criminals it may be said that they have the misfortune to live in an age in which their merits are not appreciated. Had they been in the world a sufficient number of generations ago, the strongest of them might have been chiefs of a tribe."

If, then, every really criminal act is a result of the temporary or permanent abnormal relation of the individual to the community, the notions of vengeance and punishment seem no longer to have any justification. We do not now (though time was when we did) punish a lunatic for acting in accordance with his defective mental capacity. Why then should we proceed to eliminate the criminal element by the absurd means of mere punishment, coupled with the feeblest of efforts at reform?

It is at once seen that a sound method of dealing with this difficult problem will only be discovered by proceeding along two main lines. In the first place, if, as Mr. Morley says, and there seems little reason to doubt, "the evil in the world is the result of bad education and bad institutions," we must aim as far as possible at preventing the production of abnormal individuals by straining every effort to improve the general health of the social tissue. No man can live and thrive without the continuance in sound health of the community; and it is his highest interest to secure this continuance. It is a reasonable expectation that with improved social health fewer and fewer individuals will be born of a type unfitted for harmonious social action; and that those criminal microbes who are produced will find a less and less fruitful soil in which to develop their anti-social proclivities. Foremost among reforms to this end are such problems as elementary education; the solution of the great and terribly difficult housing question; and intemperance (the most fruitful of all the proximate causes of crime); all of which are so closely bound together that they practically form but one problem.

But the question of dealing with the existing criminal is a more complex one. An objection often raised to the anthropological theory is that if the anti-social man is criminal by reason of his physical peculiarities, it is useless to endeavour to reform him. But it is submitted that just as these conditions have been produced largely by environment, they are capable of modification by environment. We do not, for example, regard the lunatic as hopelessly incurable in all cases; and the provision of a special environment for him often produces good results. Surely the lunatic whose aberration takes the form of crime is amenable to analogous treatment. Once the capacity for amendment is established, there arises the necessity for rational treatment to this end. It may be found, when

repeated experiments, that certain cases are hopelessly incapable permanent amendment; and in such cases it will have to be decide whether the criminal should be destroyed or detained for life in criminal asylum. In any case the confirmed criminal should l placed under such restraint as will prevent any repetition of h conduct or the perpetuation of his species.

One of the chief objections to the present penal system is th definite and predetermined sentence by a judge who not on knows nothing of the nature of the offender brought befo him, and cannot properly estimate the effect of the sentenc but who is only rarely even an expert in criminal la What can be more absurd than to set a man who may ha never come in contact with criminals, and who is elevated to th bench as a reward for a career devoted, say, to ecclesiastical law the parliamentary bar, to preside over a criminal court? The fun tion of a judge, it is suggested, should be vested in a board experts who could see their own sentences carried out.

The definite and predetermined sentence should be abolished all cases, and the length of imprisonment should depend upon th prisoner's social and biological condition and his capacity for refor The indeterminate sentence has now been sanctioned in theory b the Commissioners' Report. As is well known, it is working i practice in several of the American States, and has reached it fullest development in the famous reformatory at Elmira. Subje to the maximum statutory period of imprisonment not bein exceeded, the prisoner remains in the reformatory until in th opinion of the managers he may be released on parole for probationary period of six months. Before such liberation o parole a situation is if possible found for the prisoner. Attempt are made to improve the physical health of the inmates by fres air, exercise, healthy employment and suitable diet. Effort are directed to the awakening of their intellectual and mora faculties by instruction in drawing, history, business law arithmetic, physical geography, economics, and what is called "practical morality." The prisoner on entry is placed in the middl of three stages of treatment, and is moved into the higher or lowe according to his conduct. Many thousands of criminals have passed through the reformatory, and it is said that the percentage of recon-victions is very low.

The indeterminate sentence, however, is only a preliminary reform, and it must be accompanied by an entire rearrangement of the prison organisation and staff. Mr. Havelock Ellis says: "The prison warder of to-day is about as well-fitted for the treatment of criminality as the hospital nurse of a century ago was fitted for the treatment of disease."[1] It should be a *sine qua non* that persons

[1] *The Criminal.*

appointed to take charge of criminals should have previously received special training which would acquaint them with the characteristics of the various classes of criminals.

In favour of occasional criminals there should be a wide extension of *liability* to imprisonment as now practised under the First Offenders' Acts. A system of suspended sentences which expire by effluxion of time without imprisonment if the offender observes good behaviour has, it is said, been practised in Belgium and the United States with success, and might with advantage be adopted here. The system of fines in suitable cases should also be extended, and whenever a fine is sufficient punishment, the offender should, in default of payment, not be imprisoned, but compelled to give his labour.

With regard to the most important question of child offenders, the principle of adjusting penal treatment to the social and biological circumstances of the delinquent is already recognised, and to some extent acted upon; but beyond the age of sixteen our law makes no other provision than the prison for the young hooligan. The experiments now being conducted at Borstal, which have in view the special treatment of youthful offenders by strict classification, firm and exact discipline, hard work, and organised supervision on discharge in order to ascertain the eventual destiny of these cases, are being anxiously watched by all interested in the subject. It is, however, to be feared that with the existing prison machinery, the question of juvenile crime cannot be adequately grappled with; and vast strides will have to be made in this direction before progress can be considered in any respect satisfactory.

Some extremely interesting, and probably more useful, experiments are about to be conducted in Germany and in the United States, under laws which have recently been passed providing special courts for juvenile delinquents, who are not to be sent to gaol, but where possible to be placed in approved family homes, where they are to become members of the family by a semi-legal adoption. In the children lies the hope of social regeneration in the future, and more and more is this being recognised by the legislatures of the world.

The reforms mentioned are among the more urgent; but once the biological view is fully recognised, the whole existing system and all its accoutrements will have to be entirely remodelled upon true scientific principles. There are many hopeful indications of the tendency to apply such principles to social questions—for example, the formation of the new Committee on Social Education (including such men of science as Lord Avebury and Professors Marshall, Stuart, Chapman and Lodge), which is to endeavour to place on a more permanent basis the study of scientific economics in relation to administration.

Even jurisprudence, at present the most empirical of all sciences,

is finding itself compelled to make terms with sociology. Importa recent steps in this direction were the Youthful Offenders' Act, 19 which provides for inquiry into the child offender's parental c ditions, and punishes the parent who has conduced to the miscond of the child by neglect or otherwise; the Elementary Education A 1899, which provides machinery which could be made very useful the special training of defective and epileptic children; the provis made for habitual drunkards by the Inebriates' Acts, 1898 and 189 the Intoxicating Liquors' (Sale to Children Act), 1901; and Licensing Act, 1902.

It may, in conclusion, be pointed out that this great and diffic problem of crime is not one that can be effectively dealt with disregarding other social questions. More and more it becomes appar that all branches of politics and sociology, all laws of progress development, are intimately related to one another. More and mor is realised that we cannot afford to disregard any single scientific fac any single social force, however distant may appear to be its rela to our inquiry. Up in the invisible plane of social life the eter laws keep watch and ward. Ours let it be to discover their rela to the visible life below; to trace their occult operations in hard facts of life; and to apply them to the dark and mysteri phases of our social experience.

W. H. Champness

1902.

ON THE NEGLECTED CENTENARY OF HARRIET MARTINEAU.

In *A Manchester Strike*—one of the best among her Series of Tales devoted to the popular exposition of Political Economy—Harriet Martineau makes the remark, "Alas! What is so fleeting as popularity?" A remark the triteness of which does not detract from its truthfulness, and which points with singular application to her own case. Harriet Martineau was born June 12, 1802. Yet, even in this age of much celebration of centenaries, no magazines or newspapers, so far as I am aware, have condescended to draw the slightest attention to the centenary of one so remarkable as she was in the eyes of our own generation.

Broadly speaking, the great teachers of every age may be divided into two classes: (1) Those who exercise an immediate and easily recognised influence on their own generation and then with almost equal suddenness pass into obscurity; (2) A rarer, and, for the most part, a higher order, those who are comparatively unrecognised by their contemporaries, or, if recognised at all, awarded persecution or ridicule, yet have an influence lasting and enduring into future generations. These are the pioneers who have to educate the age that is to become capable of understanding them. Being in advance of their own generation, only a rare spirit now and then is able to receive them. I believe that it will hardly be denied that the subject of this sketch belonged chiefly to the first order of teachers, to those teachers who powerfully influenced their own generation; but the influence they leave behind them is indirect rather than direct. Sometimes this transitory renown arises from the fact that its possessors have the power of seizing upon the ideas that are in the air and putting them into clear and popular language. Unlike the "voice that is crying in the wilderness," with few to listen to it, it is a voice uttering the opinions entertained even when not expressed by the multitude of hearers. Sometimes the diminution of fame after sudden notoriety arises from the fact that the popular cause so eagerly attracting attention at one time has been won; and with the cessation of conflict there has occurred also a cessation of interest. Sometimes also this curious diminution of fame arises from a natural reaction, from the "swing of the pendulum" as it has been called. Whatever the cause—perhaps from a combination

of all the three factors just cited—it will hardly be denied that reputation of Harriet Martineau has lost rather than gained dur the years that have passed since her death. Yet the influence excited in the earlier half of the last century was remarkable, must not be altogether lost sight of because it has proved to transitory. Moreover, she was one of the earliest in that series distinguished women of which the nineteenth century has been prolific. For this and other reasons, a tribute in the pages of REVIEW to one born just a hundred years ago will, I hope, be unwelcome.

Harriet Martineau was born at Norwich, where the first of name had settled in 1688; being the third daughter and sixth c of Thomas Martineau, a manufacturer, Huguenot by extraction Unitarian by faith. She was extremely delicate both through her childhood and youth, a delicacy that, in the opinion of her mot was traceable to the fact that she was almost starved to death by wet nurse during the first three months of her life. She becam prey to indigestion and to all the nervous horrors associated with Deafness came on at the age of sixteen, and the senses both of t and smell seem to have been somewhat imperfectly developed. Th appears to have been nothing remarkable about her parents their steady self-denial in order to procure a sound education their children. Yet when we remember at what a low ebb the i of female education was at the beginning of the nineteenth c tury, we may consider the fact that the parents desired the advant of a good education for their girls as well as for their boys, unworthy of the term "remarkable:" and it seems probable Mrs. Martineau was gifted with ability that, had she lived at earlier or later date, might have received fuller development. A was, the prejudice against "learned women" was so great tha required the unstemmable current of real genius or else the ne equally imperative force of necessitous circumstances to em women to break through the tangled barrier of custom. It related of Jane Austen that when she first began to write she alw used to keep a piece of muslin to throw over her manuscripts sho any callers be ushered in while she was engaged in writing. A though Harriet Martineau possessed the inestimable benefit of couragement from her own family, it was impressed upon her them that it was due to her sex that she should keep herself her pursuits very much in the background.

How time has changed all this! Human nature remains pre much the same. We still have frivolous and thoughtful wom among us; but a hundred years ago the greater honour was gi to the less worthy, and thus with that conventionality which i besetting weakness of most women, the thoughtful of their d assumed the manners and habits of the frivolous. I think it

Corney Grain, a few years ago, who satirised the modern fashionable lady reading *Modern Society* but generally under the cover of the *Guardian* or *Spectator*! The disingenuousness, however blamable, is at least a healthy sign that cultivated reading is no longer thought a blot upon women, rather indeed a necessary accomplishment. In Harriet Martineau's day, flimsy fancy needlework or the making of wax flowers were the ideal feminine accomplishments, and instead of fine ladies assuming a cultivated taste they did not possess, thoughtful women assumed frivolous pursuits that possessed no real attraction for them.

Notwithstanding her great love of study it is possible that Harriet Martineau would have never come so prominently to the front had she not at the age of twenty-four lost her father, whose fortune, never very large, had been greatly diminished by the speculations and financial crash of the years 1825 and 1826. She had already contributed under the signature of "V.," to a Unitarian paper; and as her family, especially her brothers, had recognised that she possessed the literary faculty, she held it a duty to herself and her relatives that she should endeavour to support herself by her pen. A little later, pecuniary ruin, the result of the failure of the manufactory in which their very small capital was placed, threatened Harriet Martineau and her family, the former being left with precisely one shilling in her pocket. The earning of money was no longer simply a duty. It was a paramount necessity if she would be saved from the workhouse or starvation. The seeming trouble was in reality a blessing in disguise. For (to use her own words) "I began to feel the blessing of a wholly new freedom. I, who had been obliged to write before breakfast or in some private way, had henceforth liberty to do my own work in my own way, for we had lost our gentility." Instead of spending their lives in practising small economies and growing probably narrower every year, unable to travel or entertain, she and her sisters were thrown on their own resources, enabled to see the world abundantly; lived, instead of vegetated.

For the first two or three years Harriet Martineau, like most literary beginners, had a hard struggle. She lived upon fifty pounds a year, and to gain even so much as this she had to employ the assistance of her needle, not being able to gain enough by her pen. In 1830 the Central Unitarian Association advertised for prize essays, by which Unitarianism was to be presented to the notice of Catholics, Jews and Mohammedans. The prizes were ten guineas for the Catholic, fifteen for the Jewish, and twenty for the Mohammedan essay. Harriet Martineau competed for each prize and came out winner in all. The prize money enabled her to go to Dublin and visit her brother James and his wife; and during this visit she thought out the scheme of the Political Economy Series of Tales which was shortly to bring her into such extraordinary notice. She became

for the time, after their publication, a literary lion. The stories w undoubtedly well written. In these socialistic days a cheap rep of them might, I think, be useful. Yet it is doubtful whethe they had been written now for the first time they would bring t author the extraordinary literary reputation they brought u Harriet Martineau seventy years ago. For a woman to write u such an abstruse subject as political economy was a greater ra then than now. Even her very deafness and her ear trumpet w have added a little to the notoriety of the authoress. Like successful writers she was not a little abused, the *Quarterly Re* being especially severe upon her. Abuse quite as often enha literary fame as it detracts from it; and not only rank and wea but intellect sought her acquaintance. She seems on the whol have stood the ordeal very well. The curious in such matters find an interesting article from her pen on "Literary Lionis in the *London and Westminster Review* for April 1839. But addition to "that social notoriety which goes by the name of succe she obtained through the publication of her "Series" the more s stantial reward of a little more than two thousand pounds; with a portion of these earnings she determined to visit Amer During her stay there she brought upon herself a good deal obloquy by her undisguised sympathy with the anti-slavery agitat Not very long after her return she was seized with a serious illn which lasted for about six years. After trying a variety of dr and other forms of orthodox medical treatment, she had recourse mesmerism, and received what seemed to her like a new cours life from it. With characteristic honesty she immediately avo herself a believer in mesmerism, writing a series of papers in *Athenæum* upon the subject. This naturally brought her i obloquy with medical men; and the editor of the *Athenæum* him though he admitted her letters, for they carried the six numbers it in which they appeared through three editions, appended to last a string of comments "insulting and slanderous to the degree." From this time I think her popularity may be said have waned, the scientific world inclining to the belief that she beginning to allow herself to be influenced by charlatans. I member, now some twenty years ago, hearing a distinguish scientific man, who was a Unitarian by faith, repeat with evid agreement that "it has been somewhat wittily said of Har Martineau that she believed everything except the Bible." T saying did not seem to me particularly witty, nor the analogy p ticularly happy. For the two modes of belief are quite distin Belief in the Bible as a revelation presupposes absence of all inve gation. The duty of faith so warmly advocated by believers hal century ago resolved itself into humble, unquestioning acquiesce in long received dogmas; and Harriet Martineau possessed w

strongly within her that spirit which compels earnest people to prove all things before accepting them. It seems certain that before Harriet Martineau publicly avowed her belief in mesmerism, in phrenology, in clairvoyance, she had devoted much time and patience to their investigation, Nevertheless it is possible that on some occasions she may have been deceived. We are all familiar with the proverb, "Set a thief to catch a thief," and, conversely, a scrupulously honourable and single-minded woman like Harriet Martineau may quite likely have been one not altogether capable of detecting fraud easily. On the other hand, we must remember that in the opinion of a few distinguished thinkers, one of the failures of the wonderful nineteenth century has been the impatient contempt, the refusal of all investigation with which our scientific men have treated phrenology and kindred subjects, their readiness to assume that because a certain amount of charlatanism had been mixed up with them, there was no basis of truth worthy of investigation.

During the long years of her illness she had found herself slowly and painfully parting from the Unitarianism of her youth, arriving at a conclusion, accepted now by most Agnostics, "that it is possible that we human beings, with our mere human faculty, may not understand the scheme or nature or fact of the universe." In 1845, when she was forty-three years of age, she became acquainted with Mr. Atkinson, whose friendship she described as "the great privilege of the concluding period of my life," and five years later they brought out *The Atkinson Letters*, the result of a correspondence between Henry George Atkinson and Harriet Martineau on "The Laws of Man's Nature and Development."

I think the first thing to strike the reader of these Letters — interesting though they are—is the curious fact that though the *Vestiges of Creation* had been published about five years previously, though Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Psychology* were to be published but five years later, and the epoch-making book *The Origin of the Species* was to be published in 1859, expounding a theory of the world that he and Alfred Russell Wallace had pondered over for twenty years, neither Harriet Martineau nor Mr. Atkinson by the faintest allusion betrayed recognition, nor even superficial acquaintance, with what was so soon to agitate the world. The great theory of evolution by natural selection and the struggle for existence as powerful agents in the development of animals and men was in the air—in a crude form it had even touched the earth; but these Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development take no notice of them. Still stranger is it that though Harriet Martineau did not die till 1876, when Darwin's views had been long before the world, exciting not only scientific but popular discussion, neither in her own Autobiography nor in the Memorials of her life edited by Mrs. Chapman, nor in her Life by Mrs. Fenwick Miller in the Eminent

Women Series, is there any allusion to this great theory.[1] would have thought it would have come upon her as a so revelation, throwing its strong explanatory light upon her inqu exciting earnest and vivid interest. But no hint of this is g It is true that she suffered from severe ill-health towards the of her life. But she was one who rarely allowed physical disal to affect her mental industry, and she accomplished much impo work after the publication of *The Atkinson Letters*. The years and 1853 were chiefly occupied by her in translating and abrid Comte's *Philosophic Positive*, and so admirably did she perform task that Comte paid her the high compliment of causing abridged translation to be rendered into French, in preferenc having his own bulky volumes re-issued. The best interpretati this curious lack of recognition of a theory that was so soo revolutionise man's conception of the universe probably is Harriet Martineau belonged essentially to the earlier half of nineteenth century. Not only was she incapable of anticipating views that had so nearly come to the birth when she was still almo her prime, she seems to have passed them by when they had attain considerable degree of maturity. Her own "Self Estimate," given at close of the third volume of her Autobiography, though perhaps er on the side of depreciation, contains probably a good deal of truth: " original power," she says of herself, " was nothing more than was du earnestness and intellectual clearness, within a certain range. V small imaginative and suggestive powers, and with therefore notl approaching to genius, she could see clearly what she did see give a clear expression to what she had to say. In short, she c popularise, though she could not invent."

She was endowed with little of that " scientific imagination " Professor Tyndall thought it such a happiness to possess, and v very little power of keeping in touch with the discoveries and c ceptions of the younger generation. So far as we may judge fr absence of all allusion—always a negative mode of judging, it mus admitted—she seems never to have heard of the brilliant yo thinkers, such as Clifford, who had come well to the front before death, " carried away by a wave of Darwinian enthusiasm," seiz on the doctrine of evolution as a " living spring of action, a princi to be worked out, practised up, used to win victories over natu Yet some of Clifford's ideas were such as would certainly h approved themselves to Miss Martineau. " It seems to me," he o wrote, " that the thing that is wanting in the education of women

[1] To some considerable extent this same curious absence of interest in a theor profoundly revolutionising thought as the doctrine of evolution is exhibited alsc John Stuart Mill. Living till 1872, and intensely interested in matters philosophi it has always seemed to me a fact at once curious and remarkable that he appare should have devoted so little time and consideration towards it—should have little anticipated the effect it would have on the generations immediately succeed his own.

not the acquaintance with many facts, but accurate and scientific habits of thought, and the courage to think that true which appears to be unlikely." [1]

Now, however lacking she may have been in scientific imagination, or in power of assimilating new views in her old age, few women possessed moral courage in greater degree than Harriet Martineau. Indeed, moral courage and extreme conscientiousness seem to me to have been her great characteristics. In her preface to The Aitkinson Letters she says that she holds it to be "a great social duty to impart what we believe and what we think we have learned." And she fully carried this belief into practice. Having received, as she considered, great benefit from mesmerism, at the cost of much obloquy and ridicule she courageously avowed her belief. It is not for me to venture to decide how far she was right or wrong in her inference. Every decade or so new methods of medical treatment are propounded. At one time it is the water cure, at another the grape cure; sometimes it is massage, or again it may be mesmerism, or electric and other baths. But these methods are generally accompanied by enforced residence in good air, by regular hours and wholesome food; by freedom from stress of work, and as far as possible absence of all worry. Only after a large number of careful experiments can it be decided whether the water or the grapes or the baths are necessary to the cure, or merely unnecessary incidents in a health conducing mode of living. It is always a difficult matter in such cases to decide between coincidence and cause. In nervous diseases, especially, imagination plays a part too strong to be unrecognised; and whether mesmerism is of objective value or no, its power would be none the less real in neurotic cases because it might be subjective. Harriet Martineau believed it to be objective, and her courageous avowal of her belief alienated a good many of her former admirers; while the materialism displayed in this same volume of *Letters* alienated the Unitarians and members of other religious bodies. Moreover, she considered that the mind possessed many occult properties that had received insufficient attention, and the subject of clairvoyance she did not disdain to investigate. In one of her letters given in Mrs. Chapman's Memorials she avows her conviction that "there are facts in human nature which require a good deal of humble and candid study before we can honestly claim to know the extent and character of human powers."

I think it probable that the eclipse of Harriet Martineau's fame is now at its darkest; and that she may may emerge—not of course to anything approaching her former brilliancy, but at least clearly enough to command attention. Should this resuscitation take place, it seems to me that the two portions of her work that will shine out most clearly will be the Series of Tales devoted to the exposition of Political

[1] *Lectures and Essays*, vol. i. p. 34.

Economy which brought upon her deserved popularity; and her *Letters on Mesmerism* and on the *Laws of Man's Nature and Development*, which brought upon her somewhat undeserved reproach. Her other works seem to me less adapted to excite interest in coming generations. Her translation and abridgment of *Comte's Positive Philosophy* is admirably done; but the Positivists are not an increasing body; and it seems probable that when the distinguished living exponents of Positivism have passed away, few others will arise to take their place. Again, so much has been effected of late in the study and investigation of Comparative Religion that her work upon Eastern Religions must, I think, be considered more or less obsolete. While her novels—though *Deerbrook* achieved a new impression or edition as lately as 1892—and to that extent therefore may be considered in the light of a classic—can hardly be considered in the front rank. They are indeed considerably superior to some of the novels that in these days attain such an enormous circulation; yet they cannot rank with those of the great novelists of the nineteenth century—with Scott or Dickens, with Jane Austen, Thackeray or George Eliot. But when the wave of reaction has passed away I think it will be seen that her short Tales devoted to the exposition of political economy, and her Letters advocating an impartial study of the phenomena connected with mesmerism, phrenology and kindred subjects, have a distinctive value of their own, and that it is not improbable some slight interest in them may be revived at no late date.

Just now, not only England but the greater part of Europe is passing through a socialistic phase. Socialism has always had an attraction for tender and humane persons, desirous of improving the conditions of the less prosperous among their fellow-creatures; but such persons have for the most part shown themselves incapable of distinguishing between proximate and ultimate results. The early Christians, as we know, "had all things in common." Plato warmly advocated a community of goods, and early in the last century a socialistic experiment was tried by some American Transcendentalists. Like similar schemes it was but of short duration; and naturally so, since Socialism carries within it the seed of its own decline. Education provided by other than parents (for it is folly to call such education *free*), bread provided by others, and old age pensions, when accompanied by industry, thrift and self-respect in the recipient, constitute a temporary and most useful *help-up*. When unaccompanied by these qualities, they constitute a terrible *help-down*. Such help, therefore, should not be rendered by the State, which, dealing as it necessarily does only with masses, cannot have the knowledge of individuals requisite to discriminate when help will do good or harm. Helping those in need belongs primarily, I think, to relatives, next to employers; and if these refuse to accept the office of almoner,

then I think clergymen or medical men, or others brought by their professions into constant touch with those claiming help, are the most likely to deal wisely in administering alms. Harriet Martineau's Tales are, I think, admirably adapted to the end she had in view; namely, to prove to the young that all true reform comes from within; can never be artificially induced from without. Even if the plot running through each of her stories should fail to fascinate readers of the present generation, her plan of representing the great laws of political economy working through some topical and easily understood subject is, I think, a good one; while her summary of the principles she has endeavoured to inculcate in each story, and which she places at the end of each, would, I think, have difficulty—whether for conciseness or for clearness — in being surpassed.

Again, with regard to her investigations into the phenomena of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and kindred subjects, it seems to me that when the nineteenth century is sufficiently removed from us to be seen in due perspective, not the least among its curious anomalies will appear to be the airy facility with which phenomena not yet fully understood have been relegated to the category of subjective impressions. I do not mean to imply that other centuries have not betrayed a similar tendency. We are most of us familiar with the anecdote of the young astronomer who, on informing a priest of the existence of spots upon the sun, received the reply, "Go thy ways, my son, and be assured that since Aristotle has never alluded to any such spots, their only existence must be in your own eyes." But what was natural in an age when authority was worshipped as supreme becomes much more difficult of explanation in a century that has been remarkable for its thoroughness, for its profound distrust of mere authority, for its full recognition of the duty of proving all things before accepting them. And yet, properly considered, in a vast majority of cases the interpretation of phenomena by subjective impressions is mere assertion, entirely incapable of proof. There are a few cases undoubtedly where such an explanation requires no further proof, such as the apparent motion of a stationary train in a carriage of which we are sitting when an adjoining train rushes by; but facts such as these hardly come under the discussion, since nobody disputes them. On the other hand, if I see objects, or, apparently, black monera, floating before me, is it not far more intelligible that some ray of the sun has disclosed to me what is really in the air, as another ray will disclose specks of dust, otherwise invisible, floating in the air, than that my imagination is playing a trick upon me? Nor, as it seems to me, is it necessary, when A. states that he discerns certain forms, for B. to assert because he is unable to see them that A. must be a victim of some hallucination. We all know that the senses differ

not only in different individuals, but in the same individu different times. De Quincey tells us how, under the influen opium, sounds to him became intensified; and in a minor d the experience of most persons proves that not only in the stat nervous excitability induced by drugs, but in any overwro condition, sounds ordinarily hardly observed by us become dist ingly acute. Yet these sounds have an objective basis, notw standing that the subjective impression varies in intensity with recipient of the sound. As says Huxley in his essay on *Physical Basis of Life*: "The wonderful noonday silence tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hear and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstrom they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which co tute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a g city."

Now, carrying this analogy a little further, it seems to me the questions of clairvoyance and clairaudience are those no possibility or impossibility, but of testimony; and here I confe find myself on the side of Miss Martineau's opponents. We hav the process of investigation, to guard not only against fraud for sake of gain, or from mere vulgar love of notoriety, but from unin tional and almost unconscious inaccuracy on the part of the ret of any marvels. It is very difficult even for the educated trained observer to be perfectly accurate; it is still more diffi for the uneducated; and I confess that before I could becom convert to a belief in clairvoyance, I should require more reli testimony than that afforded by Miss Martineau's servant "J. given in the *Letters upon Mesmerism.*

Yet, however, we may distrust the actual details, the princ running throughout these *Letters* is, I think, sound and sensi It is very much the same as that pervading the second part Alfred Russell Wallace's *Wonderful Century*, and briefly may summarised thus:— Until we have devoted more time to the st of sleep and dreams, to the extraordinary though unquestio phenomena of somnambulism, to phrenology and mesmerism—i word, until we possess more thorough knowledge of the nature Mind itself, it is wiser not to be too dogmatic in asserting w may or may not be its limitations.

C. E. PLUMPTRE

MODERN PAGANISM.

ANCIENT Paganism, as it existed in this country in early savage times, is still flourishing in the savage parts of Africa, Asia and America, where the natives worship wooden and stone idols, under the control and tyranny of medicine-men and witch-doctors. Although in our own civilised times we have advanced so greatly beyond that primitive condition, there are still to be seen survivals from the savage state, showing the tenacity with which we cling to the principle of incantations and pagan ceremonies. For instance, in our own time the sight has been witnessed, on the occasion of the opening of a continental railway (May 1898, opening of the Metropolitan Railway at Vienna by the Emperor of Austria), of a grand public ceremony, under the personal patronage of royalty, where the engine was solemnly sprinkled with holy water by the head priest or "medicine-man," whilst reciting an incantation which was supposed to have the effect of a charm, either to preserve the engine from blowing up or running off the rails, or prevent some other calamity on the railway. What possible effect could this act have beyond the fetish charm of a benighted savage?

An instance of regular custom is that, when a man dies, the ground in which his body is to be buried has had an incantation ceremony previously performed over it to "consecrate the ground"; but how this is to benefit him in the future world to which he has already passed away does not appear.

Another instance is the practice of publicly "praying for rain," this being an act of finite creatures presuming to dictate to Infinite Omniscience, and forgetting the supreme injunction that has been given, "When ye pray say, 'Father, Thy will, not mine, be done'" (Luke xxii. 42). In the modern case of "praying for rain," when Kingsley was directed by his Bishop to have a special prayer for rain in his church after a severe drought, he respectfully but firmly declined. He would offer thanks to the Almighty for all that He was pleased to send in His wisdom, but would not presume to put his own limited human wisdom before the infinite Divine wisdom. He had no difficulty in persuading his people that if they had any trust in God, they would place all their troubles and cares before Him in prayer, but would not beg for anything which in His wisdom He withheld from them. "Thy will be done" was his [prayer for rain; and Kingsley would not degrade his sacred office into that of

a "rain-maker" or "medicine-man;" and he carried his point, withstanding violent opposition and blame.

The practice of continued repetition in prayer is another inst as in the Roman practice the repetition of so many "Pater Nost or "Ave Marias" is enjoined as meritorious and beneficial; an our own country the weekly repetition of a set formula of pray practised; forgetting the definite injunction that has been g "Use not vain repetitions as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking" (Matthew vi. The extreme of absurdity is to be seen at the present day in prayer wheels of Thibet, where large cylinders are erected by roadside, each covered with hundreds of copies of a prayer Buddha, and the pious travellers are accustomed to give a touc the cylinders in passing to make them spin round, and so circu the prayers, as they imagine, for their benefit.

"Does Prayer Change the Will of God?" was the title of article in a recent periodical (*Good Words*, July 1901)—but not the raising of such a question imply a complete misun standing of the case, and a confusion of idea with the proceed of a human court of justice? In that case additional informatio collected and brought forward to assist in obtaining a correct d sion from the judge and jury; but Prayer is addressed to the Th of the Omniscient Almighty Father, Who knows already what suppliant is desirous to communicate, and also the rest he is igno of. The idea of a frail erring mortal presuming to dictate to advise Perfect Wisdom and Knowledge, is impossible to be en tained, and the humble limit of human prayer is the authorita injunction that we have received, "Father, Thy will, not mine, done."

Another instance of "Modern Paganism" (also a relic of Anc Paganism) is given by the recent pilgrimage of the Tsar Tsaritza of Russia to Moscow, for the purpose of offering up pra for a *son* to be born to them (April, 1900); in the language of Tsar, "On a pilgrimage to pray in the shadow of the Kremlin, rounded by the most sacred objects of my people, in the cradle of aristocracy, where saints repose undisturbed, amid the rest places of the crowned builders and expanders of the Russian Emp and where *prayers rise with increased strength* to the Lord of lor Under the strange idea that the Almighty will hear better or m attentively at Moscow than at St. Petersburg; and like the sim idea of the Mahometans that Allah is nearer within reach at Me than anywhere else, giving a geographical character to religion.

The savage nations have a belief, inherited from their Pa ancestors, in the existence of swarms of malignant spirits infest the forests and mountains, and having to be constantly propitia by worship and sacrifices; and their superstitious fears are activ

played upon by their priests for the increase of their tyrannical power. For mediæval Christianity these malignant spirits became condensed into a single Master Devil, who was supposed to be constantly plotting and scheming to get possession of men's souls, and deprive them of any chance of success in a future state. It is to be noticed that this is entirely a human invention, interpolated into Christianity, and entirely without authority; indeed, as this Devil, if existent, must have been created by the Universal Creator, he must have been intended for the express purpose of the injury or destruction of mankind—an impossible act for a Perfect Beneficent Father.

In this Twentieth Century we are apt to plume ourselves on the idea of our vast advance beyond our early ancestors, who worshipped sticks and stones of their own make, and have left such permanent relics of their cult as the temples of Egypt and Stonehenge, &c. The underlying idea of the early worship seems to have been that the hand-made idol, whether the rudely carved block of ordinary savage work, or the golden calf of Baal, or the Diana of Ephesus, became the visible abode of the invisible beneficent or malignant spirit to whom worship and sacrifice were offered; the incarnation or transformation being brought about by some mysterious invocations or incantations carried on by some of their fellow-men chosen for the purpose.

If, however, we look below the surface we shall be surprised to find how much of our modern practice and habits are based upon the same essential idea. Taking for example the "Lord's Supper," instituted by our Lord when "breaking bread with His disciples," He said to them, "This do in remembrance of Me" (Luke xxii. 19). Some Christians adhere to this simple practice, and follow His instructions simply. Others, thinking to improve upon it, have imported a mystical idea of His spiritual presence at the time. Others have by degrees carried this idea forward step by step, until they profess that by the effect of some mystical incantation ceremony performed by a fellow man, the bread and wine are actually changed into the body and blood of our Lord, and have become an object for reverence and worship, and capable of producing miraculous benefit to a sick or dying person. This shows a survival of the old fetish worship, where an object made by *human* hands is imagined to be transformed by some performance of another *human* being into something *superhuman*.

The hurried baptism of a dying infant, and the administering of "extreme unction" to a dying patient, also involve the fundamental error, that a mortal can do anything in this world that will control the life of another mortal in the future world after death; forgetting that all human power ceases on this side of the grave. Mediæval superstition in so-called Christian countries became debased to the

condition of selling pardons by authorised "pardoners"; t assuming or rather presuming power to dispense certificates heaven to those sinners who paid a sufficiently high price. In recognised practice of "witchcraft" in the middle ages in civili countries, it was pretended and generally believed that by utter certain words and performing certain ceremonies, serious evil good could be caused to a person, affecting him both in this life the next, and amulets could be purchased giving an immunity fr such witchcraft proceedings. At the present time the witch-doct in the savage nations, trading on the superstitious fears of natives, exercise a fearful power of life and death upon the wh population; and it is not many generations since the public mur of an innocent creature as a presumed witch actually took place our own country.

In reference to the efforts of missionaries to teach savages abandon Paganism, it has been well remarked,

"A Church dignitary once asked a missionary who had been intimat acquainted with native savage life, whether an ornate and telling rit was not desirable in native worship. The reply was,—So long as you c *spiritual worship* to an *invisible* God and Father, these children of nat from the bushman upwards will be impressed favourably; but when dress specially, and have a procession in which something is carried, come into another and a lower region altogether, and they will tell that is what their own medicine-men and priests are always doing. fewer fetiches and charms therefore we have in our service, and the m spiritual we make it, the more influential it will be to the savage mind. *Good Words*, August, 1898.

W

THE MYSTERY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.[1]

THE orthodox Shakespearian faith has now assumed the position of an established religion. It has its priests, its creeds, its articles, its anathemas, and its excommunications. Some of its dignitaries, I grieve to say, are even following the example of those "ecclesiastical persons" alluded to by the late Professor Huxley, who consider themselves "justified in their old-established custom of using opprobrious names to those who differ from them." Thus, as "Yah! Infidel!" was good enough argument for the Rationalist, so now "Yah! Lunatic!" is good enough for him who diverges from the strait path of Shakespearian orthodoxy. Notwithstanding which it would seem that heretics are unfortunately on the increase. Here, for instance, is his Honour Judge Webb, sometime Fellow of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Laws and Public Orator in the University of Dublin; a man not only presumably sane, but one accustomed to weigh evidence, and to bring a trained and judicial mind to bear upon the arguments submitted to him, who publishes a book bearing title *The Mystery of William Shakespeare.*

This work purports to be "a summary of evidence," but the Judge is at no pains to conceal the fact that in his opinion the evidence, when properly weighed and considered, is destructive of the received faith. "Here, as elsewhere, the higher criticism has been at work. Difficulties in the way of the orthodox belief have stimulated inquiry; inquiry has suggested doubt; and doubt has largely developed into disbelief."

Now if I were disposed to comment on this work in the orthodox fashion I should commence somewhat as follows: "Mystery of William Shakespeare! Fudge! There *is* no mystery of William Shakespeare. For has not Mr. Sidney Lee settled the matter for us for all time? Has he not even committed himself to the truly remarkable statement that we have concerning the author of the Shakespeare Plays 'a mass of detail which far exceeds that accessible in the case of any other contemporary professional writer'? Why then should our repose be any more troubled by these argumentative fanatics?" And so on.

[1] *The Mystery of William Shakespeare.* A Summary of Evidence. By his Honour Judge Webb. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1902. *Shakspeer not Shakespeare.* By William H. Edwards. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.

The objection to taking such an easy course is that, having r and considered not only the work before me but many more, each side of the question, with an impartial mind and a desire arrive at the truth, I am profoundly impressed with the convict that "Sanity" is just as likely to be found on the side of su heretics as Judge Webb, as on that of the high priests of ort doxy.

Let us see then if we can briefly put together a very few of t elementary facts upon which critics of the school of Judge We rely as justifying the assertion that there is a "Mystery of Willi Shakespeare."

William Shakspere (I will say a word as to the spelling furth on) was born at Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1564. A dirty squa place was Stratford at that time. More than two hundred ye later, Garrick, in 1769, described it as "the most dirty, unseeml ill-paved, wretched-looking town in all Britain." For its terrib filthy condition and surroundings in the sixteenth century t reader may be referred to the pages of Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, t most industrious and the most trustworthy of all the biographers the Player and reputed Poet.

The inhabitants of this squalid village were not superior to the environment. They were for the most part entirely without educ tion. Here we are brought to the first point of controversy. Unt Mr. Lee published his *Life* it was accepted history that neith the father nor the mother of William Shakspere could read or writ "Both his parents," says Mr. Phillipps, "were absolutely illiterate

Mr. Lee denies this so far as it refers to John Shakspere, th father, of whom he says, "when attesting documents he occasional made his mark, but there is evidence in the Stratford archives th he could write with facility." Let us, therefore, examine th supposed new fact. Malone wrote in his *Prolegomena* (vol. i p. 97, Edn. 1821): "About the time of our poet's birth the majorit of the Corporation of Stratford appear to have been entitled to th eulogy bestowed by Jack Cade upon those who 'do not use to writ their names, but have a mark of their own, like honest plain-dealin men;' for out of 19 persons who signed a paper relative to one o their body who had been elected bailiff, ten of whom were aldermen and the rest burgesses, seven only [in reality only six] could writ their names; and among the twelve marksmen is found Joh Shakspeare." Charles Knight, in 1843, made a gallant attempt t dispute this last allegation, but in a later edition he gave up th point. "We were reluctant to yield our assent to Malone's assertion that Shakspere's father had a mark to himself. The marks are no distinctly affixed to each name in this document. But subsequent discoveries establish the fact that he used two marks—one some-thing like an open pair of compasses—the other the common cross."

In the second column of these 19 signatures of aldermen and burgesses the name John occurs five times, one being the baptismal name of John Shakspere. All these Johns are "marksmen," and it is quite obvious that they are all written by the same hand. As to the "common cross," this mark may be seen at p. 40 of Halliwell Phillipps's *Outlines*, where he gives facsimiles of the mark signatures used by Shakspere's parents in the year 1579, when they executed a deed conveying their interests in two houses in Snitterfield to one Robert Webb.

It is thus indisputable that John Shakspere used a mark, not only "when attesting documents," but also when executing deeds. If, then, we are to credit Mr. Lee, we have this very remarkable fact, viz., that one who "could write with facility" nevertheless deliberately chose to appear as a marksman when executing a deed, the most solemn of all documents; that, too, in an age when to be able to write one's name was something to be proud of, at any rate in the class to which the Shakspere family belonged. This certainly is *à priori* extremely improbable. And what says Mr. Halliwell Phillipps on the point?—

"There is no reasonable pretence for assuming that in the time of John Shakespeare, whatever may have been the case at earlier periods, it was the practice for marks to be used by those who were capable of signing their names. No instance of the kind has been discovered amongst the numerous records of his era that are preserved at Stratford-on-Avon, while even a few rare examples in other districts, if such are to be found, would be insufficient to countenance a theory that he was able to write. All the known evidences point in the opposite direction, and it should be observed that in common with many other of his illiterate contemporaries, he did not always adhere to the same kind of symbol, at one time contenting himself with a rudely-shaped cross, and at another delineating a fairly good representation of a pair of dividers . . . Joan Lambert, the poet's aunt, and Edmund, her husband, used, respectively, at least three or four differently formed marks." (H. P. vol. ii. p. 369).

In spite of all this we are now asked to believe that John Shakspere "wielded a practised pen," simply on the authority of Mr. Lee's statement that there is "evidence in the Stratford archives" to that effect. Mr. Lee, in the preface to his illustrated edition, brings this forward as a new and most important fact against "the sceptics"; it is indeed the only new fact adduced by him bearing on the personal life of Shakspere. I fancy, however, that "the sceptics" will adhere to the testimony of Malone, and Knight, and Halliwell Phillipps, supported as it is by the evidence of their own eyes, until very clear proof is brought forward in support of Mr. Lee's novel contention. "When attesting documents he *occasionally* made his mark," says Mr. Lee. Let us see, then, at least one authentic document undoubtedly "attested" by John Shakspere with his autograph signature. Meantime it may

perhaps, be well to bear in mind Mr. Phillippe's remark that th Shaksperes were formerly exceedingly numerous in Warwickshir and "thus it has happened that more than one John Shakespea has been erroneously identified with the father of the gre dramatist."[1]

We now return to the point from which we started. Willia Shakspere was born in these squalid surroundings, of "absolute illiterate" parents; and while on this part of the subject it may l well to mention that he allowed his own daughter Judith to grow u in similar ignorance. He, the great poet and philosopher, th "myriad-minded man," the wonder of all ages; he who wro "there is no darkness but ignorance," did not even take the troub to have his daughter taught to write her name! Here, surely, food for reflection, and much marvelling.

Amid such surroundings what sort of education are we justifi in assuming for the young Shakspere himself?

Well, there was a Free School at Stratford, and it is assumed th the boy was sent there. This, however, is only a conjecture whi there is no evidence to support. The rigidly orthodox wax wrath this statement, because undoubtedly the boy *might* have been se to the Free School. Had the critics ever practised in a court law they would have learned that "I might have done" is n accepted as evidence that "I did." Assuming, however, that went to this school, what would he have been taught there? Ve little according to Mr. Phillipps.

"The best authorities unite in telling us that the poet imbibed a certa amount of Latin at school, but that his acquaintance with that langua was, throughout his life, of a very limited character. It is not probab that scholastic learning was ever congenial to his tastes, and it should recollected that books in most parts of the country were then of very ra occurrence. *Lily's Grammar* and a few classical works, chained to th desks of the free schools, were probably the only volumes of the kind be found at Stratford-on-Avon. Exclusive of Bibles, Church Service Psalters, and education manuals, there were certainly not more than tw or three dozen books, if so many, in the whole town."

Mr. Lee makes a very much larger assumption. He imagine that the youthful Shakspere was led, like other "boys of th period," through conversation books like *Sententiæ Pueriles* an *Lily's Grammar*, to the perusal of such authors as Seneca, Terenc Cicero, Virgil, Plautus, Ovid, and Horace, not to mention th eclogues of the popular renaissance poet, "Mantuanus."

This is magnificent. I could name University men who hav been scholars of their college, and taken their "First" in classic after many long years of study, who yet cannot boast

[1] One wonders if all the other worthy aldermen and burgesses who set the "marks" to the 1565 document, could "write with facility," and were "marksmen from choice only!

having read all these authors. And all this at "one of the lowest class of villages of its period," which, as Mr. W. H. Edwards says (*Shaksper not Shakespeare*, p. 440), "in its stagnation and ignorance and booklessness," might be compared unfavourably with anything to be found in the American backwoods! But the truth is, of course, that it is impossible to conceive that the poems and plays were written by an uneducated or half educated man. The orthodox Shaksperians are, indeed, divided among themselves on this matter. There are two schools. The elder, clinging to the traditions, and citing Jonson's *Small Latin and Less Greek*, postulate a half educated bard writing by plenary inspiration. The other school appeals to the poems and plays themselves as showing that their author must have been a man of universal culture, and therefore its disciples make all assumptions necessary to provide William Shakspere of Stratford with opportunities for acquiring the widest possible education. But putting aside such supposed necessity, I venture to doubt if any competent judge would be found to dissent from Mr. Phillipps's estimate of the sort of education likely to be provided at the Stratford Free School in the sixteenth century. One thing the boy certainly did not learn there, and that is *English!*

All this, however, is conjecture and assumption. But the biographers agree that at any rate the boy did not stay long at school. We are told that, owing to his father's financial difficulties, he was withdrawn at an unusually early age, probably in 1577, when he was thirteen years old. Early tradition, accepted as probable by both Mr. Phillipps and Mr. Lee, tells us that he was then apprenticed to a butcher. What he did from 1577 to 1582 nobody knows. "Whether he passed those years as a butcher or a wood-dealer does not greatly matter," says Mr. Phillipps! In 1582 he marries in his nineteenth year. In 1585 the twins Hamnet and Judith are born. Shortly after this (*post hoc*, but whether *propter hoc* we know not) he deserts wife and children, and, as it is supposed, flies to London. From that time to 1593, at any rate, there is not a particle of evidence as to what he did. Tradition says that he held horses for men who came to the theatre, and was afterwards a call-boy. "Removed prematurely from school, residing with illiterate relatives in a bookless neighbourhood; thrown into the midst of occupations adverse to scholastic progress—it is difficult to believe that, when he first left Stratford, he was not all but destitute of polished accomplishments. He could not, at all events, under the circumstances in which he had then so long been placed, have had the opportunity of acquiring a refined style of composition." So writes Mr. Phillipps, who styles his hero "an active and intelligent rustic"; and that he was a rustic speaking the dialect or *patois* of his native Warwickshire is as certain as anything can be not capable of mathematical proof.

At this point let us turn to the poem, "Venus and Adonis," published in 1593. It is prefaced by a dedication to the illustrious Earl of Southampton, signed "William Shakespeare," wherein the author styles the poem "the first heir of my invention." It was, therefore, presumably the poet's earliest production, and, according to Professor Baynes, was probably written by Shakspere before he left Stratford. The author assumes to himself no humble position, for prefixed to the poem are the lines of Ovid:

"Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castaliâ plena ministret aquâ."

"The Venus and Adonis," as Mr. Appleton Morgan writes, "is the most carefully polished production that William Shakespeare's name was ever signed to; and, moreover as polished, elegant, and sumptuous a piece of rhetoric as English letters have ever produced." No trace of the Warwickshire dialect here! The author is a scholarly and courtly poet, who is simply saturated with Ovid. He is apparently well versed in French too, for his description of the ideal horse is taken almost word for word from Du Bartas, though it may be, and the words employed seem to favour the suggestion, that it was borrowed from Joshua Sylvester's translation; but if so, the poet must have seen that translation in manuscript, for it was not published till 1595. If this wonderful poem was really written by the "active, intelligent rustic" from Stratford it is indeed little short of a miracle. "And miracles do not happen!"

Let the reader now turn to that extraordinary play *Love's Labour's Lost*, to which, says Mr. Lee, may be assigned priority in point of time to all the Shaksperian dramas. Here I will cite from Judge Webb. "The difficulty of recognising the young man from Stratford as the author of *Henry the Sixth* is not diminished when we consider the *Love's Labour's Lost* of 1588-9. Ignoring the imperfect education, the sordid surroundings, the mean employments, and the wild adventures of the young man, Mr. Coleridge is of opinion that the diction and allusions of the play afford a strong presumption 'that his habits had been scholastic.' The principal characters of the play, according to Mr. Marshall, were persons who had figured prominently in the recent politics of France. The subject matter of the play, according to Mr. Lee, suggests that its author had already enjoyed extended opportunities of surveying London life and manners; that he was well acquainted with the fashions of speech and dress current in fashionable circles; and that he was familiar with all the gossip of the Court. The justice of these remarks as applied to the author of *Love's Labour's Lost* is not to be denied. The habits of the author could not have been more scholastic if, like Bacon, he had spent three years in the University of Cambridge; he could not have been more familiar with French politics if, like Bacon, he had spent three years in the

train of an Ambassador to France; he could not have been more thoroughly initiated in the mysteries of fashionable life in London, if, like Bacon, he had been the friend of Essex and Southampton; and he could not have been more familiar with all the gossip of the Court if, like Bacon, he had from his earliest youth been dancing attendance on the Virgin Queen. It may be added that he could not have shown a greater knowledge of Spanish and Italian proverbs if, like Bacon, he had formed a collection of them, and entered them in a common-place book such as *Promus*. Like Bacon, too, the author of the play must have had a large command of books. He must have had his 'Horace,' his 'Ovidius Naso,' and his 'good old Mantuan.' He must have had access to the *Chronicles of Monstrelet* to know the conflicting claims of France and Navarre to Aquitaine. The style of narration, according to Mr. Coleridge, who thinks the play was planned before Shakspere left Stratford, seems imitated from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sydney. Sir Piercie Shafton could not have been better read in the *Euphues* of Lyly. The treatment of Don Armado and his boy Moth reminds Mr. Lee of Sir Thopas and his boy Epiton in Lyly's *Endymion*. It is not too much to say that the author of *Love's Labour's Lost*, was the embodiment of all the accomplishments and all the culture of his age. In the purity and plenitude of his English he was unrivalled; in 'the elegance, facility, and golden cadence' of his verse he was unsurpassed; he eclipsed Lyly; he outshone Sydney; his blank verse, in the opinion of Mr. Coleridge, has nothing equal to it but Milton, and Mr. Swinburne recognises in it 'the speech of gods.' How the young countryman could have acquired the speech of gods, when even country gentlemen, according to Macaulay, spoke the dialect of clowns—how he could have acquired the book-learning which is conspicuous in the play, when even the country clergy, according to Macaulay, found the utmost difficulty in procuring books—how he could have become acquainted with the fashions of speech and dress current in the fashionable circles of London while residing in a country town such as that described by Garrick—these are questions to which every one would like to receive an answer, but they are questions which are left unanswered, nay, unasked, by Mr. Lee."

That the author of the Poems and Plays was profoundly versed in the classics, at any rate in the Latin classics, is incontestable. He may not have been "a scholar" in the modern sense which implies that a man is able to write correct Latin (if not also Greek) prose and verse; but it is abundantly clear that he was saturated with Latinity. Like Bob Acres's valour it oozes out as it were at the palms of his hands! As Judge Holmes remarks, he is "very peculiar in his adjectives; and it is much in his manner to use the words borrowed from the Latin closer to their original signification

than they were vulgarly used in." It is "the use of a writer wh mind is so thoroughly imbued with the Latin language that he u consciously incorporates it into his English." Moreover he cann help bringing in classical allusions, "neck and crop" as it we and where they are by no means appropriate; as where, to give l one example out of hundreds, he makes his "Queen of Curds a Cream," brought up in a Bohemian Grange, as Judge Webb sa "parade her knowledge of the Greek Mythology by exclaiming:

> "O, Proserpina,
> For the flowers now which frighted thou let'st fall
> From Dis's waggon!"

That Judge Webb should lay stress on Shakspere's knowled of law is but natural. Only those who have been themselv engaged in the study and practice of the law can appreciate t poet's legal acquirements at their true value. "There is nothing dangerous," as Lord Campbell truly said, "as for one not of t craft to tamper with our freemasonry." And again, "Let a nc professional man, however acute, presume to talk law, or to dr illustrations from legal science in discussing other subjects, and will speedily fall into some laughable absurdity." Yet Shakspe plays with the intricate subtleties of Real Property law—"fine a recovery," "statutes merchant," "purchase," "indenture," "doul voucher," "fee simple," "fee farm," "remainder," "reversion," "f feiture," to say nothing of the recondite "law of common" (such "common of pasture"), as though he were to the manner bor And as Lord Campbell observes, "it is remarkable that whenever indulges this propensity he invariably lays down good law." Ther fore, says Judge Webb:

> "If anything is certain in regard to the Sonnets, the Poems, and t Plays, it is certain that the author was a lawyer. In the Sonnets th references to the law are so forced and so unnatural that were it not f our reverence of the author they would be deemed grotesque . . . In t Plays everyone of the characters talks law, Greek and Trojan, Roman a Syracusan, Ancient Briton and Scandinavian, Venetian and Illyrian, Lo and Lady, all discourse the jargon of the English Courts."

Again:

> "In Shakespeare everyone talks law without distinction of time c place, of age or sex, and in utter disregard of dramatic propriety and th voice of nature. To account for his knowledge of the law, Shaksperian have translated their idol into a lawyer's clerk, or a sporting attorney, c the companion of a legal friend. But these fictions fail to effect thei purpose. No lawyer's clerk would discuss the effect of an attainder, o examine the compass of a præmunire; no sporting attorney would concer himself with the Law Salique; and no poet that ever lived would take th opinion of counsel on a metaphor, or resort to chambers for a phrase."

But, as Judge Webb also observes, Shakspere was not only a scholar and a lawyer, but was also a man well versed in the scientifi

culture of the time for proof of which I must refer the reader to the pages of the work before me. Let it be remembered that he was also a linguist, having, certainly, a knowledge of French and Italian.

Here I cannot do better than cite the testimony of that enthusiastic Shaksperian the Rev. H. N. Ellacombe:

> "All the commentators on Shakespeare are agreed upon one point, that he was the most wonderfully many-sided writer that the world has yet seen. Every art and science are more or less noticed by him, so far as they were known in his day; every business and profession are more or less accurately described; and so it has come to pass that, though the main circumstances of his life are pretty well known, yet the students of every art and science and the members of every business and profession, have delighted to claim him as their fellow labourer. Books have been written at various times by various writers, which have proved (to the complete satisfaction of the writers) that he was a soldier, a sailor, a lawyer, an astronomer, a physician, a divine, a printer, an actor, a courtier, a sportsman, an angler, and I know not what else beside." (*Plant-lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare.* Introduction.)

Mr. Ellacombe himself, quoting *Richard II.*, iii. 4, 29, is tempted to claim the author as a gardener by profession!

Let us add that the Shakspere Vocabulary has been estimated at from 15,000 words (Max Müller) to 21,000 words (Craik, Clark and Meiklejohn), whereas "Milton's works were built up with 8000," and few of us, in conversation, use more than 3000 or 4000 words.

And yet this marvellous myriad-minded man (if Shakspere and Shakespeare were identical) not only, as already mentioned, allowed his daughter to grow up in ignorance, but at the zenith of his author's fame (if such fame was his), and in the prime of life, at the age of forty-six, leaving many of his best plays unpublished, (including such works as *As you Like it, Twelfth Night, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, Henry VIII., Macbeth, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra,* and *The Tempest,*) retired to the sordid surroundings of Stratford, to the ignorant and boorish companionship of yeomen, yokels, and petty tradesmen—"boors and bumkins" as Garrick called them;—retired utterly careless of his literary property, or his literary fame, and was content for the rest of his life to have no higher occupations or pursuits than those of the money lender, the litigant, the hucksterer, and the small proprietor. This man, this demigod, this prodigy, the wonder of all ages, who was not for an age but for all time, dies leaving a will in which he gives the most minute directions as to the disposal of all his petty property, his silver-gilt bowls, his "second best bed" for his wife, and the like, but wherein there is no mention of any literary property whether in print or in manuscript. This man—whose works alone are almost a library of universal knowledge—this man dies not only without a library, but without a book in his possession!

In the face of all this there are those who say that there is mystery of William Shakspeare! And yet I have merely touc upon the fringe of the argument. Let us consider another po There is not a letter, not a note, not a scrap of writing from the of Shakspere which has come down to us, except five signatu —two to deeds, and three to his will. We have only one le addressed to him, asking for a loan of money. His writing is illiterate scrawl, and all five signatures appear to differ. He wr in the old German character, though most cultivated persons at t day had learned the Italian hand. Compare, for instance, th hopeless hieroglyphics with Ben Jonson's clear and excellent ha writing, or, better still, with the writing of Joshua Sylves Sylvester lived from 1563 to 1618, Shakspere from 1564 to 1616 that the two lives were almost exactly contemporaneous from st to finish. Sylvester, like Shakspere (according to the traditi was taken from school in his thirteenth year. He was in p circumstances and had a struggle for existence. But he had least learned to write plainly and well. Can we conceive that *Plays* and *Poems* were written in William Shakspere's illegi illiterate scrawl? "We have scarce received from him a blot his papers," says the writer of the Preface to the Folio of 16 This Preface is signed by Heminge and Condell, but was v certainly not written by those worthies. That the *Address* written by Ben Jonson was proved by Malone many years ago, there can be very little doubt that the *Epistle Dedicatory* owed origin to the same "good pen." If the two players did receive manuscripts without "a blot," then undoubtedly some one must h made a fair copy for them. But did they receive the manuscri from Shakspere? If so, as Judge Webb points out, they m have received them before the spring of 1616. "How, then, did happen that they did not publish them till the autumn of 162 The two Players profess that their only aim was to do an office the dead, and to procure guardians for the orphans of his geni but for seven long years they failed to do their office and for sev long years they left his orphans to the mercies of the world." to Ben Jonson's testimony it would take far too much space attempt to discuss it here. I can only refer to Judge Webb's si chapter, merely adding that those who rely upon the remarka man who wrote of the appalling Droeshout "Sign-board" that if artist could but have drawn the wit of the original—

> "As well in brass as he hath hit
> His face, the Print would then surpass
> All that was ever wrote in *brass*,"

as supporting the claims of the Stratford player, appeal to witness who on cross-examination appears to fortify the case of adverse party.

Here, before passing on, let us note that the Stratford player appears to have spelt his name "Shakspere" as I have written it. Mr. Edwards, indeed is of opinion that the word in the five signatures is in reality "Shaksper," the flourish of the terminal German *r* having been erroneously taken for an *e*; but "Shakspere" is the generally accepted reading. Multitudinous variations of the spelling are to be found in old documents, but one form at any rate never seems to have been employed by the supposed poet, namely the form Shakespeare (often written with a hyphen, Shake-speare, as in the first quarto of *Hamlet*) which became the accepted literary form, and which was admittedly used as a pseudonym for many Plays and Poems which nobody ascribes to "the man from Stratford."

One ridiculous theory, a theory nevertheless accepted by certain learned critics and biographers, Judge Webb effectually blows "into thin air." It is the theory, that Shakspere, the author of the Plays, showed utter insensibility to their literary value, and utter indifference as to their preservation; the theory expressed in Pope's hackneyed lines (once again quoted by Mr. Lee) to the effect that the "myriad minded man,"

> "For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
> And grew immortal in his own despite."

Mr. Justice Madden, who adopts this preposterous idea, naturally cannot withhold his amazement at it. "That the author of *Othello* and *As you Like it*, should not have deemed those works worthy of the editorial care bestowed on *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, that he used them simply as a means of making money, and when that purpose had been served, took no further heed of them; that, notwithstanding the publication and rapid sale of pirated and inaccurate copies, he was never moved, during the years of his retirement at Stratford, to take even the initial step of collecting and revising for publication the manuscripts of his plays, and that, so far as their author was concerned, they might be stolen, travestied, or perish altogether, are surely among the strangest facts in the history of literature." Yes, comments Judge Webb, "among the strangest facts in the history of literature, most surely, if the retired player was in reality the author of *As you Like it* and *Othello*."

But this absurd theory, which is repudiated by Mr. Swinburne, and which he assailed "with characteristic vigour of expression," has now been laughed out of court; for, as Judge Webb shows, so far from its being the fact that "not one of the copies in the possession of Hemming and Condell, true original though it may have been, had been either written or revised by its author with a view to publication" (Madden), the true and "all important fact is that, previously to the publication of the Folio, the Plays had

been laboriously and elaborately revised." It is abundantly too that

"the Plays had been revised, not for the stage, but for the *study*. N could they have been 'revised autographs' of the Author; for no standing the obliterations, the additions, and the modifications whic incident to a revision, the papers which the players received had sc *blot*. The true originals, therefore, from which the Folio was p must have been fair copies of the revised manuscripts, intended fo press and entrusted to the two players as the medium of communi with the printers."

After some further discussion, the Judge concludes as follow

"We may therefore safely accept the suggestion of the Caml Editors that the documents which constitute the preface of the Folic written by some literary man to be signed by the two players; and come to the conclusion that this literary man was Jonson, we can sc be wrong in believing it was from Jonson that Hemming and C received the unblotted papers from which the Folio was printed."

But the important matter to be borne in mind is that the were elaborately revised before they were handed over t printer, and revised not with a view to their improvement as a dramas, but to their improvement as literary works—revised for the spectator, but for the reader! *Hamlet* is a remarl instance in point, for, as Mr. Swinburne says, "scene by s line for line, stroke upon stroke, and touch after touch, he over all the old laboured ground again, and not to ensure succe his own day, and fill his pockets with contemporary pence, merely and wholly with a purpose to make it worthy of himself his future students." These, surely, are facts upon which "orthodox" Shakspearian should meditate, and meditate de unless he fears to submit his faith to so great a trial.

But, then, it is said, what of contemporaneous testimony? W of Ingleby's *Century of Prayse?* What of Furnivall's 300 *Allusions to Shakspere?* Well, I would say to every impartial every man who keeps his mind open to argument on all things, refuses to deliver it into the bondage of prejudice and preconce opinion, every man who thinks for himself and does not merely his opinions from priest or parson (whether of literary, or religi or other faith), by all means let him study these two ponde tomes, containing every possible allusion to "Shakespeare" wi the dates indicated (some admittedly doubtful, some wholly im nary), and I will venture to say that, if he has been at all accusto to weigh evidence, he will be inexorably brought to the conclu that through all this cloud of quotation, there hardly shines *scintilla* of evidence in support of the proposition to be pro What is it that we should expect to find in contemporary reco

We should expect to find allusions to Dramatic and Poetical works published under the name of *Shakespeare;* we should expect to find Shakespeare spoken of as a poet and a dramatist. We should expect, further, to find some few allusions to Shakespeare or Shakspere the Player. And these, of course, we do find; but what we want, and what we do *not* find, is testimony to the effect that the player was the author of the *Plays* and *Poems*. *That* is the proposition to be established, and *that* the allusions entirely fail to establish.

Let me give as an instance an undoubted allusion to the player Shakspere which seems to bear strong negative testimony as to the theory of his authorship of the Plays. Cuthbert Burbage, in a memorial addressed, in 1635, to the Earl of Pembroke, the survivor of the two Earls to whom the Folio was dedicated, and then Lord Chamberlain, wherein he gives an account of the building of the Globe Theatre by his deceased brother Richard and himself, writes: "To ourselves we joined those deserving men, Shakspere, Hemings, Condall, Philips, and others, partners in the profits of that they call the House," and he adds that when he and his brother took possession of the *Blackfriars* in 1609, they placed in it "men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, &c.," as successors to the children of the Chapel. Is it not strange, as Judge Webb remarks, "that the proprietor of the playhouses which had been made famous by the production of the Shakespearian Plays, should, in 1635—twelve years after the publication of the Great Folio—describe their reputed author to the survivor of the Incomparable Pair as merely a 'man-player,' and a 'deserving man?'" Why did he omit to mention that he was the writer of all these famous dramas? And why is it that Henslowe, the proprietor of the *Rose*, who kept a diary (1592-1603) in which he recorded his dealings with all the leading playwrights of the day, never once mentions the name of Shakspere?

Let me give one other instance of the "negative pregnant." John Manningham, of the Middle Temple, a barrister-at-law, and an educated and reading man, makes an entry in his diary, under date February 2, 1601: "At our feast we had a play called twelve night, or what you will, much like the commedy of errores, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni," and so on. On March 13th of the same year he has another entry, in which he records the scandalous story of how Shakspere played a trick on Burbage like that which d'Artagnan played on Miladi's lover, and he appends the note "Shakespere's name William"! If he had added "author of the Twelfth Night play which so much amused me a few weeks ago," we should have had some real evidence as to the identity of the Player and the Dramatist, but this he strangely omits to do!

The author of the Poems and Plays was familiar with court princes, admitted into aristocratic circles, the friend of great like Southampton, Essex and Pembroke. Strange, is it not not a letter can be produced from the correspondence of these containing a single allusion to their friend the Playwright! too, in his youth (for there *was* once a young Bacon, though people seem to be unaware of the fact) took great interest i Drama and all that appertains to it. He was the writer of *M and Devices!* He was the leading spirit among those gay men who in 1594 got up the Revels in Gray's Inn, on which occ amongst other things, the *Comedy of Errors* was performed. absurd to suppose that the author of the *Conference of Pleasur* the *Gesta Grayorum* had never heard of the Plays of Shak Strange, is it not? that he never alludes to the marvellous author of Stratford! But it is the same with all the great m that time—Raleigh, Sidney, Spenser, Cecil, Walsingham, Camden, Hooker, Drake, Hobbes, and the rest. They are all s and their silence is eloquent. As to Dr. Ingleby's allusions i *Century of Prayse*, a fervent Shakspearian like Mr. Fleay written, "they consist almost entirely of slight references t published works, and have no bearing of importance on his ca and he might well have added, nor do they in any way establis identity of Player and Playwright.

The truth is, that as Biblical commentators when dealing scriptural narratives often seem to imagine that they are fr disregard those canons of criticism which they recognise as bi in the case of secular literature, so also, in this matter of S speriolatry, biographers and critics too frequently appear to cl similar license, and to suffer from a similar oblivion. I take to give an illustration from the most recent and, at present, the popular of the biographies, to wit Mr. Lee's *Life of Shakesp* which is looked upon by many as a final and *ex cathedrâ* nouncement.

In 1592 Robert Greene published his *Groatsworth of Wit.* pamphlet is addressed, "To those gentlemen, his quondam acqu ance, that spend their wits in making Plaies." The Playwri referred to are, according to Fleay, Marlowe, Peele, and Lo according to Dr. Ingleby, Marlowe, Peele, and Nash.[1] The pamp contains the oft-quoted allusion to "an upstart crow, beautified our feathers, that with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide*, s poses he is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the bes you, and being an absolute *Johannues Factotum*, is in his own con the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." Here "Shake-scene" is s posed to stand for Shakespeare, and it may well be so. It is cl

[1] But the concluding words of the Preface, not usually quoted, seem to put N out of the question. See H. Phillipps, vol. i., p. 303.

however, that Shakespeare is not one of those playwrights to whom the pamphlet is addressed. The language employed places this beyond question.

Now in December of the same year (after the death of Greene) Chettle, who seems to have been Greene's publisher, issued a work of his own, the *Kind-Hart's Dreame*, in the preface to which he writes:

"About three months since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booksellers hands, among other his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a letter, written to divers play-makers, is offensively by one or two of them taken, and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceits a living author; and after tossing it too and fro, no remedy but it must light on me . . . With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be. The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that, as I have moderated the heate of living writers and might have used my own discretion—especially in such a case, the author being dead—that I did not, I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes:—besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."

Now who is it thus eulogised by Chettle? Manifestly, I venture to say, not Shakspere, because the offence had been taken by two of the "Playmakers" to whom Greene had addressed his pamphlet, and among these Shakspere was not included. Accordingly Mr. Fleay writes (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 111): "In December Chettle issued his *Kind Heart's Dream*, in which he apologises for the offence given to Marlowe in the *Groatsworth of Wit*. To Peele he makes no apology, nor indeed was any required. Shakespeare was not one of those who took offence; they are expressly stated to have been two of the three authors addressed by Greene, the third (Lodge) not being in England."

Now how does Mr. Lee deal with this? In his *Life of Shakespeare* (Illustrated Edition, p. 53), I find the following: "In December, 1592, Greene's publisher, Henry Chettle, prefixed an apology for Greene's attack on the young actor to his *Kind-Hartes Dreame*, a tract reflecting on contemporaneous social life. 'I am as sorry,' Chettle wrote, 'as if the originall fault had been my fault, because myselfe have seen his [*i.e.* Shakspere's] demeanour no less civill than he [is] excellent" &c., &c.

Thus the ordinary lay reader is led to believe that here is an undoubted allusion to Shakspere, in eulogistic terms; that Chettle has mentioned the "young actor" by name, and makes this apology to him, and thus makes allusion to his "facetious grace in writing" even so early as the year 1592. The reader has no idea that this, which is stated as simple fact, is pure hypothesis, and that Chettle never even mentions Shakspere's name. I have already shown, as

I venture to think, that Shakspere cannot possibly be referred
But Mr. Lee does not mention that there is a doubt in the mat
and, what is worse, he does not mention that a Shakspearian sch
like Mr. Fleay, to whom all Shakspearians are immensely indeb
has put it on record that, in his undoubting judgment, there is
allusion whatever to the "young actor." Strange indeed would
have been, we may add, if Chettle had alluded to his "faceti
grace in writing" in 1592, before the publication of "the first l
of my invention"!

Now if such methods as these were adopted where the lives
other men are concerned—say in a biography of Nelson or Gl
stone—we know well how they would be justly characterised by
critics. But in the case of Shakspere it seems that everything
fair. The days of forged letters and signatures have, indeed, as
may hope, passed away; but Shakespeare biographers still seem
think themselves entitled to give free rein to their fancy and
ignore all that they do not wish to see. Thus it happens that
written *Life of Shakespeare* is so often an edifice built upon
treacherous sands of imagination, "a baseless fabric" and an "
substantial pageant."

When there is no evidence to go upon, and therefore much do
Mr. Lee is wont to settle the matter by the use of the adv
"doubtless." Thus, to give a few examples, "To London Sha
speare naturally drifted, *doubtless* trudging there on foot during 15
by way of Oxford and High Wycombe" (p. 28). "The R
theatre was *doubtless* the earliest scene of Shakespeare's pronoun
successes alike as actor and dramatist" (p. 35—although Hensl
says nothing about him in his diary!) "Some of the references
travel in his Sonnets were *doubtless* reminiscences of early acti
tours" (p. 39). "Shakespeare *doubtless* travelled with his comps
in the country" (viz., from February 1593 to the end of the ye
the theatres being closed in London owing to the plague. P. 5
"It was *doubtless* to Shakespeare's personal relations with men a
women of the Court that his sonnets owed their existence" (p. 7
Many more examples might be given of the use of this migh
convenient adverb.

I have now merely indicated, in the barest outline, the nature
some of the arguments relied upon by those who refuse to accept t
orthodox Shakespearian creed, and who hold that disbelief in this c
is not only justified by reason, but goes hand in hand with sani
For many others (though by no means all) I must refer to Jud
Webb's interesting work. It must not be supposed that the auth
has merely treated us to a *rechauffé* of the old arguments. On t
contrary, he has thrown an abundance of new light upon the questic
He has placed the controversy on a higher plane. He argues clear
temperately, cogently. He has, it may be, fallen into some erro

but nevertheless it seems to me that to Judge Webb the world of literature is greatly indebted. He is well qualified to speak on the subject, and it is absurd for the Podsnaps of criticism to think that they can set aside his reasoning by a mere wave of the hand. *Expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret.* To many seekers after truth it will carry conviction, nor will they be one whit frightened by sacerdotal scorn or sacerdotal excommunication. At one time it was believed not only that the *Iliad* was written as it stands by a man called Homer, but also that the same hand wrote both *Iliad* and *Odyssey;* and many imaginary lives of this Homer were compiled and distributed to the faithful. This charming theory was rudely shocked by Wolf's famous *Prolegomena*, and since that time the opinions of competent critics on the Homeric problem have undergone much change. I fancy they are destined to change in the matter of the Shakespearian problem also. "For well nigh three hundred years," writes Judge Webb, "the world has believed the author (of the *Poems* and *Plays*) to be the young man who, in the words of Mr. Hallam, came up from Stratford, who was afterwards an indifferent player in a London theatre, who retired to his native place in middle life, and who effected nothing during the five years of his retirement. Of recent years this disbelief has been boldly challenged. At the present moment there is much doubt and misgiving on the subject among serious men, and its discussion can no longer be tabooed as fit only for the lunatic, the faddist, and the fool."

G. G. GREENWOOD.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

The frequency of volcanic eruptions of late years, and the terribl devastation which they have caused in some cases, have attracted th attention of scientific men to a subject about which we know com paratively little, and which offers a wide field for research. A interesting contribution to the subject from the pen of M. C Flammarion [1] has just appeared, in which the author collects, wit his accustomed skill, the more important data relating to the volcani outbreaks of Krakatoa, Martinique and other localities nearer home From the nature of the case much time must elapse before all th facts relating to an earthquake can be collected and inferences drawn from them. In the case of Krakatoa, for instance, much researcl and many calculations were required to prove that the atmospheri disturbance caused by that outburst encircled the globe not onl once but three times. Each eruption usually presents specia features, and, as careful scientific observation at the moment i precluded, it is not always easy to find the explanation of phenomen which may subsequently be found to have taken place. At Martinique for instance, it is still doubtful what was the immediate cause o death in the case of the majority of the numerous victims. Nor has the reason been found for the fact that the destruction was limited to a narrow belt, outside which the effects were comparatively slight Unfortunately, the town of St. Pierre was situated within this narrow area, with the result that 25,000 human beings were destroyed in about thirty seconds. M. Flammarion sums up very clearly the various theories which have been advanced to account for volcanic outbreaks and seismic tremors, and those interested in the subject should not fail to make themselves acquainted with the views which he expresses on the subject. The illustrations give the reader some idea of the widespread destruction wrought by such catastrophes as those of Krakatoa and Martinique.

With the increase of education and educational establishments the need for up-to-date text-books is constant and ever growing, and it is a matter for congratulation that the supply of such books

[1] *Les Eruptions Volcaniques et les Tremblements de Terre.* C. Flammarion. Paris: E. Flammarion.

continues to meet the demand. An excellent little text-book on physical geography has appeared from the pen of M. A. Reid,[1] primarily intended for the use of the Cheltenham Ladies' College, but which can be recommended to all students of the subject. The authoress states the facts clearly and, as the book is furnished with well-chosen illustrations, no student of ordinary intelligence can fail to acquire a fair knowledge of the subject after reading it carefully. As a rule, Miss Reid has been careful to verify her facts; but, with regard to the nitrogen of the atmosphere, it cannot now be said that it plays no important part in connection with vegetable life except as a diluent of the oxygen. Although not of much importance in its bearing on physical geography, we would remind the authoress that the statement that sugar-candy results from throwing molten sugar on to string and allowing it to cool slowly is scarcely correct. However, we fear we are here trespassing on the cooking department, which we hope is well represented at Cheltenham.

Another text-book embodying modern ideas is Mr. J. Elliott's *Elementary Geometry*.[2] Euclid has so long reigned supreme as a means of teaching geometry that it is quite refreshing to find the subject treated independently, and, it appears to us, rationally. While the methods of proof with which Euclid has rendered us so familiar have not been discarded by Mr. Elliott, he has introduced others which make for simplicity, and will, no doubt, be more easily mastered by the student.

The most recent volume of the Organised Science Series deals with *Hygiene*,[3] and forms a good epitome of the subject. The classification of the material is well thought out, and the student should have no difficulty in making himself familiar with the main principles of hygiene. Some of the descriptions of constructive materials might with advantage be omitted, especially as they are not all accurate. For instance, Portland cement does not set more quickly than Roman cement, but the reverse.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

It would be inexcusable in any man who had not already proved his competency to venture to criticise such teachers of indisputable ability as Green, Spencer and Martineau.[4] But no one disputes the

[1] *Physical Geography.* By Margery A. Reid. London: Allman & Son, Ltd.
[2] *Elementary Geometry.* By J. Elliott. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. 1902.
[3] *Advanced Hygiene.* By A. E. Ikin and R. A. Lyster. London: W. B. Clive. 1902.
[4] *Lectures on the Ethics of T. H. Green, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and J. Martineau.* By Henry Sidgwick. London and New York: Macmillan. 1902.

right and capacity of the late Professor Henry Sidgwick to undertake such a task. His lectures will therefore be received with all the respect due to so eminent a critic even by the disciples of those whose teaching he discusses, and sometimes controverts. But if such masters differ who shall decide? The fact is, it appears to us, that the difference between the different teachers is often not so fundamental as it appears; it is rather one of preference for one explanation than another, while the results often coincide. In discussing the great question of ethics certain results are found to flow from certain courses of conduct; and the question is, upon what is the conduct based? The answer generally now given is one of three, distinguished respectively as Utilitarian, Hedonistic, or Intuitional. There is something in each, and the preference of one theory rather than another is largely due to temperament. Morality does tend to the general welfare, to promote universal happiness, and at the same time may appear, as it does to many, to rest upon a transcendental basis. This it appears to us is the result of Sidgwick's discussion; it alters little, but it presents a very difficult subject in an extraordinarily clear light, and shows incidentally how the ablest thinkers may fall occasionally into confusion by insisting too strongly upon their own particular theory, and not making sufficient allowance for other points of view which have as much in their favour. In ethics, as in religion, breadth of view is most desirable, and this we find in Sidgwick's lectures.

Mr. Robertson is proving himself not only one of the most voluminous writers, but one of the most vigorous thinkers of the day. His *Letters on Reasoning*[1] show that if only he would cease to worry about theology he might take a high place amongst philosophical critics. We regret that he thought it desirable to publicly address these letters to his children, as it tempts him occasionally to fall into a style better left to Sunday school teachers. But still, if by these letters he can induce people to reason, or even to think at all, we shall be disposed to forgive him much. Mr. Robertson's contempt for formal logic has our entire sympathy.

We can have nothing but a hearty welcome for the cheap edition of *Supernatural Religion*,[2] brought out by Messrs. Watts & Co. at a price which must be called remarkable for so voluminous a treatise. The subject of the volume is practically confined to the credibility of miracles and of the New Testament, more particularly the four Gospels; but as in the minds of most people these are regarded as the highest manifestation and expression of supernatural religion, the author is justified in confining himself to these. When the book was first published we were amazed at its learning, its penetration,

[1] *Letters on Reasoning.* By John M. Robertson. London: Watts & Co. 1902.
[2] *Supernatural Religion.* An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation. Popular Edition, carefully revised. London: Watts & Co. 1902.

its accuracy, and its seriousness. Dealing with a subject which opponents have too often treated with flippancy, this writer never allows himself to be betrayed into anything of the kind. His attitude is that of a judge who feels the importance of every word he utters; while the amount of evidence he produces, his acquaintance with early Christian literature, and the solidity of his conclusions, are, we think, unparalleled. He is greater than Strauss, more conclusive than Renan. He has not left a vestige of what is called supernatural religion remaining. But what terrible irony it is that while such a book is selling at a popular price, nearly a whole Session of Parliament should be devoted to the bolstering up of the teaching of supernatural religion in the schools of the country.

The sixpenny edition of *Literature and Dogma*[1] forms a very useful supplement to the above. It has escaped our memory which book was originally published first, but *Literature and Dogma* starts where *Supernatural Religion* ends. Without troubling about evidence or demonstration, Arnold was content to say that "miracles do not happen," and most intelligent people are quite ready to accept the dictum. But Arnold's aim is not to destroy belief in miracles, but to show that religion is independent of them, and in this way we think he has rendered the greater service. In spite of objections which have been raised to the popularising of such works as these, we are of opinion that it is not only defensible but advisable. The great enemy is ignorance; and the diffusion of truth, however distasteful to the clericals, in the long run can only be of the greatest benefit to the people at large.

We confess to having a weakness for transcendentalism, and therefore have a dislike to transcendentalism run wild, as it has done in *Limitless Man*.[2] We have considerable faith in the power of the mind to subdue the body, and to refine its texture; but that it can prevent not only disease but death we refuse to believe. Yet something of this Miss Wilmans appears to claim, and a settlement has been founded in Florida, where these ideas are to be cultivated. As we are told the value of building lots has already risen in the vicinity, it appears as if the scheme had caught on. We understand the climate is a healthy one, and no doubt the settlers will find it beneficial.

We received a copy of the new *Hibbert Journal* too late to give it so full a notice as it deserves. Such an organ of liberal religious thought was much wanted and we give it a hearty welcome. It contains several papers of real value and promises well. Dr. Stopford Brooke's article on Matthew Arnold will be read with interest, and Mr. F. C. Conybeare's paper on "Early Doctrinal Modifications of the Gospels" should be carefully studied by all who are

[1] *Literature and Dogma.* By Matthew Arnold. London: Watts & Co. 1902.
[2] *Limitless Man.* By Helen Wilmans. London: Ernest Bell. 1902.

interested in the controversy excited by the Dean of Ripon's recent address.

The following three books have been received, but they require no further notice: *The Great Sinners of the Bible* (Louis Albert Banks, D.D.); *The Truth of Christianity*, fourth edition (Major W. H. Turton); and *Creeds, Crosses and Credenda*, poems (Ernest Western).

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

MRS. HELEN BOSANQUET is already favourably known to students of Sociology from her *Standard of Life and Other Studies*, noticed in these pages, and from her other writings on social economic questions of the day. *The Strength of the People, a Study in Social Economics* [1] is a more ambitious work than any she has yet attempted. It is marked, as usual, with bold and original thinking, and with characteristic freshness of treatment. In her Introductory Chapter, Mrs. Bosanquet is not happy in the line of demarcation between man and other animal life which she draws. There is no difference in kind between the human mind and that of other animals. It is only a question of degree. To say that animals have instinct and man reasoning powers, is but playing with words. The human race not only possesses in common with the non-human, all the primary passions, but also instinct, intelligence and reasoning. The primitive bushman finds his way as unerringly over the trackless desert or thick scrub, as the trek oxen go straight to water miles away. We cannot say for certain whether this is instinct, or heredity, or reasoning conscious or unconscious. This distinction, which Mrs. Bosanquet seeks to make, is probably due to religious bias. It has, at any rate, no scientific basis. The mind of man is merely the result of evolution, and he has wider interests, not because his mind is of a different order, but because it is the result of an immense period of evolution from a lower order of intellect, just as he is the result of physical evolution. In insisting that in order to gain social progress, the mind of man, *i.e.*, his wider interests outside the primary passions, must be enlisted, Mrs. Bosanquet is on safer ground. The idea is not original, but it is forcibly put here, and one which requires to be enforced. Putting aside for the moment the appeal to the primary passions—a frequent appeal in our present political warfare—there is another appeal to more material interests, the acquisition of wealth and power, political, social or military. It is not these interests that Mrs. Bosanquet seeks to enlarge. Her endeavour is to reach the higher nature of mankind and to attract

[1] *The Strength of the People.* A Study in Social Economics. By Helen Bosanquet. London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

his attention to something outside his own little narrow life. Until a man recognises that other possibilities exist for him he is content to stay where he is. It is the same in manhood as in childhood. Unless the child is interested in his work, although he may know his lesson, it will have no influence on conduct. Economic limits, says Mrs. Bosanquet, we may evade by our ingenuity or break down by our capacity or energy, but the limits fixed by our own lack of interests is an infinitely more hopeless barrier to progress. The primary social evil is ignorance, and ignorance breeds indifference. Unfortunately, ignorance is not confined to the poor. Taken as a whole, perhaps, the ruling classes are more hopelessly ignorant than the labouring classes. We dwell at length upon this point because it runs through the whole book. In the chapter entitled *The Economic Aim*, the problem for our consideration is the more equal distribution of wealth. And by wealth Mrs. Bosanquet means something more than material wealth. The business man who regards labour at something far below the value of cattle, an inexhaustible supply to be used up, is really making a mistake from his own point of view, viz., that of making money in a hurry. By raising the standard of comfort of his workmen, by giving them more leisure and better wages, he is increasing the demand for commodities, and, whatever the particular article he manufactures, such increased demand reacts to the advantage of his own trade. With the very poorest, Mrs. Bosanquet advocates what Chalmers called the "aggressive policy." Without any incentive to work, they are content to live on charity. They have no interests outside themselves, and nothing is expected from them. Their interests must be stimulated and enlisted in the common life. As Mrs. Bosanquet points out, this is also the case with the women. Since no services are definitely demanded of them, they show the same indifference to wider issues and the same self-absorption as the very poor. The remedy suggested by Mrs. Bosanquet is not very practical. Dr. Chalmers succeeded by his boundless faith in the ultimate manliness of his people. But such people are far to seek, and in spite of them the environment of bad legal, social and political institutions is bound in the long run to be too strong for the masses. Valuable as such individual efforts are, they are but a straw on the social stream. With the modern millions with diversified interests, progress is only possible by combination. The people will learn their strength when they perceive through their trade unions, their provincial councils, their municipalities, that they are but units in one community, and the interests of one are the interests of all. Individual responsibility and spirit of independence will still remain. Education, says Mrs. Bosanquet, is the great instrument of reform. True, but it will work only through institutions—the school, the council, parliament. The mind

of the people must be reached, if at all, through these. Mrs. Bosanquet lays great stress on the family as a reforming agency. The family no longer plays the leading part it did in earlier civilisation, and important as it still is, its influence is probably less than the school. In making these observations we do not intend to detract from the value of Mrs. Bosanquet's contribution to a most difficult problem, but we think she magnifies the effect of individual effort and minimises that of collectivism to the detriment of her argument.

With the country absorbed in the Education Question and the whole system of National Education in the melting pot, *The Making of Citizens, a Study in Comparative Education*,[1] by Mr. R. E. Hughes, is a timely production. During the last twenty years, says Mr. Hughes, an enormous amount of material on the educational systems of Europe and America has been collected and published by various Governments, as well as by private persons, and the author claims that this is the first attempt to present this material in a systematic form to the English reader. In treating the subject by the historical and comparative methods, Mr. Hughes is on the right line. He deals with the primary and secondary educational systems of England, France, Germany and the United States, and his epitome is a painstaking effort. But the effect is considerably marred by his narrowness of view. The real stumbling block to efficient national education is the religious question. If education were purely secular, the battles of the sects and factions would cease to be. It is obvious that as long as education is allowed to be the battlefield for contending sects, each striving to obtain the control of education, there can be no real educational progress or even efficiency. To teach such religious doctrines as will satisfy all is manifestly impossible, and the only practical course is to debar all. Such, Mr. Hughes is convinced, is an untenable position. So far, however, from being untenable, we are convinced that it is the only practical solution of the very difficult problem. The author's ability to discuss the educational problem may be gauged from the following: "There is no better school in England," he writes, "than the Church country school, when the clergyman and his wife are constant visitors and helpers, and when the local squire and his lady add their quota to the work." It is an ideal picture, no doubt, viewed from the Rectory windows; but what would the local dissenter say? When we add that Mr. Hughes apparently views with equanimity the Education Bill, we have sufficiently indicated his educational proclivities.

Many of the views enunciated by Mr. William Sanders in *The Political Re-Organisation of the People*,[2] found expression in the

[1] *The Making of Citizens.* A Study in Comparative Education. By R. E. Hughes, M.A. (Oxon), B.Sc. (Lond.). London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd. 1902.

[2] *The Political Re-Organisation of the People.* By William Sanders. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. 1902.

pages of this REVIEW during the 1895 General Election. We entirely demur, however, to Mr. Sanders' statement "that the distinctions between Liberalism and Conservatism are now difficult to define." The Education Bill, for instance, has distinctly proved the difference between the undying principles of Liberalism and the mere opportunism of Conservatism, which, to serve a temporary demand from one class of the community, is willing to throw to the winds constitutional principles established by the Liberals of the Commonwealth. Official Liberalism we agree is only too willing to mark time, and to repeat the parrot cry of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. Its leaders, as we have frequently urged, are steeped in retrograde individualism, due to a large extent to such commercial plutocratic element as exists in the party. Recognising the failure of the attempt to create a third political party, Mr. Sanders still thinks it possible, and the only solution. A third party is utterly alien to English political warfare, and in our humble opinion its creation would be as foolish as it is unnecessary. The creation of an Independent Working Men's Party would mean a class war of a deplorable character. If the working classes only understood their real interests, they would find that by a working alliance with progressive Liberals, who in fact form the rank and file of the Liberal Party in the country, they could obtain any political or social reform they like to call for, and they would find amongst the educated middle-class Liberals sympathy and educated opinion in aid of such reforms. The Liberal Party is at present under a cloud, as it has often enough been before, but that it is practically dead we decline to believe. At the same time we gladly welcome Mr. Sanders' attack, and only wish that it could have some effect upon the minds of some of our unprogressive so-called Liberal leaders, who in their domestic quarrels forget that the primary duty of a leader is to lead.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Eldorado of the Ancients,[1] by Dr. Carl Peters, is a fascinating book, which will be read with avidity by all interested in the old civilisations of the Dark Continent, that land of mysteries. That some portion of the district between the Limpopo and the Zambesi corresponds with the Biblical Ophir appears to be established beyond dispute by the explorations of Bent and others in the same field. But the identification of Ophir with Mount Fura and its location at Inja-ka-Fura in Macombe's territory on the Zambesi have been left to

[1] *The Eldorado of the Ancients.* By Dr. Carl Peters. With Two Maps and Ninety-seven Illustrations from Original Drawings by Tennyson Cole and from Photographs. London: C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 1902.

Dr. Peters. Whether Dr. Peters is justified in his conclusions is a question to be decided by experts, but he leaves no doubt whatever that the remains of a mining community found in this locality are of a remote antiquity. He also points out in confirmation of the Semitic theory the strikingly Jewish type of countenance prevalent amongst the Makalanga, the tribe inhabiting this district, of which Macombe is chief. Dr. Peters' object, however, was not merely historical, although he devotes considerable space to those interesting problems, his main business was that of prospecting for gold. Consequently, much of his narrative deals with pegging out claims upon the gold-bearing reefs he discovered. He by no means, however, neglects descriptions of the marvellous scenery through which he passed, and he gives us some wonderful word pictures of the natural beauties of this remarkable country. Of his ideas of political morality the less said the better. Without in any way sympathising with the extreme views of Exeter Hall, we must draw the line at the legalised forced labour for the mines which Dr. Peters advocates. To his German mind the fact that thousands of years ago Arabians and Abyssinians forced the blacks of South Africa to work the gold mines, appears to be a sufficient justification for such extreme measures to-day. Undoubtedly the labour question forms the great obstacle to successful mining throughout South Africa, but some means other than force must be discovered for meeting this want. To force natives to live, for instance, in such high altitudes, where, as Dr. Peters himself admits, the cold is so extreme as to be absolute torture, is impossible. A labour reform there must be, but it must run upon equitable lines. The ancient output of gold in those districts must have been enormous. Dr. Peters found the old workings stretching for miles at a time. But the ancients merely scratched the surface. Modern science with its deep-level methods has an illimitable field before it. The book is profusely illustrated with drawings, photographs, and excellent maps, which add greatly to its interest and value.

The name of Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, publisher and mountaineer, upon the title-page, is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of any book on mountaineering which issues from his house. *Climbing on the Himalaya and other Mountain Ranges*,[1] by Mr. J. Norman Collie, forms a welcome addition to a department in literature which is yearly expanding with the rapid increase of those who follow the fascinating sport of mountaineering. To-day the Himalaya are the happy hunting-ground of the select few, and it will be many years to come before they become the playground of Europe. Although much has been conquered, an enormous tract of that country of the greatest peaks in the world has never been trodden

[1] *Climbing on the Himalaya and other Mountain Ranges.* By J. Norman Collie, F.R.S., Member of the Alpine Club. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1902.

by human foot; and such graphic descriptions of recent conquest as Mr. Collie's are naturally of absorbing intrest to all mountaineers. With their complete survey Mr. Collie thinks that their chief interest will die. Although, unfortunately, some are so constituted that the passion for discovery is the only impulse, yet we trust we are not wrong in assuming that to the great mass of mountaineers the grandeur of the scenery, the physical difficulties of the sport, and the mental exercise are in themselves sufficient and ample reward. The man who climbs merely for the sake of saying he has been where no one else has ever stood, has no real love for the sport of mountaineering. In the first chapter Mr. Collie gives a brief epitome of the work of his immediate predecessors, commencing with Captain Gerard's achievements in the Spiti district in 1818. In 1895 Mr. Collie was able to form one of the expedition with the late Mr. A. F. Mummery and Mr. G. Hastings, for the exploration of that part of Kashmir in which Nanger Parbat lies. This, says Mr. Collie, is the greatest mountain face in the whole world, rising without break from the scorching sands of the plains to the topmost snows of Nanga Parbat, itself 26,629 feet above sea-level, and 23,000 feet above the Indus, which flows at its base. Mr. Collie's climbs in the Himalaya conclude with the attempt upon Nanga Parbat in which Mr. Mummery, Ragobir, and Gorman Singh, his Gurka guides, lost their lives.

The latter half of the book contains fascinating accounts of Mr. Collie's climbs in the Rockies, the Alps, the Lofoten Islands in Norway, the hills of Skye, the mountains of Iceland, and pre-historic climbing near Wastdale Head, in Cumberland, where some of the most risky climbing may be enjoyed. Mr. Collie writes with freshness, originality, and charm. His spelling of local names is somewhat faulty. On page 24 we have Ladakh and Ladak, and on another page Ladâk: A special feature, and one which Mr. Douglas has led us to expect, is the series of beautiful photogravures and several excellent maps.

THE DRAMA.

If anything were needed to convince one that the "woman with the past" was played out, one has only to see her as sketched by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in *Chance the Idol*.[1] Was there ever, off the stage, such a being as Ellen Farndon? The motive that draws her from the paths of virtue is very difficult to conceive. She seems to belong to the respectable middle class, to have lived in an atmosphere of sufficient education, refinement, and kindly protection, to

[1] *Chance, the Idol.* By Henry Arthur Jones. At Wyndham's Theatre.

be, in no sense, one of "those others" who drift almost of necessity towards frailty. She is indeed, so far as she has any existence at all, one of the class and the character to whom such a sin—for she seems to regard her conduct as sinful—is not only unlikely, but almost impossible. If such a girl "fell," it would be a tremendous, irrecoverable fall. Neither she, nor any of her connection, could feel that marriage would restore her. Her natural destiny is to be the honourable wife of a man of her own class. She would, above all, not be in the way of meeting, and, having met, she would not be likely to be attracted by, such a worthless cad as Alan Leversage. And, if one admits the premisses, by way of making a starting-point for the play, what shall we say of the treatment? The idea of a woman gambling to restore the fortunes of the man she loves is capable of being used to excellent dramatic effect. Mr. Jones, however, seems to have deliberately cast aside almost every chance that his theme could afford. Cad as he was, Alan would not, except at the last resort, have confessed his intrigue to his respectable relatives. In such a milieu as Monte Carlo, Ellen could easily have obtained, and Alan would not have been unwilling to grant, a private interview, without exciting much suspicion. And we should have been spared the atrocious device of a father pleading for his dishonoured daughter in the presence of several strangers. It was an original stroke again to bring in the father to assist the development, but this father is of no account whatever. He has an impossible and contemptible position, as a looker-on, who understands, but cannot influence the game. His presence merely jars. It has no dramatic significance, any more than that of the tiresome and intolerable lame man, who dares to condole with the heroine as though his sufferings were comparable to hers. Ellen, if she appeared at all in such a milieu, would have appeared as a mystifying personage with whom Alan was unfortunately, as it seemed, infatuated. Her history would not have been generally known. And, if it had been, the conduct of Lady Mary Nowell would have been quite other than it was. Mr. Jones seems to be haunted by the idea that a general laxity and tolerance in matters of morality is setting in, and has apparently endeavoured to illustrate it, by the conduct of this benevolent but weak-willed lady. Still, inadequate as it is, the character of Lady Mary is perhaps nearer to a life-like portrait than any other in this play. Miss Lena Ashwell does her very best to evoke sympathy for Ellen Farndon; and the other principals, Mr. Titheradge as Mr. Farndon, Mr. Esmond as Cyril Ryves, the lame man, and Mr. Graham Browne as Alan Leversage are thoroughly competent in their various rôles. One can only regret that such an excellent caste is wasted upon a poor play.

One has had occasion to observe recently that the art of comedy,

as distinguished from farce or melodrama, is being revived, and that women are having the biggest hand in the revival. A very clever play, *The Canary*, by the lady who uses the pseudonym of "George Fleming," struck a few years ago the note of a new comedy. There has been little equally good stuff since, in the same vein. But John Oliver Hobbes in *The Ambassador*, and again in *The Bishop's Move*[1] has achieved something very near to a great success. The cardinal or rather episcopal defect of the *Bishop's Move* is that the Bishop does not move! In fact, no one moves. Nothing moves. *E pur muove*! There is a play, and though the situation remains throughout three acts practically unaltered, somehow or other one's interest never flags. One enjoys it to the end from the beginning. Later, when one quietly analyses the thing, one wonders what made it tolerable. There is an indefinable something, of a very specious kind, a sort of atmosphere that Mrs. Craigie knows how to produce with very slight effects, just as another clever woman might make a gown, or a dainty dish for the table, out of a few scraps of nothing at all. It is a trick, if you like, but it is a clever trick, and admirable in its way. Two women and a man are the staple ingredients of her stories and plays—the natural situation for a woman to spend her strength upon, just as naturally it occurs to a man writer to treat of two men and a girl. There is a sort of little grace, a sort of little delicacy in her treatment of the subject which is wholly unreal, and yet which imposes, as we said, for a moment. But, after all, one goes to see the play actually for the sake of Mr. Arthur Bourchier's wonderfully clever presentment of the Bishop. This is a real character sketch of a real character, carefully thought out in every detail. Very occasionally it is marred by slight lapses into vulgarity, but the total effect is a portrait full of charm, and yet built up, as we said, of very slight elements. It illustrates a maxim that playwrights too often neglect: "Take care of the characters, and the play will take care of itself!"—a reply to a controversy that was raised not long ago in one of the daily papers, "Character or Plot? which does the playwright, or which *should* he, consider first?" Mr. Bourchier's own part in the creation of this genial, charming, sympathetic, eccentric old bishop is evidently considerable. Still the authors have given the first sketch, and for this, as for the whole conception and pleasant tone of the piece, we are grateful. Miss Violet Vanbrugh plays excellently the part of the Duchess, which, though written up to her particular gifts as an actress, has also it little individual touches. And Mr. Warner makes the difficult part of the fatuous young man pleasant and tolerable. It is all so good that one must regret that it is not just one degree better. Again, the actors are superior to their parts.

[1] *The Bishop's Move*. By John Oliver Hobbes and Murray Carson. At the Garrick Theatre.

Although there is actually nothing very new in Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's play, *If I were King*,[1] except the tampering with historical facts in giving a happy ending to the life of that fascinating scamp, François Villon, there is plenty of go and freshness as it is played on the stage of St. James's Theatre. Mr. McCarthy has achieved success in the great art of the playwright, which modern stage conventions demand. He has fitted Mr. Alexander with a part that suits him "down to the ground." And the actor makes the most of the opportunity given by the author. The piece is, in fact, actually created by the two principal actors (Mr. Alexander and Mr. Fulton); for in itself, from the point of view of literature, the stuff is tawdry enough. But it serves!

Given a well-looking hero and heroine, a few romantic incidents, a set of verses of the catchpenny order, but showing that the "heart" of the poet is "in the right place," and then some skill in concoction of plot, and you have the play. There is practically no characterisation in it, and nothing that distantly resembles reality from beginning to end. The sentiments and the actions all belong to stage-land, and stage-land of the most ordinary kind. But though there is none of the "gentleness of old Romance," none of the real glamour of the Great Romantic artists, the whole thing is so much of a muchness that in the end a sort of atmosphere, artistic in its own way, is evolved. Where every note is false, the result is harmony of a kind—one might say the Barbaro-romantic—corresponding in literature to the music of some savage islanders. In fine, for those who like this sort of thing, this is emphatically the sort of thing they do like. And we ourselves frankly confess that we like the sort of thing very much indeed—in moderation. *If I were King* inevitably suggests comparison with a really great work, *Quentin Durward*. And, needless to say, the comparison is fatal to the inferior composition. Mr. Fulton, whose creation of Louis XI. is one of the most finished of this competent actor's performances, seemed to be haunted in a manner by the recollection of his Scott. He, however, omitted, doubtless with intention, to give the kingly touches that are an invariable ingredient of Scott's royal personages, except for a moment in his reception of the Burgundian herald. His Louis is the disagreeable old cynic of almost any stage play, the differentiating features being, one easily sees, due to the player, not to the playwright, who has given his king no policy, no kingcraft, nothing to redeem the character from commonness except a little sardonic humour. Within the limits set him by the author, Mr. Fulton was wholly admirable. One only regrets that an actor who is so eminently capable of playing a "character part" should not have better material to work upon. As has been generally observed by the critics, Mr. Alexander has seldom, if ever, been seen to better

[1] *If I were King*. By Justin Huntley McCarthy. At the St. James's Theatre.

advantage than in the part of François Villon. He has a lightness of touch, a buoyancy, and, above all, a restraint, that recalls some of the best of the French actors. A commoner method, the forcing of the high note which one has so often to lament on the English stage, would have revealed the fustian of which the text is composed. As it was, one felt a distinct liking for, interest in, and, what is more, almost a belief in, this Villon.

The ladies of the piece were not so well off. The part of Katherine de Vaucelles is necessarily thankless. No woman ever seems to any man as the heroine of this kind appears to the hero. Miss Julie Opp looks the part, and that is the essential. Her enunciation is not as good as it might be, and she has a way of losing control (apparently) of her voice just at a critical moment, so that what should be most impressive has the effect of bathos, *e.g.*, when she says, "Kill Thibaut d'Aussigny!" The tavern ladies are as boring as tavern ladies one imagines are—off the stage. Huguette (Miss Suzanne Sheldon), however, does all that can be done with her conventional little part. And Mr. Lyall Swete (Thibaut d'Aussigny) and Mr. Ainley (Noel le Jolys), as usual, show the sound qualities that one is accustomed to look for in ex-members of Mr. Benson's company—the only company that preserves or develops rational tradition or "school" at the present time.

BELLES LETTRES.

Dr. Thomas Smith has produced, in *Euclid, his Life and System*,[1] a book of fascinating interest to many who would never dream of calling themselves mathematicians. Who was the author of *The Elements*, which was the text-book for students of geometry all over Europe, from the Renaissance to the French Revolution? There is no reasonable doubt that he was a Greek by birth, though some have asserted that he was a native of Tyre; and there is considerable probability that he was an Athenian, or, at all events, an Attican. He was born about 330, and died about 275 B.C.—about a century later than that disciple of Socrates—Euclid of Megæra—with whom he has been so often confounded. The first English translation of the *Fifteen Books*, with Candalla's *Sixteenth*, was published by Sir Henry Billingsley in 1570. De Morgan says that it was made from the Greek, and not from any of the Arabico-Latin versions; and it is, for the time, a very good one. Billingsley, according to Anthony Wood, studied three years at Oxford before he was apprenticed to a haberdasher, and then made the acquaintance of an eminent mathematician named Whytehead, an Augus-

[1] *Euclid: His Life and System.* By Thomas Smith, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh T. & T. Clark. 1902.

tinian friar. On the dissolution of the monasteries, Billingsley took this friar into his house and learned mathematics of him. The latter died, and left his scholar all his mathematical papers, together with his notes on Euclid's *Elements*.

Pascal and the Port Royalists,[1] by Dr. William Clark, the author of *The Provincial Letters*, "the calumniator of genius, who," to quote Chateaubriand, "had left us an immortal falsehood," is allowed, for the most part, to speak for himself, and the comments upon his statements are generally brief and always to the point. Pascal died, in his fortieth year, in 1662. Kept by his father's orders from a premature knowledge of geometry, for fear of diverting him from other studies, this marvellous genius discovered for himself the thirty-two propositions of the first book of Euclid at the age of twelve, wrote a treatise on Conic Sections when he was sixteen, and, eight years afterwards, put forth *Nouvelles Expériences touchant le Vide*, which began his lifelong and—we must add—not over scrupulous opposition to the Society of Jesus. Pascal was not a man of wide reading or of much erudition. His favourite authors were Epictetus and Montaigne; from the latter he derived his strain of pessimism and the Pyrrhonism which denied the possibility of arriving at religious truth by the mere exercise of human reason. Epictetus and *L'Apologie de Raimond Sebond* may have suggested the *Pensées*, which were found after Pascal's death amongst his papers, and first published in 1670. Voltaire, an excellent critic of French style, declared Pascal to be the true founder of French prose, whilst he considered that the wit of Molière was inferior to that of the early Provincials. We congratulate Dr. W. Clark on his scholarly performance, which is a notable addition to *The World's Epoch-Makers'* series.

Vercingetorix, the King of the Arverni, who in 52 B.C. headed the resistance of Gaul to the Roman legions, is the subject of a brilliant and scholarly monograph by M. Camille Jullian, Professor at the University of Bordeaux.[2] During the past thirty years no less than three important works have appeared in France on this hero who, naturally enough, appeals so strongly to the Celtic imagination, and has been exploited by the *Celtomanes*. The influence of the latter is conspicuous in Fr. Monnier, *Vercingétorix et l'Indépendance gauloise*, *Religion et Institutions celtiques*. It is not so very long ago that writers such as Michelet and Thierry regarded the word Vercingetorix not as the proper and personal name of the son of Celtill, but as the title of supreme magistracy which he assumed on heading the insurrection of his countrymen. Hence the tribal chief who was conquered at Alesia became the anonymous and mysterious symbol of Gallic freedom. It is only fair to add that Thierry makes it the name of this renowned soldier on the grounds that "il est fastidieux

[1] *Pascal and the Port Royalists*. By William Clark, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C. Edinburgh: T. &. T. Clark. 1902.

[2] *Vercingétorix*. Par Camille Jullian. Paris: Librairie Hachette. 1902.

de raconter en détail l'histoire d'un héros sans nom." Certainly the meaning of the words, "mighty king of the warriors," lends a certain semblance of truth to the older and now discredited theory. M. Jullian's *Vercingétorix* is a monument of patient and minute research. The volume contains maps, plans, and engravings of coins.

In Mr. F. Marion Crawford's *Cecilia*,[1] two persons, almost strangers one to the other: the lovely Contessina Cecilia Palladio and Lamberto Lamberti—a naval officer who, in ten years, had seen service in Africa, China, and elsewhere—are both under the obsession of a telepathic dream, in which they meet as lovers. She dreamt she was a Vestal Virgin, she "who had never met the eyes of a man with the wish that a glance might linger to a look. . . . The dream changed. Instead of crossing the marble court, and lingering a moment by the water, the Vestal stood by the column, against the background of shade cast by the portico. She was listening now, she was expecting some one, she was glancing anxiously about, as if to see whether any one were there; but she was alone. Then it came, in the shadow behind her, the face of a man, moving nearer—a rugged Roman head, with deep-set, bold blue eyes, big brows, a great jaw, reddish hair. It came nearer, and the girl knew it was coming. In an instant more she would spring forward across the court, crying out for protection. No, she did not move, till the man was close to her, looking over her shoulder, whispering in her ear. Cecilia saw it all, and it was so real that she tried to call out, to shriek, to make any sound that could save her image from destruction, for the kiss that was coming would be death to both, and death with unutterable shame and pain. . . . She sat paralysed with a horror she had never known before, while the face of the phantom girl blushed softly, and turned to the strong man, and the two gazed into each other's eyes a moment, knowing that they loved." The love that came to these two was indeed *un signore, di pauroso aspetto a chi la guardasse*, as it appeared to Dante in the "wonderful vision" which he described in *La Vita Nuova*. And this love found fruition when at length the seal set by honour on the lips of a scrupulously honourable man had been lifted by destiny. The riddles of life that she had found in a German book of philosophy in her girlhood: "What can I know? What ought I to do? What may I hope?" all were answered "as youth answers them, in one way and with one word; and the answer seemed so full of meaning, and of faith and hope and charity, that the questions need never be asked again, nor any others like them, to the end of her life." With which quotation we reluctantly take leave of the most charming story of Roman life for which we have to thank Mr. F. Marion Crawford since he gave us *Saracinesca*.

[1] *Cecilia*. A Story of Modern Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1902.

Matriculation English Course,[1] by W. H. Low, M.A., and John Briggs, M.A., F.Z.A., admirably fulfils the purpose of its authors, *i.e.*, it covers the whole of the revised London University Matriculation Syllabus in English in regard to Composition, Précis-writing, Paraphrase and Analysis of Sentences. The chapters on Précis-writing and Indexing are excellent.

There is a strong American flavour about *Two Aunts and a Nephew,*[2] by M. Betham-Edwards, though the boulevards loom larger in it than the Broadway. The aunts are delightful old maids, but the nephew is a sentimental nincompoop, for whom we have not a spark of sympathy. The story may be purchased for sixpence, and some people may think it worth the money.

A Sea Turn and other Matters,[3] by Mr. C. B. Aldrich, are pleasant reading for an idle hour. To our thinking, the best of these short stories is *Shaw's Folly*, which tells of the troubles, legal and domestic, which arose from the establishment of a model tenement house in New York City by a "philanthropic freak." *His Grace the Duke* is a description of a visit paid, by a party of American excursionists, to the now demolished Church of the Holy Trinity in the Minories, which possessed a gruesome relic in the mummified head of Henry Grey, Duke of Norfolk, who suffered decapitation on Tower Hill in the year 1554.

The highest praise is due to Messrs. Raphael Tuck for their beautiful edition of *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.*[4] No pains have been spared to make the work as complete as possible. Dr. Furnivall, a great authority on Shakespeare, has written an excellent introduction, and a separate introduction to each tale. He has also added six tales, which "the little dark man and his ten-year-old sister did not write." The work is admirably illustrated by 22 plates and 142 black and white drawings by Mr. Harold Copping, who devoted nearly two years to what was to him a labour of love.

The wee ones will spend many a delightful hour in going with *Father Tuck* to Fairy Land, Animal Land, and Nursery Land. Even the very wee ones are remembered, and for their benefit very clearly printed and profusely illustrated alphabets have been prepared. Louis Wain has some very amusing drawings in *Father Tuck's Annual*, which is particularly good this year.

Among the beautiful calendars from the same publishers, those of *Shakespeare's Heroines, Charles Dickens, Turner's Masterpieces*, and the *Ruskin Calendars*, must be specially mentioned.

[1] *Matriculation English Course.* By W. H. Low, M.A., and John Briggs, M.A., F.Z.A. London: W. B. Clive, University Tutorial Press.

[2] *Two Aunts and a Nephew.* By M. Betham-Edwards. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1902.

[3] *A Sea Turn and Other Matters.* By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1902.

[4] *Tales from Shakespeare.* By Mary and Charles Lamb. With Introduction and Six Tales by Dr. Furnivall. Two vols. Illustrated by H. Copping. London: Raphael Tuck & Sons.

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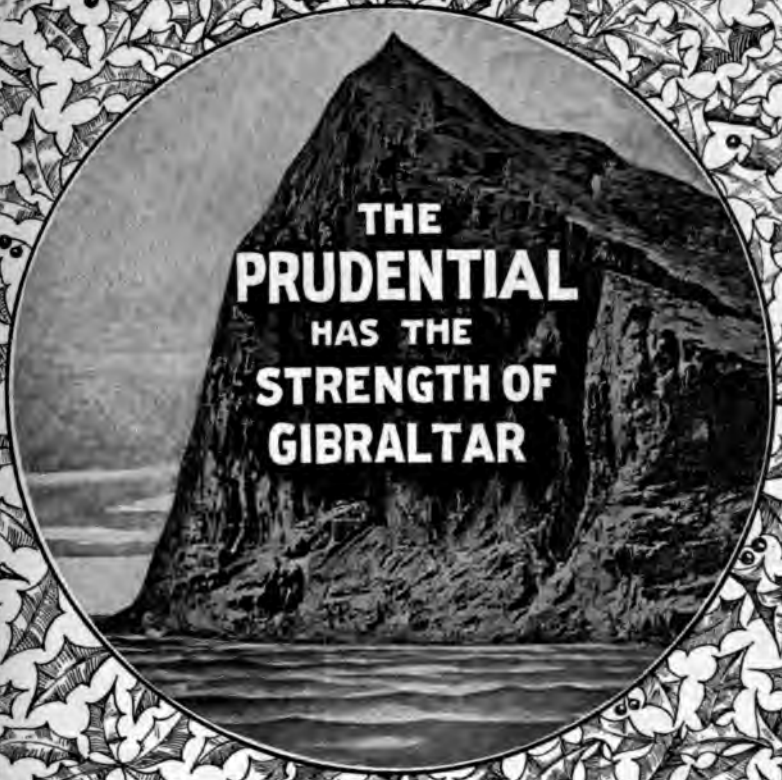

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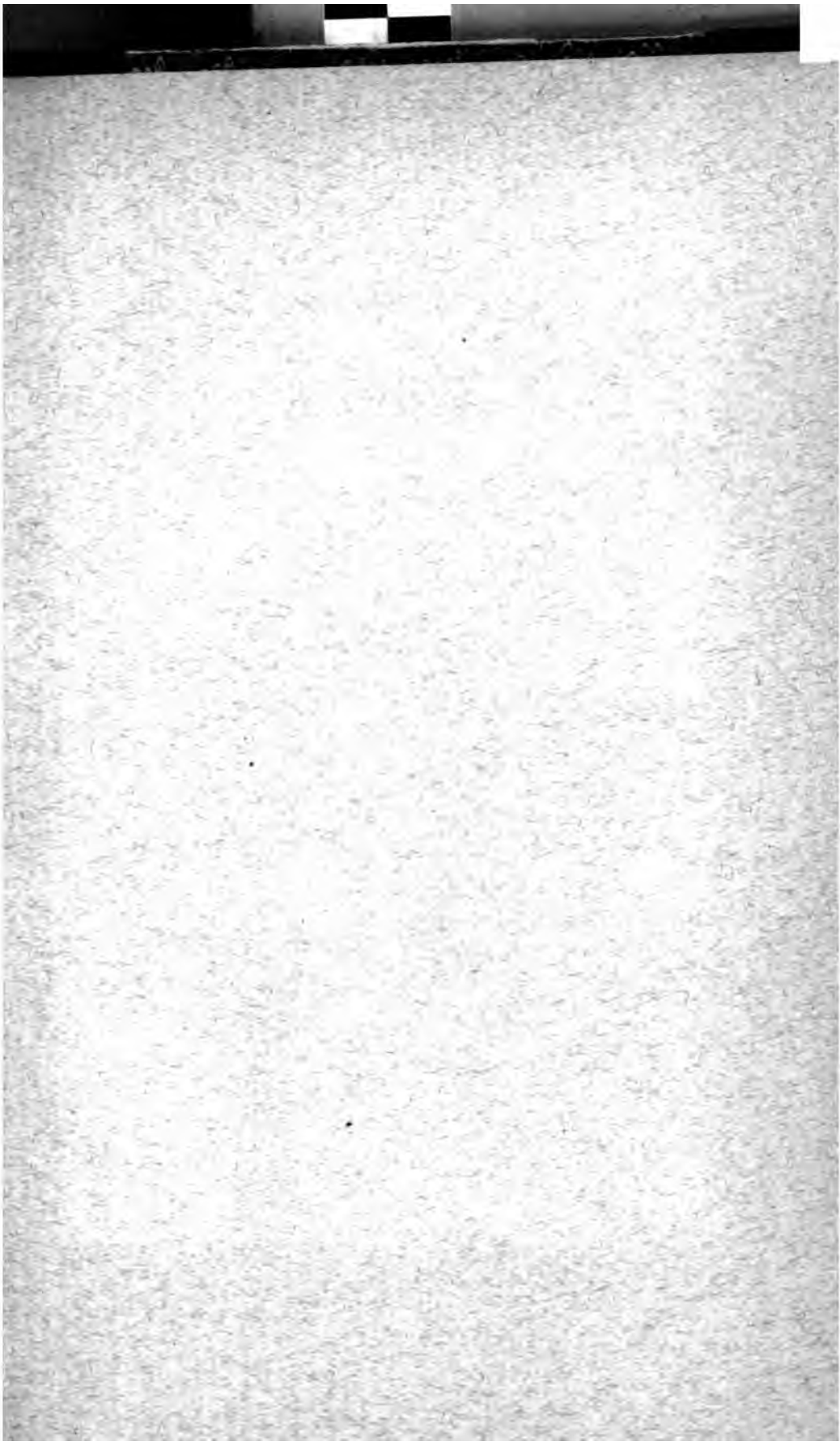
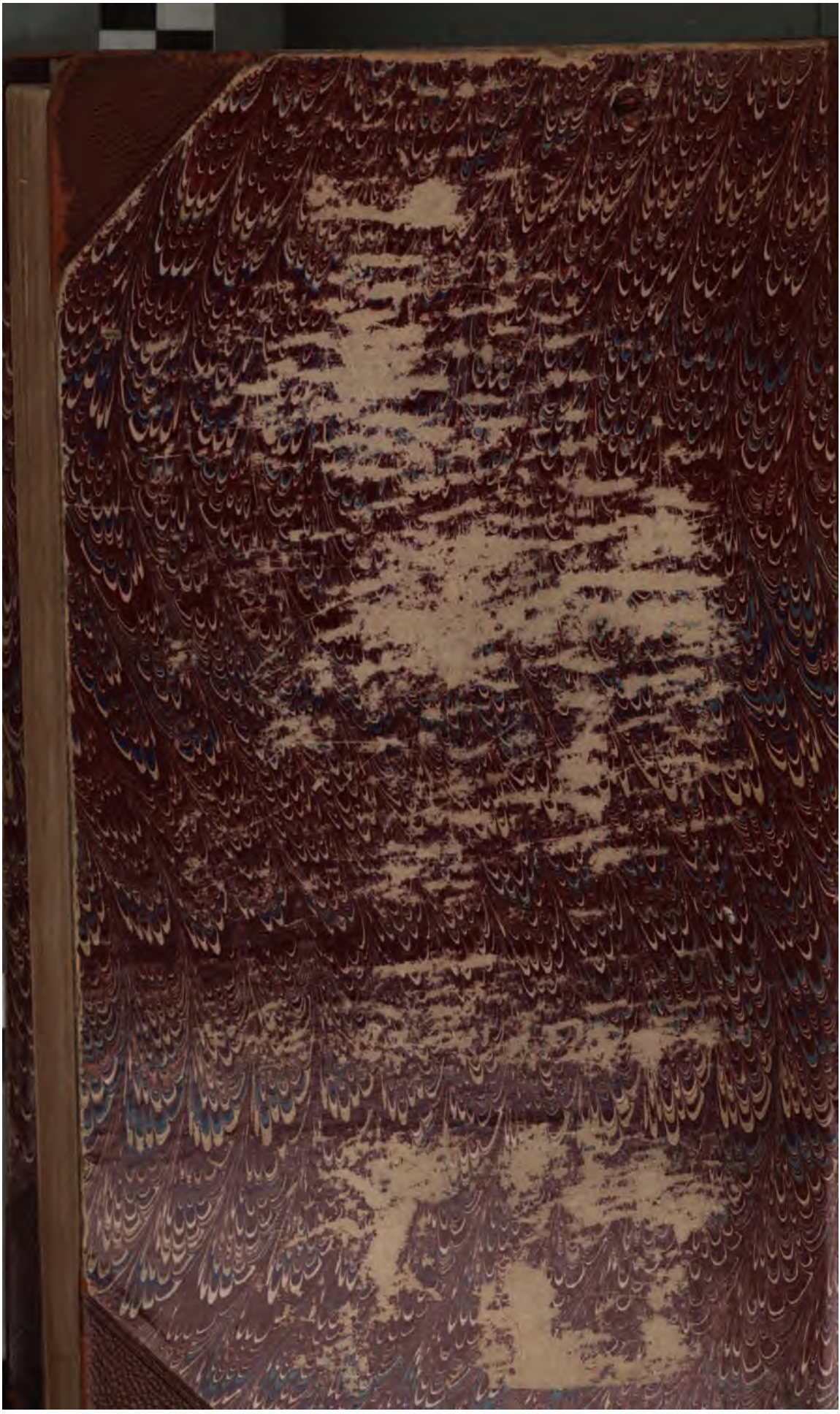
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